

JOHN M. WHITALL

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James Whitall,

1879.

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JOHN M. WHITALL.

THE
STORY OF HIS LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GRANDCHILDREN

BY

HIS DAUGHTER,

H. W. S.

Mrs Hannah (Whitall) Smith

"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.
1879.

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JOHN M. WHITALL.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

AS far as we can trace back the line of our father's ancestors, they came over from England during the 17th century, with the great body of Friends who left their native land and settled in the newly-founded American colonies, in and around Philadelphia, for the sake of securing religious liberty for themselves and their children. These colonies, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, on both sides of the Delaware river, were founded by William Penn and other prominent Friends, and were settled almost exclusively, at first, by members of this religious body, who felt that the Lord led them to their new home, not for purposes of worldly aggrandizement, but for religious liberty and progress. Whether our ancestors came over with William Penn, or afterwards, we cannot discover, but in 1688, a few years after Penn's coming, we find the first mention of a Whitall. In that year, on the 28th of February, James Whitall bought one hun-

dred acres of land of John Ladd, fronting on the southern branch of Gloucester river (Great Timber Creek), where was a dwelling-place and other buildings. The place was called "Upton," and he lived there with his family some years. The old deeds of this property are recorded in the Books of Deeds in the office of Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J.

The family of Whitalls, several of whom seem to have come over about the same time, were from the neighborhood of Litchfield, Stafford Co., England. An old letter is preserved among us, written by those who remained in England to their relatives in America, where this fact is stated.

Our ancestor, James Whitall, was evidently a man of a deeply religious character, and a zealous Friend, and was doubtless a member of one of those numerous companies recorded in history as "Quakers of good estate in England; who, unable to find in their own land that spirit of religious liberty which was a fundamental article of their faith, sought an asylum in the western world, hoping to found a state where their children might enjoy that freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, which had been denied them at home."

One of these early settlers has left on record the following account of the reasons of their coming:

"Let it be remembered, it having wrought upon the minds of some Friends, and a pressure having laid upon them for some years which they could not gett from under the weight of, until they gave upp to leave their friends and relations att home, together with a comfortable subsistence, to transport themselves and famelys into

this wilderness part of America, and thereby expose themselves to difficulties, which if they could have been easy where they were, in all probability might never have been met with. * * * And let the rising generation consider that the settlement of this country was directed upon an impulse by the spirits of God's people, not so much for their own ease and tranquillitie, but rather for the posterity y^t should be after, and that the wilderness being planted with a good seed might grow and increase to the satisfaction of the good husbandman."

Such was the stock from which our father sprung—a race of men and women, who, like Abraham, at the call of God, took their lives in their hands, and went out, knowing but little whither they went. And coming from such sturdy stuff, our father had truly an inherited right to the unusual strength of his character, and the steadfastness of his loyalty to the church which his forefathers had endured so much to establish and preserve.

In 1700, James Whitall sold the estate called Upton to Richard Chew, and in the same year purchased four hundred and eleven and a half acres of land of Henry Treadway, on the Jersey side of the Delaware river, about six miles below Philadelphia. This property was called "Red Bank," and he apparently removed here very soon, as the records show he was residing at Red Bank in 1704.

His wife was named Hannah, but who she was before her marriage, we cannot now discover. They had three children, Mary, who married John Wood, in 1710; Job, who married Jane Siddon, in 1716, and Sarah, who married Henry Wood, in 1715. James Whitall died in 1714, and left all the Red Bank estate, containing at

that time four hundred and sixty-nine acres, to his son Job. His will is among the records at Trenton, and I insert a copy, as giving an insight into the character of this American founder of our family.

COPY OF WILL OF JAMES WHITALL.

{ Liber No. 1 of Wills, page 482.
{ Office of Sec'y of State, Trenton, N. J.

In the name of God, Amen. The 22nd day of the Fifth month, A. D., 1714, I, James Whiteall, of Red Bank, in the township of Dedford, County of Gloucester, and Province of New Jersey, being sick and weak of body, but of sound and perfect memory, Praises be given to God therefor; and knowing the uncertainty of this transitory life on earth, and being desirous to settle things in order, do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following. That is to say as touching such worldly estate as the Lord in mercy hath lent me, my will and meaning is, the same shall be employed and bestowed as hereafter by this my will is expressed; and first, I do declare, renounce, and revoke all former wills by me made, either in word or writing, and this only to be taken for my last will and testament. And after my debts are paid my will is as hereafter. Imprimis: I give unto my well-beloved wife, Hannah, the beds and furniture that are in the new house, together with the new house during her natural life, together also with the third part of my real and personal estate, viz.: the third part of what it may be accounted worth by the year, as also a mare and side-saddle. Item: I give unto my only son, Job Whiteall, the place and settlement I now live on, commonly called the Red Bank, containing four hundred, sixty and nine acres, as the same is laid forth and bounded, be the same more or less as to quantity, together with two horses, carts and plows, and other materials and utensils for husbandry. And also my will is that he shall have equal shares with his two sisters, viz.: Mary Wood and Sarah Whiteall, that which is not mentioned in this my will of my personal estate. It is also to be understood that the Real Estate I have given and bequeathed unto my son, is to him, his heyers, and assigns forever. Item: My will is that my said son, Job Whiteall, shall pay unto his sister, Sarah Whiteall, the sum of

twenty Pounds, Proclamation money, when she arriveth at the age of eighteen years, or otherwise to pay the usual interest until he pays the money. Also to pay on to my grand-daughter, Hannah Wood, the sum of seven Pounds and ten shillings, the like money before expressed, when she arrives at the age of eighteen years. Item: I give and bequeath to my two daughters, Mary Wood and Sarah Whiteall, an equal share with their brother Job of my personal estate that is not before willed by me. I also appoint and constitute my well-beloved wife, Hannah Whiteall, and my son, Job, to be my Executors to this my last will and testament. Performed in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

JAMES WHITEALL,



Signed, sealed, published and declared as my last will and testament in the presence of us, James Lord, Henry Wood, Thomas Nixon.

Proved the 23d of September, 1714.

The Job Whitall mentioned in this will married Jane Siddon, in 1716. Nothing especial is known of either of them, except that they lived at Red Bank.

Their children were: James, born 9th month, 4th, 1717, died 9th month, 29th, 1808, and Hannah, born 9th month, 9th, 1720.

Job Whitall died 3d month, 19th, 1722, leaving his wife Jane, and his son James, and daughter Hannah, both the children being minors. His widow afterwards married again.

He left the Red Bank property to his son James. His will is to be seen in Liber No. 2, page 202, in the office of the Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J.

James Whitall, son of Job, married on 9th month, 23d, 1739, Ann Cooper, daughter of John and Ann

Cooper, and great-grand-daughter of William Cooper, of Coleshill, Hertfordshire, England, a Friend, who came over to America in 1678, and settled at first within the town bounds of Burlington, New Jersey, but afterwards removed to a place called Pyne Point, now Cooper's Point.

As this Ann Cooper is the first one of our female ancestors of whom any records have been preserved, and as she was a very original and marked character, some notice of her family will be interesting.

William Cooper and his wife Margaret were Friends, and members of the Upperside Monthly Meeting, in Hertfordshire, England.

John Clement, in his book entitled "The First Settlers in Newton Township," has a full account of him, in the course of which he says:

"Like others of the same religious persuasion, William Cooper suffered, both in estate and person, from those who considered that they were doing God's service in molesting such as chose to differ from them in opinion and practice,—despoiling him of his horses and cattle, and dragging him to prison from the place where he was attending religious service."

No doubt his coming to this country was from religious causes, as was that of the many other Friends who emigrated about that time. He was a preacher of much eminence, and in the new country became a man of mark, and had much to do with the prosperity of the colony. He lived to see "the success of the doctrines he professed, and their free development in the land of his choice."

The Certificate of Removal issued by the meeting in

England to which he and his family belonged, has been preserved, and is as follows :

“ Whereas, William Cooper of Coleshill in ye prsh of Amersham and ye County of Hertford hath signified unto us that he hath an intention if ye Lord permits, to transport himself with his wife and children, unto ye plantation of West New Jersey, and hath desired a Testimonial from this meeting, for ye satisfaction of friends there and elsewhere, unto whom he may be outwardly unknown. We therefore whose names are here underwritten, do hereby certify all whom it may concern, that the said William Cooper and Margaret his wife, having lived in these parts for many years, ever since ye first of their convincement, have walked conscienceously and honestly amongst us, agreeably to ye profession and testimony of truth, according to ye best of our observation and knowledge of them.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this fifth day of ye twelfth month — 1678.

From a monthly meeting at Coleshill aforesaid.”

Our great-grandmother herself thus speaks of another branch of her family, in a diary she kept in 1761 :

“ It is with me to write of my grandfather, a worthy man he was, the only son of his father and mother, his name was Benjamin Clark, Benjamin and Ann Clark were his father and mother. He wrote much about the negroes and was much concerned about keeping them as slaves, and often spoke of it to his friends, but few he found then of his mind. I often think of him now that there are so many books put out against keeping them. Both Friends and others have written much. Oh, how glad he would have been to have read them, and have had the company of these Friends that are appointed to go to those who keep slaves among Friends. It is thirty years now since he was so much concerned about them. My father's name was John Cooper and my mother's name Ann. His father and mother were William and Mary Cooper, all English people.”

The grandfather, Benjamin Clark, here referred to, who was so much in advance of his generation on the

subject of slavery, was born 5th month, 13th, 1670, and was the son of Benjamin Clark and Ann Phipps, (daughter of Thomas Phipps), who were married at Redding, in Berkshire, England, and must have removed to America soon after. On 12th month, 25th, 1689, their son Benjamin married Ann Giles, daughter of Thomas Giles, of Brandberry, New England. The oldest daughter of this marriage, Ann, born 4th month, 15, 1691, was our great-grandmother's mother, and married John Cooper, son of William and Mary Cooper.

James and Ann Whitall settled in the Red Bank homestead. It was during their lifetime that the Revolutionary war took place, and that the battle of Red Bank was fought upon their land. Fort Mercer, on the Delaware, was on the edge of their farm, and on the 22d of October, 1777, Count Donop, with four battalions, consisting of twelve hundred Hessians, was sent to attack this fort. Their appearance, full-armed for battle, was the first intimation the little garrison in Fort Mercer—consisting of four hundred men—had of the approach of the enemy. They made a brave resistance, and the Hessians were driven back, precipitately, to Haddonfield, with great loss, leaving their commander, Count Donop, wounded, behind them. In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution" there is the following notice of our ancestors:

"A few rods south of Donop's grave, close by the river bank, is the ancient residence of the Whitall family. It is a two story house, built of brick, and is now (1851) one hundred and three years old. The date of its erection is given on the north gable, where the characters I. A. W., (James and Ann Whitall) 1748, are delineated by

dark glazed brick. The Whitalls were Quakers, and of course, although Whigs, took no part in the war. This fact made some suspect the old man of 'Toryism.'

In the "Reminiscences of Old Gloucester," by Isaac Mickle, he has in a foot-note the following:

"It seems that Manduit could not comprehend the peace doctrines of the Quakers. Because Mr. Whitall would not doff his straight coat, shoulder a musket, and go into the fort, the Frenchman jumped at the conclusion that 'he was a little of a tory,' and ordered his 'barn torn down and his orchard destroyed.' "

One cannot wonder, therefore, that when, in the year 1780, this same M. de Manduit paid the old Quaker a visit, his reception was not of the warmest. In the travels of the Marquis of Chastellux, printed in Dublin in 1787, he thus describes this visit:

"We now had to visit Red Bank. * * * Our conductor was M. du Plessis Manduit, who, in the double capacity of engineer and officer of artillery, had the charge of arranging and defending this post, under the orders of Colonel Green. On landing from our boat, he proposed conducting us to a Quaker's, whose house is half a musket shot from the fort, or rather the ruins of the fort, for it is now destroyed, and there are scarcely any reliefs of it remaining. 'This man,' said M. de Manduit, 'is a little of a Tory; I was obliged to knock down his barn, and fell his fruit trees; but he will be glad to see M. de La Fayette, and will receive us well.' We took him at his word; but never was expectation more completely deceived. We found our Quaker seated in his chimney-corner, busied in cleaning herbs. He recollected M. de Manduit, who named M. de La Fayette to him; but he did not deign to lift his eyes, nor to answer any of our introducer's discourse, which was at first complimentary, and at length jocose. Except Dido's silence, I know nothing more severe. But we had no difficulty in accommodating ourselves to this bad reception, and made our way to the fort."

This ungracious reception was, no doubt, our great-grandfather's way of bearing his testimony against war, as a consistent Quaker, such being the temper of the times. And it is certainly an amusing picture of sturdy faithfulness to conviction, under trying and tempting circumstances.

Lossing's account continues:

"I was informed by the present owner (Louis Whitall) that when the attack was made upon the fort, and his grandmother was urged to flee from the house, she refused, saying, 'God's arm is strong and will protect me; and I may do good by staying.' She was left alone in the house; and while the battle was raging, and cannon balls were driving like sleet against and around her dwelling, she calmly plied her spinning-wheel in a room in the second story. At length a twelve-pound ball from a British vessel in the river, grazing the American flag-staff (the walnut tree) at the fort, passed through the heavy brick wall on the north gable, and with a terrible crash perforated a partition at the head of the stairs, crossing a recess, and lodged in another partition, near where the old lady was sitting. Conceiving Divine protection a little more certain elsewhere, after this manifestation of the power of gunpowder, the industrious dame gathered up her implements, and with a step quite as agile as in youth, she retreated to the cellar, where she continued spinning until called to attend the wounded and dying, who were brought into her house at the close of the battle. She did indeed do good by remaining; for, like an angel of mercy, she went among the maimed, unmindful whether they were friend or foe, and administered every relief to their sufferings in her power. She scolded the Hessians for coming to America to butcher the people, but at the same time she bound up their wounds tenderly, and gave them food and water. *

* * * * M. de Manduit had Count Donop conveyed into the fort, and the next day to Mr. Whitall's house, where he attended him until his death, which occurred three days afterward.* * * *

* A foot-note states that Count Donop was removed to a neighbor's house where he died.

The scar made by the passage of that iron ball through the house is quite prominent in the gable. I saw within the house where the missile cut off the wood-work in its passage, and where it lodged. On the green between the Whitall house and the river, lies a portion of an iron cannon, which was burst during the engagement."

In the Appendix to "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," page 570, under date of June, 1847, we find the following record :

"The place of Job Whitall (at Red Bank), now held by his grandson Louis Whitall, is an old family homestead of ninety acres, held upwards of a century. It was first settled by Henry Treadway in 1683; after sixteen years, was bought by the ancestor, James Whitall, and there used as his farm. The large brick house was built there in 1748. * * * The present owner, Louis Whitall, has the skull of Count Donop; he took me to his grave—sunken, and marked with a coarse stone, inscribed with his name, when killed, etc. He also led me over the remains of the old redoubt. It was, at the time, in an apple orchard, which was cut down to make room. There are remains of two breastworks—the first one was on too large a scale to man it, and they therefore made a smaller one within the other on one side. The outer fosse is still a deep ditch, and all the premises are now overgrown with tall, thick-set pines and other trees. The monument is placed some distance northward from the redoubt, on the line of the next land owner, as the Whitalls did not wish it on their ground, because of predatory companies visiting the ground and using their melons and fruits.

"Whitall's house was used as a hospital after the battle. Mrs. Whitall was a character; and when the Hessians complained of being disturbed by heavy foot-falls on the floor, said they must not complain, who had brought it on themselves! She was, however, kind-hearted and useful to them. Her grandson told me in illustration of her strength of character, that one night, while seated at her work, she saw the lower limbs of a thief going upstairs. She followed him up immediately, found him under the bed, ordered him out, led him by the collar down stairs and slapped his face, and bid him begone."

This spicy old great-grandmother deserves a more extended notice. Her son Job, who was over fifty at the time of the war, and who appears to have lived with his parents and managed the property for them, kept a diary during the years 1775 to '95, and recorded there the principal events of the battle and their family experiences during the course of it. In "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," Appendix, page 570, there are several extracts from this diary.

We have also among our family papers a quaint old diary kept by our great-grandmother herself during the years 1760, '61 and '62, which is in many respects a very rare specimen of the feelings of that time, and which reveals her to have been in truth, as the accounts quoted from above state, a "woman of character." She was a staunch Friend, and full of zeal for that form of Quakerism which existed in her day and generation—a rather sad and austere religion it looks to us of the present day; but it was grand in its sincerity and earnestness, and our great-grandmother's journal is not without its lessons for her descendants. A few extracts will give some idea of her earnestness and her vigorous protest against the evils of her time; and if they should cause any of us to smile at her quaintness, let us see to it at least that we are equally earnest in our longings after righteousness, and equally faithful in adhering to our deepest convictions of truth.

Her husband, James Whitall, our great-grandfather, was evidently a man of the world and much less of a religious character than his wife was. His associations

were with the gay fox-hunting gentlemen of his neighborhood, and one of his wife's burdens throughout all the entries in her diary was that the father of her boys did not think it necessary always to go to meeting on First day, nor to make his sons go. But he was evidently a man of unflinching uprightness, and was heartily respected and loved in his own neighborhood. One story is related of him that will illustrate his character. He had exchanged a piece of ground with a Friend who resided at Mt. Holly, and they had made what seemed like a satisfactory bargain to each of them. But on returning home at night our ancestor had become uneasy lest he had over-estimated his own property, and had received too much in exchange for it. He felt so uncomfortable over it, that early the next morning he had his horse put to the wagon, and started off for Mt. Holly to find the Friend, and make some additional compensation. About half-way there, however, he met the Friend, who had experienced a similar uneasiness as to his own part of the bargain, and who was coming to meet him to make a similar compensation. They must have had a hearty laugh together over the coincidence, and no doubt concluded to adhere to the original bargain. He seems to have been a very capable business man, and made large purchases of property around the neighborhood. Among other purchases, his wife notices that of League Island, under date of 10th mo. 27th, 1761, which she seemed to fear would add too much to his worldly cares, and be an additional hindrance to his attendance at meetings.

Concerning her diary, she writes on the last page :

"This book I wrote for my dear children to read when I am laid in the grave. It can't be long I shall be here with them. I often pray for them as for my own self that they may see and feel their Redeemer to be with them every day they live, and to keep them out of bad company. Oh, I often say, what is this world, or anything in it, except we are fixed upon the Almighty One."

The following extracts are from the diary which opens as follows :

"The 7th day of 2nd month, 1760, I begin this book, and was at meeting, and we began to gather money for sweeping the meeting house—nineteen shillings, sixteen more to come. I was very unwell, and often think I can't live long. I was at meeting First day, and think it is my duty to go to all the meetings I can, and often think of our Saviour what He said to the women, 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.' If that was our case, there would not be so much staring about; if we could come to this, to watch and pray always."

"10th of 3rd mo., 1760.—As small a meeting as ever I saw to-day, but a good one. I was much reached about myself and children, that I might sit as it were in the dust, crying and praying unto Him that gives us all for strength and help, in meetings and out of meetings. Oh, that we may be always worthy of good meetings. First day I was at home, and it was right cold. Such a snow has not been since the hard winter 19 years ago, two feet and six inches high some say. What a snow for the poor dumb creatures. I often think if the people suffered instead of the poor cattle! Oh, the dismal news of the Indians killing the white people. I don't know how soon it may be my turn and my poor children's. Oh, I often think how can people laugh and prate, and lay nothing to heart. It seems enough to make us grieve and mourn always. How many times a day do we praise His mighty Name that gives peace and plenty to us? Do we praise His mighty Name three times a day as often as we eat, or do we sit down and not think of Him that gave it? Oh, what a poor crew we are. I say praises be to Him that gives us everything we eat and drink! Oh praises, praises be to His mighty Name all the day long!"

"10th of 4th mo., 1760.—Our friend Mary Carby was here at Woodbury meeting, and Elizabeth Smith from Burlington, and she spoke to us of sleeping in meeting. She felt it among us—some would dress like others and go like them to meeting, but that would not do, for they would be like the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps. She told us of them over and over with a great deal of sorrow. What did we do for ourselves, she said, when we were asleep? Oh, this part that never dies! I rejoiced to hear her tell us of sleeping in meeting, being in great hopes it might do some good, and desiring I might be favored with a sense of my own condition, and see my own failings."

"3rd day of 5th mo.—I did not know but we should have had the house blown down over our heads, for such a storm I never saw. Oh, is it not enough to make every one tremble when we don't know but every minute will be the last? But as soon as it is over, then to laugh and mischief again! Oh, oh, what will make the world to leave wickedness! Oh, my heart has ached this day, and I am full of sorrow; and indeed I always am in fishing time, for I think there is so much drinking, and play, and prating that there can't be much good in their heads. I have not sold them any cider yet; I have no peace to do it, none at all."

"7th day of 5th mo.—Oh, how have I been grieved this day because of this playing of ball and this fishing, and our children with them. I do grieve and shall grieve for my children, and do believe that they that know what it is to be a Quaker in deed and in truth, they would allow of no such work week after week. What business have we with the world or the wickedness thereof? So much as we are advised to the plain language, and yet I can't see what odds there is in Friends or in others as to plain language and a plain dress, but go and play ball all day long, and anything that they do think they can't hurt when they can have as many Quakers as they please at any diversion that they go about. There was J. R. to-day, he said, 'Come, take a game of ball,' and there was J. S. and J. C. and J. L. When Ann Lord was here, she did believe it never was harder to bring up children to be good in any age of the world than it is now, and if she was here in fishing time I should have one to help me."

"12th day of 5th month.—We were at Haddonfield meeting. Hannah Foster spoke and said she had been in company in her

spirit with some that had bitters to drink. I thought there was some comfort to be had at meeting if there was none at home, that she should know and feel my trouble and speak so much to comfort one who does go in sorrow and in mourning all the day long, and drink bitters; and I expect no other in this world of wickedness. Oh, I often think if I could so govern myself as never to laugh nor to say one word but what would be of service, but to grieve and mourn always for myself and my children and this wicked world."

"23rd day of 5th mo., 1760.—If I cry every day and complain of the times it is no more than David did. I don't cry alone now, for I do believe Mary Carby don't go to one meeting but the tears run down her face plentifully. Oh! I can't but cry to the mighty One to chain down this roaring lion that seems as if he would destroy all of us in his flood of wickedness. Oh! the emptiness of religion that seems to spread more and more, and foolish prating; if we could turn our minds inward there would be no room for such gas, and if we could wait upon our Maker and Redeemer we should want none but Him for company."

"The 3rd of 7th mo., 1760.—Hannah and I went to meeting alone, and her father would not go with us; but it is my lot to go alone or none must go. Oh, it is my mind that any may contrive their business so as to go to meeting constantly if they will. But oh, this going when he has a mind, or once a month. When 6th day meeting comes, more earnest then at work than ere a day in the whole week. It makes me sick sometimes to see such doings year after year. Now been married above twenty years, and so cold about religion, and children grown men. Now I will write some out of Matthew Hale—'I am to prefer the honor and glory of God before my own honor, reputation, estate, contentment or life itself!' Now what is the honor and glory of Him that made us? Is it not going to meetings? I know it has cost me dear for staying at home when meeting day comes. I can't but rejoice and be glad I was there to-day, though I was told I looked so poorly that they thought I could not sit meeting. But I often think that there is most all the comfort that I have, and I don't expect to see another summer. I am hardly able to go about the house, but my chief concern is about my children. Oh, if they may be preserved out of wickedness! But I think, do I deserve such a favor? No, no, those who are far before

me in every respect, their children are not preserved out of wickedness. But there is so much wickedness in this place on every side. I don't know what apes we Quakers shall get to."

"27th of 7th mo., 1760.—At meeting I thought it my business to tell K. A. of sleeping in meetings so much as she does. Oh, will nothing rouse us up to more diligence to serve our Maker. O this sleeping in meeting, what a sorrow it is to me to see so much of it; if they would leave off sleeping and go to praying. Hannah and I to meeting alone. Oh, what a sorrowful thing it is to me, so much slackness about going to meeting. And to-day two strangers, Thomas Redmond and Isaac Andrews, and such a meeting it was. Oh, who would not go to meeting, aye, all that come! What is all the week of turmoil to the consolation and comfort of such a meeting; and the excellent advice Thomas gave us about bringing our children to meeting with us. But I am of his mind in that, and have been a many years. It is one of the greatest troubles I meet with. I go with a heavy heart if my children don't go to meeting nor their father. But I must drink bitters. Oh, the bitters that I have to drink. Oh, the wormwood and the gall, and overwhelmed in sorrow every day I live."

"14th of 10th mo., 1760.—Our friend Susannah Haddon was here at Woodbury meeting, and spoke a great deal to us about the elders getting too high above reproof, and being a stumbling-block in the way of the youth and the striplings. A sorrowful case indeed to hear of the elders going down hill, for she said they were going down hill if they could not bear a reproof. She would have the striplings to fear nothing as David did, and do His will that sent him. Well it is some comfort to hear that there are some in the right way still among us, after all this trouble we have had, and some for David and some for Saul, as one may say, a divided pack."

"John Storah told us there would be Deborahs among us. I hope they are on their way, though in a great deal of fear; and well the youth may fear and dread such work among the elders; and I have often thought they were so cross and so crusty, no speaking to them if they do amiss. I think, and often with a great deal of sorrow, Oh, that self may be kept out of me, and if it gets up in me, that my friends may tell me of it in time before I get so high that I must fall and go down hill. I think after all my writing I am

nothing, less than nothing. I was much concerned about my children that they might have some thought of their Maker and their last day. I never ask riches nor honor for my children, but cry to our Maker and Redeemer for His presence to be with them night and day."

"21st of 12th mo., 1760.--I must write some of my great grief concerning our meeting, how we are stripped and have been for many years. Oh, to look back and think since my remembrance how many have gone—Uncle James Lord, and my father, died; Joseph Gibson went to Salem; Joseph Tomlinson went to Haddonfield; John Wood and young James Lord went to their graves; and so we seem stripped of all that were to do us the most good. Oh, if we had one such member among us as Susanna Haddon or Jane Crossway to help us along; but we are not worthy of such, or it would please the Almighty One to send such a one to live among us. John Storah said there would be Deborahs among us. Shall we be brought out of bondage by a Deborah as the children of Israel were? Oh, who is Deborah, or where is Barak to lead the poor, mournful gang along? Or those who Samuel Nottingham said cried day and night to the Lord? I often wonder who they are, we seem so bad, these Elect that cried day and night to the mighty One on account of their dear children and this wicked world. Oh, this wicked world, to go all day skating after meeting! How can the Lord's day be spent at such work! Did Judge Hale spend his time so, his precious time? Oh no, but alone by himself praying to the Lord, and writing down some good matter. Oh, how can we spend our time close enough, inward enough, nigh enough to this light in our hearts, this small light that we may see more and more of it every day if we live humble enough and nigh to Him that made us.'

"10th mo., 1761.—On sixth day in meeting it was much in my mind about Samuel Bownas and his convincement. Oh, the concern I was in, to think of so many that can sit and sleep meeting after meeting, year after year. Oh, if the Almighty One would be pleased to convince many thousands as He did him, to let us see ourselves more and more every day. 'A traditional Quaker, thou goest from the meeting as thou comes to it; and thou comes to it as thou went from it, having no profit by doing so. But what wilt thou do in the end thereof?' After Samuel Bownas' wonderful change, it was

but three weeks before he must preach to others to turn them from their sins. I remember this dear friend was at my father's."

"Oh, will there ever be a Nehemiah raised at our meeting to mourn and grieve. Oh, the fashions and running into them! The young men wearing their hats set up behind; and next it's likely will be a ribbon to tie their hair behind; the girls in Pennsylvania have their necks set off with a black ribbon; a sorrowful sight indeed! But what did that dear friend, Nicholas Davis, tell them?—the old people had not done their duty, and that was the reason that the young were no better. Six of those girls from Darby were here from John Hunt's, and I thought they did not belong to Friends until I was informed they did. But I many times think, what signifies my being concerned about fashions; where is one Friend's child or children, but some doddery fashion or another is on their backs or heads. There is this day Josiah Albertson's son, all the son he has, and his hat is close up behind! If I talk of small matters or little things I am mobbed on every side; but Wm. Hunt told us of the little foxes, little things and small matters in our clothes and furniture."

"18th day of 3rd mo., 1762.—It is said of the wicked, that they that are full of children, yea, and of children that do survive them too, for they leave their substance to their babes. Full of sin and full of children, and these children live to inherit their parents' sins and estates together. Is not this the case with us Quakers? Are there not more wicked people than good among us? Oh, lamentable is our case I think! I am so filled with sorrow many times about the wicked. Oh, I think could my eyes run down with tears always for the abomination of the times. So much excess of tobacco; and tea is as bad, so much of it, and they will pretend they can't do without it; and there is the calico. Oh, the calico! We pretend to go in a plain dress and plain speech; but where is our plainness? Are we not like all the rest, be who they will? What fashion have not the Quakers got, as William Hunt said? Oh that we had many such as he, or enough such, there would be no calico among the Quakers then; no, nor so many fashion-mongers. I think tobacco, and tea, and calico may all be set down with the negroes, one as bad as the other."

"First day of 4th mo., 1762.—Elisabeth Estaugh is to be put into

the earth to-day. From the earth we come and to it we must go again. I don't expect to be long before I must go, I am so poorly. I often think if I could so fix it as never to laugh nor to smile I should be one step better. It fills me with sorrow when I see people so full of laugh and talk, and we have the wise man's opinion that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, and that sorrow is better than laughter."

"The first day of the 10th mo. was 6th day, and we were at meeting, Hannah and I; but it is a shame to write it, for the boys and their father are so taken up, because the corn is to husk and the wood to go to town. Well, if the dry weather had killed all the corn, maybe then they would have had time to go to meeting. Oh, this world and the things of it. Oh, that we may be stopped in the lane as Balaam was by his ass he rode upon, or as Pharaoh was in the Red Sea, to know we must go back. We shall know when we must go and leave it all behind us, and we don't know how soon; then farewell corn, and farewell wood, and farewell company that has taken all my time when I should have been reading or writing some good matter, like Judge Hale, or walking alone meditating some good, as Isaac of old."

"21st of 11th mo., 1762.—I have not written any this long time. At meeting now we have a deal of preaching. We have six preachers belonging to our meeting—Isaac Andrews, Ebenezer Miller, James Cooper, Ann Cooper, Mary Sharp, Sarah Weatherbe. Oh, Solomon Lippincott is seven, but I never heard him but once."

"12th mo., 31st, 1762.—I find some freedom to write what a terrible thing this eating too much has been to me many times. I think I can say it is the worst sin that ever I did. I do believe it is as bad as drinking too much. Eating too much is the root of all evil in me I do believe. Oh, had I minded it when I was young; but this enemy of our poor souls is always driving us into sin. Oh, that his chain might be shortened one link! It is the last day of this year, and we have been to sixth day meeting, a mournful one to me. Oh, the dread and fear I am in for fear I shall never get out of bondage. Oh, who is out of this sin and transgression that day by day besets us? I often say what will become of me? I am so beset on every side. But I had a little comfort at the youth's meeting, for Mercy Redmond said she was often afraid that she should fall short at the

last day and not be careful enough. Oh this wicked world, who can stand it? But Satan hurls them up and down, and there is no place of safety if our mighty Maker and Redeemer is pleased to draw His hand from taking care of us."

Our great-grandmother's regular journal closes with this date, but many years afterward she adds the following entries:

"23rd of 6 mo., 1780.—John Tatum is married again this day to Elisabeth Cooper. A clear, pleasant day. A dry time; the grass is dried up in many places. Oh, we want rain; but who is worthy of one drop? We deserve a famine."

"16th of 5 mo., 1783.—Thomas Ross was at Salem meeting to-day, and it was most done before he stood up. He said he had a most sorrowful meeting. 'By whom should Jacob arise,' so dead and so miserable as we were. If preaching would do for us, he said, he thought there was so many for a week-day we should have had a good meeting. He said there is nothing worse than lawful things among Quakers, because they are so taken up with them."

From these last entries it appears that increasing years brought but little increasing comfort to our poor, mournful great-grandmother, whose burden of sorrow and despair for herself, and her church, and her family was, I expect, a characteristic of much of the religious feeling of the times in which she lived, when it would seem that the peace and joy of a life of trust were hardly proclaimed or understood as fully, as since has been the case. But I am afraid this inward sorrow of spirit somewhat affected her outward manner, for tradition says she was very difficult to get along with, and perhaps her husband and sons had causes for complaint as well as she. And yet they seem to have been warmly attached to her, and our grandfather, who was

her youngest son, was very much pleased when one of his grandchildren was named Annie, always calling her "little Ann," and often speaking of his mother with tenderest affection. There is an authentic tradition that at the very time when she was bewailing the lapsed condition of the young men with their hats cocked up behind, she herself sat under the gallery wearing a straw bonnet lined with pink silk! But this must have been considered plain in those days, for it can hardly be conceived that she would have knowingly departed from the received standards of plainness in her generation, when her whole soul was so exercised over the failures in the Society in these respects.

We sometimes hear in our family circle of a certain characteristic that is called the "Cooper snap." For a long time we were puzzled to know just what this meant, but since we have discovered this old journal of our great-grandmother Ann Cooper, we begin to think we see a little light on the saying. There was evidently "snap" enough and to spare in her composition, for large measures to come down to her descendants, and some of us no doubt are, what our dear father would call, "chips off of the old block," as he himself plainly was. Only in his case this "Cooper snap" was so tempered with a loving tenderness of sympathy for all with whom he came in contact, that it became a most refreshing and invigorating tonic. As a friend has written of him, "What we *admired* in John M. Whitall was his bold, firm, decisive character, while what we *loved* was his warm, sympathetic nature; and when any were in need we found these qualities so beautifully fused

together as to make him a most valuable and comforting friend and counsellor."

Our father's grandmother died in the Red Bank house on 9th month, 22d, 1797, and his grandfather survived her eleven years, living with his son Job, to whom the Red Bank property descended, and died there in 1808.

The property remained in the elder branch of the family until within a few years, when it was purchased by the United States Government, for the purpose of using the earth in raising League Island to a needed height.

There are many family traditions connected with the place, that would repay the careful search of the antiquarian. I remember as a child being alternately fascinated and frightened with the authentic stories of the ghosts which were said to haunt the old garrets, where the wounded men had been taken after the battle, and where many of them died. And as it does not fall to the lot of every family to have a veritable haunted house in their ancestral records, I cannot refrain from just referring to it in passing for the entertainment of the grandchildren.

The floors of the house in my childhood still showed traces of the pools of blood, which flowed from the wounded soldiers when the necessary amputations were made, and the inmates declared that the heavy tramp-tramp of the guard could still be heard at times up and down the long garret-room where they had been quartered. Now and then, too, there would be those who felt sure that the ghosts of the officers, in the old

courtly uniform of that day, had appeared to them on the stairways and in the halls. I remember being thrilled, and excited, and fascinated and frightened to the last degree by the story of one of these "eye-witnesses," who described to me, with great vividness, a ghostly appearance she had once, as she thought, seen in the old guest-chamber of the house. She had gone there as a young girl on a visit, and was treated to this large old room, as an honored guest. Soon after retiring, when the lights had been put out, she thought she heard a rustling noise, and, lifting her head from the pillow, what was her horror to see the window curtains slowly drawn aside, and a courtly-looking Frenchman, with a lady on his arm, dressed in the quaint old costumes of the last century, come out and advance towards the bed. She screamed with fright, and the vision vanished. The family laughed at her fright; but she never could be made to believe that she did not then and there see a genuine ghost, and no inducements could persuade her ever again to enter that room, and scarcely the house I believe.

Another story was to the effect that an uncle of the family, when a young man, was sleeping with a friend in the north-corner chamber, next the river, when they were awakened by the violent rattling of the pitcher in the wash-basin, and heard a rushing sound along the entry, and the door of their room was burst violently open. This happened three times, and frightened them so much, that they covered their heads with the bed-clothes, and lay trembling until morning.

I have heard it suggested by some of the more sensi-

ble inhabitants of Red Bank, that these ghost stories were all fancies of the imagination, and that the noises could easily have been accounted for by natural causes. That the sound of tramping and rustling, for instance, was only the knocking and rubbing of a branch of an old willow tree against a projecting gable, and that when the branch was cut off the noises ceased; and that the walking up and down stairs was the travelling of rats. They say also that the crashing as of a load of stones being emptied on the front lawn, which had so often caused the family to rush out in fright to find no signs of any disturbance, was finally proved to be the rattling of the chains when an anchor was being dropped overboard from some ship in the river, the sound being carried in this wonderful way over the still water to the shore. And no doubt there will be those who will conclude that the rushings along the entry, which so frightened the inmates of the north chamber, were nothing but the wind whistling through the old house. But be this as it may, I cannot but linger lovingly over the stories which the delightful credulity of my childhood made such a fascinating mystery to me; and I shall never think of the old house without a longing that it could be back, with all its traditions, in the possession of the family who founded it.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

JAMES and Ann Whitall had nine children. The youngest of these, John S., was our father's father. He was born on 5th month, 31st, 1757. His mother's diary contains several little notices of him during his childhood, as being sick with ague and fever, and keeping her from meeting; and under date of 4th month, 18th, 1762, she records another trouble into which the poor little fellow, then about five years old, had fallen :

"Third day at night our John fell into boiling water, and scalded himself so badly I thought he would go into fits. If we had put Indian meal and cold water on it, it might not have been so bad; or molasses and salt to get the fire out, or Irish potatoes, or spirits of turpentine, or sweet oil and the white of an egg beaten together, or oil that they paint with, linseed oil, or rattlesnake root boiled in hog's fat. Now we have got shumac root, the inside bark, boiled in hog's fat to bathe it in three or four times a day, and it does it a great deal of good. Such a scald I never saw. Oh, that I never may again."

At the foot of this entry our great-grandmother records under date of 3d month, 1788 :

"He (that is, this same John, her youngest child) had bad luck when young, and since he came home has lost a great deal—fifteen hundred pounds, he says, in one vessel, all gone to the bottom, and now he is staying in Woodbury, but for how long I do not know."

These are all the records we have of our grandfather,

except a private diary kept by himself in the year 1785. It appears that in the division of the property, the family homestead naturally went to the older children, and our grandfather, as the youngest, entered upon another line of business, which seems to have been in some way connected with the West India trade. He frequently sailed as supercargo, and the diary referred to was kept by him during a voyage to Bordeaux on board the French Packet "*Le Couriere de L'Amerique*," in the year 1785. He was then twenty-eight years old, and as the diary was kept for the eyes of a female friend to whom he seemed to pour out all his inmost feelings, we think it must have been for his future wife, Sarah Mickle, whom he married on 5th month, 16th, 1788.

Sarah Mickle, our father's mother, was the daughter of John Mickle and Elizabeth Estaugh Hopkins. This Elizabeth E. Hopkins was the daughter of Ebenezer Hopkins, who was the nephew of Elizabeth Haddon, the founder of Haddonfield. He was the son of her sister Sarah, and came to America to be educated by, and live with his aunt. Having no children of her own, she adopted him and made him her heir. In 1737 he married Sarah, a daughter of James Lord of Woodbury. In 1752 his aunt conveyed to him a tract of land fronting on Cooper's Creek in Haddon township, which adjoined other lands also her gift, and he resided on this estate until his death in 1757. After his death his widow and children removed to Haddonfield. Here they were cared for and looked after by Elizabeth Estaugh. John Clements says in his *History of the First Settlers in Newton Township*:

“It is evident that she took much interest in them, since in these orphans she saw the perpetuity of her large landed estates in her own blood, and the tone of her will indicates a long settled intention in this regard.”

This will bears date Nov. 30th, 1761. Her real estate was principally given to these children of her deceased nephew, Ebenezer Hopkins. One of these children was Sarah, who married John Mickle, and who was the mother of our grandmother Sarah Mickle. As our family story is thus closely connected by collateral descent and inheritance with the remarkable story of Elizabeth Haddon, it will be interesting, for the sake of the grandchildren, to embody a short sketch of her eventful career in this memoir of our father.

She was the daughter of John Haddon, a Friend of good family, who lived in Rotherhithe in the parish of St. George, borough of Southwark, county of Surrey, England, then a suburb of the city of London. John Haddon was in the iron business, and accumulated a large estate. His ancestry, I believe, can be traced to the manor of Haddon in Derbyshire, now a part of the estate of the Duke of Rutland. The old baronial mansion of Haddon Hall is still standing, and although uninhabited, is carefully preserved as in its old days. It was probably the seat of the Haddon family before the Conquest; but William the Conqueror arbitrarily gave it to his son, and the original owners were driven away.

John Haddon had only two children, Sarah, who married Benjamin Hopkins, a wine merchant of London, and Elizabeth, who was born in 1682. Elizabeth seems to have been a very thoughtful child, and was

always deeply interested in the accounts from the new settlements of Friends in America. Her father purchased some land in New Jersey, intending to remove there with his family, and even sent out mechanics who built a suitable house and out-buildings. But meantime circumstances occurred which made him feel it his duty to remain in England, and as he did not like to have the property lying useless, he decided to offer it to any of his relatives who would go and settle upon it. His daughter Elizabeth, hearing of this, felt led of the Lord to offer herself as that one, and calling the family together told them of her feelings. Her parents, who had always taught their children an implicit obedience to what they believed to be the voice of the Lord, were afraid to oppose what their young daughter seemed so strongly to feel to be a duty, and although in much fear and trembling, made arrangements for her emigration. A late writer, in speaking of this story, says :

“Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal, connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old from a wealthy home and all the associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly inhabited country in order to fulfil what she considered a religious duty. And the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents in giving up their beloved child with such reverent tenderness for the promptings of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light.”

She reached the home which had been prepared for her in the 6th month, 1701, and in 1702 married John

Estaugh, a preacher among Friends from England, who settled with her in her new home. There is a tradition in the family that John Estaugh, being a poor man without position, was not in a situation to offer himself to the young heiress, and that she, with her usual strong sense, took the initiative, telling him that she was strongly impressed that the Lord had sent him to her as a partner in life, and asking him not to answer her hastily, but to weigh it before the Lord. The result was a very happy married life of forty years, passed, as she herself recorded, in the "sweetest harmony."

She was a woman of great natural abilities, sanctified by the grace of God, and was an untold blessing to the whole neighborhood for many miles around.

In a book by Lydia Maria Child, called "Fact and Fiction," there is a delightful account of Elizabeth Haddon, called "The Youthful Emigrant," which I recommend the grandchildren to read.

As we have seen, our grandmother's grandfather, Ebenezer Hopkins, was her adopted son and heir, and his children came into possession of much of her property.

Our father's mother, the grand-daughter of this Ebenezer Hopkins, was a woman of great gentleness and refinement, and of much intellectual culture. Her husband and children were devotedly attached to her, and our father revered her memory to his latest days. He often told us that he learned to pray from her, and that he knew she prayed much for her children, and asked that each one might be saved. He always spoke to us of this with great reverence, and said that although she

had died without seeing all the answer to her prayers, yet he believed they had been finally answered for each one.

The diary kept for her by our grandfather during the days of their courtship manifests on the part of both of them fine literary tastes, and much thoughtful consideration of men and things. Its introduction is as follows :

“August 16th, 1785.

“Oh, my dear sister! Thee can form but a very imperfect idea of the feelings of my poor heart, when I was about taking my last—perhaps last, farewell of my native shore. It was six o’clock in the afternoon, and I kept my eyes fixed on the land, till it was quite sunk in the ocean. The day and evening were remarkably pleasant, and contributed very considerably to exhilarate the gloomy ideas which agitated my poor soul; together with a firm reliance on Providence, and a perfect resignation to its holy decrees, and the pleasing thought that stole into my mind of seeing thee once more. * * * Otherways my situation would have been altogether insupportable.

“Thee may perhaps—sister—conceive all this to be words of course. If thee does, and cannot discover some traces of sincere friendship in my character, banish me forever from thy thoughts and presence; * * * by letter will be sufficient to let me know wherein I am deficient. And should it be the case (which God forbid), I know not what friendship is, and have only been grasping at a shadow for the substance. The pain it would give me would be great; but to continue long in such a dream would be dreadful to the last degree. I will not conceal my thoughts from thee, sister; it would be inconsistent with what I profess—friendship, and will freely declare that in thee I have found a soul corresponding in every respect to my own. It is not thy person I esteem and regard; thy face is not beautiful. No! it is thy mind only. For while I retain the use of my senses, I can never forget the lesson thee taught me.

“‘Lean not on earth; ’twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.’

“This, and many other matters, convincing me that thou art of the superior order of beings, and that thy soul is susceptible of the most tender impressions of friendship, attaches me in an irresistible manner to thee as the only person existing in whose mind I can place every confidence, and unbosom the most secret recesses of my heart. (Witness, thy being the sole person I dare communicate my route to.)

“After this ingenuous confession, permit me the liberty, sister, to solicit thy attention to the following maxim: ‘Attempt nothing in which thou mayest not pray to God for success.’”

The whole tone of this diary of our grandfather proves him to have been a very religious man after the stately and dignified order. It is full of admirable extracts from the best writers of that time, and contains also many notices of personal experience that are very striking. Under date of August 21st, Sunday, he writes:

“Pleasant weather, wind fair, but light. Calculating for the difference of time, sister, between us, and supposing it nearly the minute that thee was seated in meeting, I shut myself up in my state-room, and read the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew, which afforded unspeakable pleasure to my mind. Although the people kept such a clamor and noise the whole time that one would think it impossible to attend to any one object, yet I was in a few minutes wrapped up in as profound a meditation as though I had been in a desert, recluse from all the world.

“Dare I recommend to thee, my dear sister, the perusal (sometimes) of the before-mentioned chapters, for I believe them to contain all that is good and improving to the human mind. And I dare suppose, thee will not doubt my sincerity, when I humbly solicit the Supreme Being to instil into thy mind the ‘fear of His holy name, the thoughts of death, the love of virtue and religious principles.’”

He mentions on Sept. 6th, having read through quite

a long list of books since leaving New York on the 15th of August, among which are Young's Night Thoughts, The Beauties of Milton, Thomson and Goldsmith, Seneca's Morals and Sterne's works (six volumes), which record shows him to have been a most diligent reader.

The business which took him to Bordeaux appears to have been successful, and he returned the early part of the year 1786. In 1788, on the 16th of 5th month, he married this "sister," as he called her, in Friends' Meeting House at Woodbury, New Jersey.

Our grandfather upon his marriage went to live in a large old-fashioned brick house with a pent roof over the door, situated on the main street of the little town of Woodbury, and here our father was born. It was one of the best houses of the town, and as both bride and bridegroom seem to have possessed considerable property at this time, their style of living was quite elegant for the circle in which they moved, and which was the best the neighborhood afforded. Our grandfather was a gentleman of the old school, very stately in his manners, and permitting no liberties from any inferiors, either servants or children. He seemed to inherit his father's fondness for gay society, and his intimate friends were among fox-hunting squires and men of family and fashion. It seems hard to imagine our father, with his free, joyous, fun-loving nature, so regardless of all conventionalities, and so open-hearted to every one around him, without regard to standing or position, growing up in the atmosphere of stately proprieties which thus surrounded him all the years of his early boyhood, and I can easily believe he caused his father many a pang.

Those who remember him as a boy say that he was at once the most provoking and the best beloved boy in all the circle. No one could keep their anger against him for a moment. Let his pranks be as vexatious as they might be, and he was full and brimming over with mischief all the day long, no anger could withstand his genuine and openly expressed sorrow at the trouble he had caused, and the hearty and generous restitution he was always ready to offer, nor the merry rebound of fun that burst out the moment his apologies had been accepted. He was the first to help in every case of need, and every one, whether friend or foe, knew they could rely on him for any service, which he was capable of performing. All his friends loved and admired him, even while they scolded him, and they generally found themselves laughing at the very moment when they ought to have been the most severe and frowning. From childhood to old age this power of winning love and approval continued with our precious father; and the fun of his boyhood developing the genial merriment of the chastened Christian heart, gave his character a nameless charm.

Ten children were born to our grandfather and grandmother in the old house in Woodbury, of whom our father was the seventh. Four died in infancy or childhood. The remainder resided with their parents in the same home until 1815, when our grandfather lost a large sum of money through the failure of a West India house in which he was interested, and they were obliged to retrench. They moved a little way out of Woodbury to a farm belonging to our grandmother, and according to

the fashion of those times, the boys were taken from school to help with the farm-work, so that after the age of fifteen our father received no school education, and had to learn what he could from the life and the men around him.

The house to which the family removed was not a very attractive one when they first settled in it. But the fine tastes of our aunts soon transformed it into a beautiful vine-covered cottage, adorned within and without with a thousand little tasteful charms. They called it "New Virginia," on account of the fact that it was built low and wide, with most of the rooms on the ground floor, after the fashion of Virginian houses of that date. Here the family spent many happy years, gathering around them the choicest spirits, both in the literary and religious circles of their neighborhood, which, partly owing to the holding of the courts at Woodbury, was settled by families of culture and refinement, thus making their low-roofed cottage a centre of much delightful social intercourse. Our father's sisters were women of very fine natures and much intellectual power, and all became deeply earnest religious characters. Ann, the oldest, and perhaps the strongest character of them all, who was at one time one of the leaders of the gay society of Woodbury, was the first member of the band of brothers and sisters to be turned from darkness to light, and in accordance with all the family usages and traditions, she at once became a very plain Friend. Hannah was the next in age, and to her descended all Ann's worldly gaiety, and Sally, the one still younger, began at once to wish that Hannah too might become "serious,"

as they called it, in order that the gay apparel might all come into her possession. But both Hannah and Sally were converted at about the same time, and both testified their allegiance to the King of kings by adopting the Friends' dress, so that the youngest daughter of all inherited the whole worldly wardrobe.

The oldest sister, Ann, was a woman possessing the strength of character of the grandmother, after whom she was named, mingled with the gentleness and refinement inherited from her gentle loving mother, and is still spoken of by some who remember her as an unusually fine woman. After her conversion, she and Benlah Hopkins, a dear friend who had formerly been her companion in worldliness, but who had also come under the power of grace, started a First Day school in the school-house on the meeting-house grounds at Woodbury. This school was held on First Day mornings before meeting, and the Friends generally took a deep interest in it. Old and young, white and colored attended it, and the elders of Woodbury meeting were among the teachers. Our mother remembers attending this school very well; first as a scholar in a class taught by an elder named Sarah Saunders, and afterwards as a teacher; and she says that when the school was over the scholars and teachers all walked across the green lawn to the meeting-house, and there the scholars were seated in the back part of the house. And our mother says that her grandfather, John Tatum, who was a preacher in Woodbury meeting at that time, was always so drawn out towards these rows of children, that he never failed, she thinks, to preach to

them when at meeting. This was the only First Day school held in Woodbury at that time, and though conducted entirely by Friends, and in accordance with their principles, was attended by members of all the Denominations in the village.

Concerning this sister, our aunt Hannah has left the following record, written many years after her death :

“The remembrance of our beloved sister, Ann C. Whitall, sheds a soft and subdued influence even at this time. And while it is delightful to dwell upon the beautiful Christian virtues that adorned her character, it is instructive to contemplate her pursuing that path of self-denial in which she walked the latter years of her life so meekly, and yet with firm unfaltering step. She possessed naturally a dignity and sweetness of manners which won the affections of those who knew her; this, with a buoyancy of spirit, combined with a lively, energetic and cultivated mind, attracted around her in early life a large circle of fashionable associates; and she was thus drawn into the follies and allurements of the world, and to participate in scenes of gaiety. But the prayers of a tenderly anxious and pious mother followed her here; and here too the reproofs of the Holy Spirit often met her, showing her the inconsistency and unlawfulness of these things; and making her feel the insufficiency of worldly pleasure to yield solid and enduring happiness. * * * Thus she was led from the pursuits of the false pleasures of life, and instead of a desire for them, was excited a longing after the unsearchable riches of Christ; and by yielding her heart to the operation of the Spirit of truth she became about the year 1818 a new creature. The qualities which had rendered her so lovely before, were now meekly softened and beautifully illumined by the benign influence of religion. Her disposition was strikingly disinterested and generous, regarding the comfort and happiness of others far before her own; and the many little sacrifices which she made for the gratification of her family are sweetly in remembrance. She seemed practically to fulfil the injunction of the Apostle, ‘Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.’ And it may truly be said, she adorned the doctrines she professed, making re-

ligion appear attractive and lovely. Thus going on from one degree of grace to another, she became established, strengthened, settled; was increasingly useful in Society, unremitting in attention to her parents, and exhibiting a beautiful example of meekness and piety to her younger sisters."

* * * * *

In the early part of the summer of 1821 she ruptured a blood-vessel, and from this time the cough never left her. Change of air was tried, and also riding on horseback when at home; but the disease made rapid progress, and on the 29th of 7th month, 1822, her purified spirit was released from suffering, and admitted into the heavenly mansions to an inheritance with the saints in light.

Many notes were taken during her last illness, which was marked by great peace and calmness, her whole confidence and hope being placed in the merits of her Redeemer; and, to use her own language, she "seemed to be enveloped in love."

Our father left for a voyage to Canton on 6th month, 30th, 1822, and our aunt Hannah thus records the parting from this dear sister:—

"Our brother Mickle, to whom she was warmly attached, left this day for Canton, and we looked with much anxiety towards the parting scene, lest it should prove too much for her feeble frame. But she gave him up with a sweet smile, saying, 'If we do not meet again, dear brother, I have no doubt it will be in best wisdom. I know not how my sickness may terminate, but let it be as it may, all will be just right.'"

After her death her mother wrote the following letter to him:

“Thy dear sister grew weaker and weaker after thou left us, until the 29th of seventh month, when she departed this life in a sweet frame of mind. Indeed, it seemed as if love had cast out all fear of death. Although her sufferings were great, not a murmur escaped her lips. She often repeated—‘Although thou slay me, yet will I love thee, O Lord,’ and said that she was willing to suffer that the measure might be filled. She placed her whole confidence and trust in her blessed Saviour. A great many times she repeated—‘Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done,’ and many more such precious sayings which I cannot now recollect. The purity and sweetness of her spirit appeared in all she said, she never addressing us with any other appellation than ‘dear precious mother,’ ‘dear precious sisters.’ Her heart seemed indeed filled with heavenly love. One day, after her father had been sitting by her bed and had left the room, she remarked that if it had been her heavenly Father’s will to spare her life, how gladly would she have lived to soothe her aged father’s dying pillow; that he had been a kind and affectionate parent; but added, ‘now he performs that office for me.’

“I felt that it was such a happy change for her that it was wrong to grieve, or wish her back, although she was a very precious child to me, and one I had looked forward to for assistance in many ways. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord! I have been wonderfully supported, and it seems as if I could only say, Oh, that my latter end may be like hers!”

In 1822 or '23, our grandfather met with some fresh losses, and our surviving aunts determined to see what they could do to help him. They decided to move to Philadelphia, and open a school, which they were well qualified to do; and the change was accomplished in 1823. They sent around notes to all their father’s creditors, stating their intention of trying to pay his debts, and proposed, where there were daughters in any of the families of the creditors, to educate those children as part payment. This noble course of action on the part of our aunts won them universal esteem, and

they soon had a large and flourishing school, which enabled them not only to help pay their father's debts, but supported them and their parents in great comfort, and secured to them finally quite a little estate, upon which the survivors were able to retire after years of honorable teaching.

Among our old papers we have found a poem written to our aunts Hannah and Sally by one of their friends, on the occasion of their removal to Philadelphia, which gives such a pleasant picture of their cottage home and the life there, that I will insert an extract :

“ I turn to mark that loved abode
Just seen amid the deepening sky,
And trace the oft-frequented road
Along the white-fenced boundary.

“ It was a route I loved to tread,
When former pleasures pointed there,
For to a spot its pathway led,
Made by the smile of friendship fair.

“ There taste a little temple found,
While concord built her peaceful throne,
And fond affections circling round,
Embraced the cottage as their own.

“ Sweet was that porch of rural guise,
O'erlooking wide the western sky,
Loved for its sweet colloquial ties,
When evening spread her canopy.

“ Dear was that parlor's little sphere,
Decked by the sisters' tasteful hand,
Where friendship beamed her smile sincere,
And converse bade the heart expand.

“ Yet now that porch seems still and lone ;
That parlor all its charms has shed ;
For Hannah’s dear, loved mind is gone,
And Sally’s kindred smile is fled.

“ Yet oh ! can friendship dare repine
When filial duty points their goal ?
No ! Rather be it fondly mine
To love the brightness of their soul.”

Three years after this removal to Philadelphia, and while our father was away on a voyage to Canton, the gentle mother of the family died of consumption on the 28th of 8th month, 1826, in her sixtieth year. Many years after her death the following tribute to her memory, written by her husband, was found in an old Bible:

“ Sarah Whitall, born Mickle, departed this life twenty minutes after four o’clock in the morning (on second day of the week), the 28th day of August, 1826, aged fifty-nine years, nine months and eight days, after great suffering during ten months of a pulmonary disease, which she bore with much Christian patience and resignation, affording me a strong hope, indeed assurance, that her soul has gone to rest in the bosom of God, through the redeeming mercies of Christ Jesus. And I have, in justice to the deceased, to aver that her whole life has been an instructive example to me, as well as to our dear children ; a strong cord that bound us all in love together. And I pray that that cord may not be broken by her death. I have had much reason during more than thirty-eight years to bow down my mind and prostrate it before the great Jehovah in humble adoration, thanksgiving and praises for His great and merciful goodness in blessing me with such a beloved wife, far, far better than I deserved, and with a hope, at the same time, of being enabled to love, to cherish, and to comfort her all in my power ; for she richly deserved all—yes, a great deal more than all that I was enabled to do for her. No husband ever lived who enjoyed a greater degree of felicity than I have done during the whole course of our living together, and I may truly lament that I was not more worthy of her

affectionate love. Humility was the bright jewel which adorned her whole life. 'To do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before God and man,' was her daily practice."

Our aunt Hannah has left a manuscript account of her last illness and death, from which the following extracts are taken :

"The memory of our dear mother is indeed precious, bringing to our view her many Christian virtues; with which few beside her immediate family had the opportunity of becoming acquainted, as she was of a meek, retiring disposition, not seeking the glory of this world, but 'a better and an enduring substance.'

"She was a tender and anxious parent, often solicitous for our growth in best things, and her fervent desire and prayer was, that her children should 'walk in the truth.' Her exercise of spirit lest we should be carried away by the ensnaring vanities of the world, remains fresh in our remembrance, as she used sweetly to admonish us when with her, as well as by letter when absent from her, to keep continually in view that we were 'placed here for the direct purpose of preparing for another and a better world.'

"She encouraged the habit of daily perusing the Scriptures; and associated with our earliest recollections is the remembrance of the quiet hour she used thus to spend.

"As her last illness was fraught with much deep instruction. the following memoranda were made at the time for her absent children I. F. W. and J. M. W., who were denied the privilege of witnessing her calm and peaceful transition to the world of spirits :

"She was confined to her chamber fourteen weeks, during which she exhibited to all around her the true Christian graces of gentleness, tenderness, and meekness, in an eminent degree.

"During the first few weeks of her confinement, she was impressed with the belief that her tarrying amongst us would be but of short duration; and was, at seasons, drawn into deep exercise for those who were so nearly and closely connected to her. In speaking of herself, she said she believed her sufferings were by Divine appointment, and hoped to be patient under them; that she had given her family up, and had nothing now to keep her here; it had been her

desire to do so, and she believed she had been helped to accomplish it. She was often led to number the blessings that surrounded her, and considered the many valuable and sympathetic friends who called to see her, not among the least; and frequently observed to those who watched her with tender solicitude, that she hoped they might be blessed with the same tender nursing that had been given her.

"The 9th of 7th month, 1826, she expressed herself in prayer thus: 'Most holy Father, be pleased to grant me patience and resignation to Thy will, and when it shall please Thee to take me, oh, grant that I may be willing and ready to go.' After expressing a concern about our dear father, she said: 'He will miss me; but he is in the hands of Divine Goodness, who is able to save and do all things.' A fear being expressed lest the blessing on the family should be removed when she was taken, she said, after a pause, 'No, my dears, the same power that is over you now, will be over you *then*, if you do but continue faithful, keeping yourselves humble and lowly in His sight.' She again said, 'I believe I have tried to do the best I could through my life, and how much longer I am to stay I know not; but oh! I humbly hope through the merits of our blessed Redeemer I shall be permitted to enter into rest. But it is not of anything that I have done myself.'

"12th. Brother Mickle, coming into the room, asked her how she felt. She replied, 'Very weak, my dear. When thou art sick at sea, thou hast no one to nurse thee; but there is One who cares for thee, and He will bring thee through all.'

"16th. Was passed by us all in the chamber of our beloved mother; brother Mickle with us all day. We sensibly felt it was the last First-day we should all spend together; and it proved a time of deep and intense feeling. Dear mother appeared much comforted in having our dear brother with her.

"18th. Our brother Mickle left us for Canton to-day. Our dear mother and he bade each other a final farewell, not expecting to meet again whilst sojourners in this vale of mutability. Brother M. was much affected; mother was calm and serene. She bore it with much composure, and appeared drawn out in prayer after parting, and said, 'I have given you all up to your Heavenly Parent; He can do more for you than any earthly one.'

"25th. We were renewedly made sensible to-day of the conde-

scending goodness and mercy of our blessed Lord, in permitting His holy presence and support to dwell with our beloved mother. On awakening from sleep she said, 'Oh, I fear it will be a trying conflict; but the Lord's will be done.' Some time afterwards she exclaimed, 'Oh, how I do love you all!' and appeared as if she wished to say more, but was so affected that the power of utterance was taken from her. Soon after, her tender spirit was drawn out in silent supplication on behalf of her children, and she wept much.

"28th. Early this morning our precious invalid was much exhausted, but revived, and was comfortable enough to see friend Richard Jordan, who made us an acceptable visit. In the afternoon she suffered much from weakness and oppression, yet her precious mind was tenderly alive for the future welfare of her dear children, entreating them to be faithful in the attendance of our religious meetings; then a blessing would rest upon them. She remarked to our father that a certain friend had not been to see her; when he replied, 'Never mind, my dear, if *she* has not been near thee, God is near thee and with thee.' She looked up, and, weeping, said: 'Dost thou think so?' and added, 'Oh, Lord, be pleased to grant me one crumb from Thy holy table to support me in this trying conflict!' On father's bidding her farewell, and saying he hoped she would have a comfortable night, she replied: 'Yes, my dear, if it is right that I should; but I have no will in it.'

"29th. This day four years ago, our beloved sister Ann was released from suffering, and no doubt entered the mansions of everlasting happiness. Her sufferings have been brought vividly before us since the illness of our dear mother; they being very similarly affected.

"8th mo., 23d. It is very evident that our precious mother's bodily strength is rapidly declining, yet her mental faculties continue unimpaired, and she is favored with a precious child-like frame of mind and much peace.

"27th. Last evening our dear mother evidently changed for the worse. Being observed to sigh, she was asked if she wanted anything; she replied, 'I want, my child, to be released.' To one who asked her if she felt any fear of death, she answered: 'No, my dear, no fear of death, no objections to go.' About six o'clock she desired that her love might be given affectionately to Israel and Mickle. This was the last concern she expressed for any of us,

though her affection was strongly marked for us all, particularly for our dear father, on whom she often looked lovingly and said, 'Art thou well, my dear?'

"After passing a night apparently more comfortable than for many previous nights, about half-past four on 2d day morning, the 28th of 8th month, 1826, the sweet spirit of our precious mother departed, we doubt not, into the bosom of redeeming Love, there to be clothed with the white robe of eternal righteousness, and to join our sainted sister, who, we trust, has been an inhabitant of the Heavenly Mansion four years. How peaceful was her close! Not a sigh, nor a struggle to tell that the spirit was departing; but the breath became shorter and shorter, till the immortal part winged its flight to the world of spirits."

A member of the family still living, recalls many reminiscences of this precious mother; and thus writes concerning her:

"She was extremely lovely in every way, both in appearance and character. I often used to think she looked like an angel, and that her character was as angelic as her face. I can recall her vividly as I saw her one day a few weeks before her death. She was then well enough to sit up in her sick-chamber and be the centre of a loving family group, and looked so lovely and restful, but evidently destined not long to remain in this world, and only waiting for that beautiful home prepared for her by her loving Saviour. To me she was the personification of everything beautiful and good, fair and exquisite as a lily, the perfect spirit shining out in the sweet face, and impressing the beholder with the feeling that one so pure could not long remain on earth."

Fourteen years after her death, our aunt Sally died of consumption, in the same house, on the 28th of 10th month, 1838. We can just remember her as a lovely invalid who used to give us dainties out of her sick chamber, to which she was often confined, and who kept little silver thimbles for my sister Sarah and myself to sew with when we went to see her.

She married George W. Haverstick in the eleventh month, 1836, and died after only about two years of married life.

Our aunt Hannah has left a short account of her also. She says:

"My beloved sister Sally was naturally possessed of a quick, active temperament, and in early youth was fond of gaiety; but by yielding obedience to the secret monitions of divine grace in her heart, she became gradually changed, and made willing to give up many things in which she had formerly sought pleasure, and the death of her beloved sister Ann, to whom she was warmly attached, was a means of more effectually weaning her from some of the allurements of the world.

"Soon after this she engaged in the useful occupation of a teacher; which station she endeavored to fill, not only with reference to human approbation, but as discharging it faithfully before her heavenly Father. While imparting literary instruction, she remembered that it was to immortal beings, and was often found with the young gathered around her, endeavoring to lead them to a love of that better knowledge, which, without undervaluing human science, she deemed of far higher importance. She was much interested in her school, loved the employment of teaching, and frequently remarked how swiftly and sweetly the hours passed while thus occupied.

Her heart, which was very sympathetic and affectionate, felt keenly for the poor and afflicted, who were partakers of her kindness and counsel. She had been instrumental in forming an association among the pupils of the school for the relief of such, encouraging them to create a little fund by deducting from their selfish gratifications. With this youthful band she had been for a number of years in the habit of regularly visiting the secluded abodes of sorrow and want, and she continued this work of love as long as her strength enabled her.

As a friend she was sincere, affectionate and confiding; possessing in more than a common degree the virtue of faithfulness in reproving; endeavoring to do it in that 'spirit of meekness' calculated to restore those who had missed their way.

"In the eleventh month, 1836, she was married, and although she entered upon this new and endearing connection with but little prospect that the earthly bond would be of long continuance, yet for months after she enjoyed tolerable health. And whilst her husband and anxious friends knew they held her by a slender thread, she possessed along with her bodily weakness such cheerfulness of spirit, and such a readiness to enter into the interests of others, with so much energy in using her remaining strength, that we were led to indulge the hope that she might be spared to us for many years. But thus, however, it was not to be.

In the seventh month, 1838, the birth of a daughter awakened a new interest; and though the little innocent seemed born but to open the fount of maternal feeling, to be loved and to die, living only two weeks, yet she was enabled meekly to resign her, saying: 'It is all done in mercy and in wisdom: the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Her decline was so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible by those continually about her; yet the disease was making certain progress, and hope soon fled from the bosom of her friends.

"From the early part of the autumn she had felt confident that her time would be short, and was diligent in making preparations for her departure, her chief concern being to experience a purification of heart, with an evidence of acceptance at last through the redeeming mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She was patient and persevering in exercise, wrestling in spirit, even like the patriarch with the angel until break of day, with an earnestness which seemed to say: 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.'

"Her aged father would often come to her bed-side making tender inquiries. On one occasion, looking up affectionately, she said: 'Dear father, I shall not be long with you.' He replied: 'And we, dear child, will soon follow thee.' She added: 'Oh, may we all meet in heaven!' and then spoke of the goodness and mercy of the Lord, and of that redemption which may be found in Christ Jesus.

"On another occasion she remarked to a friend: 'Thou seest me much changed since thou wast here last; I feel that I am going very fast.' The friend remarked: 'With bright hopes?' She answered: 'Not with *bright* hopes, but a little faith is granted to believe that perhaps all will be well in the end, and it will be through abundant mercy. Pray for me that my patience may hold out, for the enemy

is very busy introducing doubts of the mercies of my Redeemer. Oh, that faith and patience may hold out!

"She had much tender counsel to give to her young friends who called on her, and also to the domestics in the family for whom she had always felt deeply interested, and lost no opportunity to help with words of advice or sympathy.

"The recollection of her dear little Anna would always bring a smile upon her countenance, which generally was only expressive of most serious thoughtfulness. At one time she said to her husband: 'Dear little creature, she is safe in heaven.' And then alluding to its being near the second anniversary of their marriage, she observed that they had been two happy years of her existence.

"During the last week of her life she expressed a wish to see her little nieces and nephew all together, that they might receive a little parting gift from her own hands. When they assembled around her bed, she looked most tenderly and affectionately upon them, as she gave into the hands of each a little Testament, desiring they would keep it as aunt Sally's last gift, and to remember it was her dying wish that they might value its precious contents. She then said: 'Go sit down, dear children a little while, where aunt Sally can see you, that she may look at you for the last time.' With characteristic affection she said to those near: 'Don't let them forget me; not that I am worth remembering; oh, no; but because I love them.' Her calm resignation as she gave them the last kiss, the tearfulness and deep feeling of some of the children, contrasted with the infantile unconsciousness of others, rendered it altogether a touching scene, and one that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it.*

"The morning of her last day on earth found her composed and tranquil. Her husband standing near her, she asked, 'Dear, is this the last day?' He told her he believed it would be, that she was going home. After a few moments of silent waiting she said, 'Now I am waiting the Divine will, and the coming of my Lord. I feel entirely resigned; I am done with the world, and all the things of it. Oh, how delightful it will be to awake at rest.' After this she lay in a calm sweet frame of mind, and that evidence which during her

* As I was the oldest of this little band, and was at that time only six years old, it cannot be wondered at that our recollections are very dim of this solemn event.

sickness she had desired in a more eminent degree was, we believe, fully granted.

"About noon she said much which could not be understood, except the expressions of 'Happiness, happiness!' while her countenance beamed with heavenly joy; and soon after her spirit seemed gradually to depart, and her eyes closed on all earthly objects, to awaken in the glory of her heavenly inheritance."

Our grandfather survived this precious daughter five years, and was tenderly cared for by his remaining children. He died on the 13th of 12mo., 1843, at the age of 86, seventeen years after the death of his beloved wife.

Our aunt Hannah thus records his death in her diary :

"12mo., 18th, 1843.—Since I last made a note in this book, we have met with a sad bereavement. Our beloved and honored and only remaining parent, has been removed from among us by the undeniable messenger, the cold hand of death, we humbly hope to the mansions of eternal rest and happiness. He departed this life between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of 12mo., after a few days' indisposition with influenza, and he was so mercifully and gently dealt with, that we had no idea his departure was so near at hand. Without any apparent suffering or struggle, he breathed his life out peacefully and sweetly, and we have every assurance to believe he has entered into rest. We believe ever since the death of our beloved mother, which occurred the 28th of the 8th month, 1826, our aged parent has been preparing for this important change. He withdrew very much from the things of this world, taking but little pleasure in them, and spent much of his time in retirement and reading the Bible, particularly the New Testament, in which he marked many passages pertaining to spiritual worship, and often spoke of the necessity of that important duty, and did not like any of the family to absent themselves from meeting for trivial causes, always asking the reason. The last three or four years his earthly tabernacle began to fail, and his children marked with much satisfaction his quiet patience and resignation to

the Divine will, under his increasing infirmities, deafness, loss of memory, etc. He kept constantly in view the importance of being ready at any time, and used frequently to say it was no matter how soon death came, so that he was only prepared. And we trust he experienced a state of preparation, by his observing to a nephew two days before his departure, that he was then very comfortable, but was ready and willing to go at any time. Thus has our Heavenly Father been pleased through His great mercy in Christ Jesus to redeem our earthly father from all the transgressing nature, and fitted him for a mansion in the abodes of just men made perfect, to sing praises to His redeeming love. And we, his bereaved children, have great cause to bow in humble gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for His great mercy and condescending goodness to our parent during his earthly pilgrimage, and in the end to crowning him with everlasting happiness. Amen, saith my soul!"

We can just remember him as children, especially in connection with our annual New Year's gifts, to which he always contributed. I recollect on one occasion he gave my sister Sarah and myself the covered basket of gifts to carry home from their house, and promised each of us a "big orange" if we would take it safely there without once lifting up the lid to see the contents. Oranges were not as plenty in those days as now, and we managed to accomplish the walk in safety, but I remember to this day the conflict it cost me, and the resolution I made never to yield to such bribe again. I felt that fifty oranges would not have been worth such a battle with a child's eager curiosity. He was very proud of our brother James, who was his only male descendant, and even at that advanced age used to delight to take the little fellow out to walk with him, while our brother on his part felt very grand with the thought that he was "taking care of grandfather."

After his death our aunt Hannah continued to live in the same place and carried on her school for two years longer. This dear aunt was the passion of my childish heart, and the joy and delight of all our household. At the time we children can first remember her she had a flourishing school, and was in very comfortable circumstances, and most of the luxuries of our childhood came from her lavish hand, as our father at that time was obliged to be very economical. She drove a carriage and a pair of fat grey horses, and was always giving us treats of drives with her out into the country to Fairmount or along the Wissahickon. And I remember with what intense delight I used to lean out of the window sometimes to scatter among the groups of country children we passed, a handful of pennies given me for the purpose by my munificent aunt. She seemed to me the source and centre of untold delights of all kinds, and I can never, even now, pass the house where she lived at the N. W. corner of Race and Franklin, without a sudden stir of the old childish sense of happiness, made up of all the memorable gifts and pleasures that were lavished upon us within its walls.

In 1845 she gave up her school and married our mother's brother, Joseph Tatum, and returned to the neighborhood of Woodbury to live. She enjoyed only three years of wedded life, and died of consumption in the year 1848. We cannot find any record of the experiences of her later years, such as she had so lovingly preserved of those who had gone before her. But her memory is most tenderly enshrined in all our hearts, and her loss out of our home circle was one not

easily to be supplied. In my diary kept at the age of sixteen, I thus record my recollections of her :

“11th mo., 8th, 1848.

“My darling aunt Hannah is dead. She, for whom I was in part named, who had taken me in her arms before I was half an hour old ; who had petted and caressed me in my infancy, and who seemed to love me with increasing love as I grew older ; for *her* to die seemed impossible. I knew she was in a consumption and very delicate, but I said again and again, ‘She will not die, she *will not* die,’ until I felt sure she would still be near me when trials came or temptations assailed me, to comfort me and assist me, and above all, to love me. My feelings for her were like those of one young person for another. I felt truly that she was my *friend*, and I loved her very, very dearly ; too dearly perhaps, for I made no scruple of showing my partiality before all my other relations. But I could not help it ; and I sincerely believe she returned my love with equal warmth. She always whispered to me, when she was leaving our house, ‘Wait, Hannah, for I want to kiss thee last ;’ and her kisses were so fervent and heartfelt that I should never have been tired of receiving them. To be in her company was a real happiness to me. I would sit by her side and hold her hand and listen to her pleasant voice, and feel as if there was nothing else in the world to care for. I was indeed often a wonder to myself, that I, who was so fond of fun, and whose very element it was, every one said, and so I then thought myself,—that I should like to sit still by her side was indeed surprising. And it was still more so that I should so very much enjoy passing weeks with her, after she was married, on their lonely farm, with no companion but herself. But she was just calculated to win the love of the young. She liked to see them enjoy themselves, and she was always cheerful and lovely, stooping to gather the beautiful flowers which angel hands scattered in her path, unmindful of the thorns which here and there lay among them, and showering them with bounteous hands before her loved ones. Almost the first thing I remember of her was her throwing the pennies from her purse on to the floor, and then she seemed so much to enjoy our fun, and smiled so sweetly when we would kiss and thank her. Oh, I could not possibly describe my aunt Hannah’s character—so ener-

getic, so lively, so persevering, so smart, so intelligent, and above all, so good and holy ! But now she is dead, and we are left sorrowful."

This was the enthusiastic writing of a sentimental girl of sixteen, but I am sure it was no exaggeration, for from many others since, I have heard the same story. A dear friend has sent me the following record of her recollections of both our aunts Hannah and Sally :

"Thy two aunts, Hannah and Sally, are engraven on my memory never to be obliterated. After my parents, they did more to form my character than any others. They were the *charm* of my enthusiastic girlhood. This was the result not only of their high conscientiousness in discharging their trust as teachers, but sympathy for their altered circumstances touched my heart, and their *noble* bearing under these claimed my warmest admiration.

"It was my delight to dwell upon an incident known to their intimate friends, but I cannot say how widely spoken of. When their circumstances altered, and they were looking towards opening a school, Sally felt a need of renewing her studies, but did not feel at liberty to call upon her father for the funds required, when, to her surprise, the needed sum was sent her anonymously. With true simplicity she thankfully used the money, and, learning on enquiry the source whence it came, some of the earlier proceeds of the new school were used for its restoration. The true humility and nobility blended in this course, combined with the loving-kindness of Him who had her in His keeping, have warmed my heart many a time in recurring to the circumstance.

"They had the power possessed by some earnest people, of imparting interest to the commonest events of life. Even their dress, their caps and their needle-work received from their thoughts and fingers a magical touch, and I did not tire in hearing these dilated on. I remember a call I made, when your father came in to take home thyself and one of thy sisters who had passed the day with your aunts, when the recital of *your* performances created much merri-

ment and, I doubt not, much pride in the heart of the happy parent. I am sorry I cannot recall the details, to which I listened with admiration.

"But above all these things, was the earnest, loving care they bestowed upon the highest interests of their pupils. This deepened with Sally as her health waned. She was diligent in her work, feeling the night approaching.

"I feel that they were truly a blessing to their generation; and I realize that much of this blessing would have been lost but for their vicissitudes. They had noble natures with which to meet these, but the power of their Almighty Helper was plainly manifested in bearing them *triumphantly* over the billows. And how abundantly did He reward their labors of love! and how, in blessing, did He bless them!

"I learned to love thy father first, because *they* loved him. In later years, I had other reasons for loving the friend who stood by me in a time of need. But I can never forget how I shared in their sorrow at his long, long India voyages, and how we all rejoiced together at his returns!"

We are often greeted in the street by old scholars of our aunts, who retain very warm and grateful recollections of the years spent under their care. They always used to call them "cousin Hannah" and "cousin Sally," titles settled upon by our aunts, no doubt, to obviate the need of using the word "Miss," against which Friends in those days had a strong testimony; and also, I feel sure to create a warmer tie between pupils and teachers than is always the case. Certain it is that our aunts were very warmly beloved by their scholars, and that their influence over them was almost unbounded.

Our aunt Hannah kept a diary during the greater part of her life; but only a few volumes of it have been preserved. The records in these show that she was a very devoted follower of her Divine Master. It is very

striking to see how deeply she felt that all her success in her school came from the blessing of the Lord upon her efforts. And it is exceedingly touching to read of the intense love that existed between her sister Sally and herself, and to see how entirely her happiness seemed bound up in her sister's life, while yet she was so tenderly sustained by the Divine Arm under the unspeakable trial of losing her. And we can but witness with thankfulness the power of grace that afterward enabled her calmly to contemplate her own gradual decay by the same disease, and that gave her perfect rest of soul for many years in the near prospect of certain death.

Some extracts from her diary will bring out these points :

"First month, 1st, 1839. Third day. This day my soul hath been bowed down in humble contrition before Him who is all-wise and all-merciful, in taking a retrospect of my past life, having lived to so little purpose. I have therefore craved that He who seeth and knoweth the hearts of His children, would in the plenitude of His mercy strengthen me to greater dedication and greater watchfulness, that, whether my days be few or many, I may become more and more conformed to His will; not speaking my own words, nor thinking my own thoughts, but as a little child doing the will of its parent, I may be found doing Thy will, and walking humbly in Thy sight, oh Thou, my gracious and holy Redeemer, to whom belongeth all glory and honor now and forever!"

"7mo., 1st. Closed school yesterday, under something of a covering of Good. Yet it was nothing of our own, but the boundless goodness of our Heavenly Father to His poor dependent creatures. Many of the dear girls felt much at the separation, not expecting to return again. There is a loneliness to be felt when the school closes, and the family is dispersed, that is not altogether pleasant. Indisposition, too, has been my portion at this time. At such seasons

how much do I feel the want of my dear departed sister's tender attentions and sympathy. Yet I would not call her back, for with her all is joy, unspeakable and full of glory.

"2nd of 9mo., 1839. Second day morning, opened school at the new building N. W. corner of Race and Franklin, with 78 scholars. How unworthy I feel of such manifold blessings! Surely the language of the Psalmist is applicable, 'He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.' For some time before opening school, and in the prospect of removing, my petitions to the Father of all our sure mercies were, in the language of the leader of Israel of old, 'If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.' And I trust they have been heard, for I have been favored to feel sweet peace since.

"10mo., 29th, 1839. This is the anniversary of the time when the spirit of my precious sister left its earthly tabernacle. How my memory lingers among the shades that then surrounded my path.

"13th of 8mo., 1840. Almost ten months have passed rapidly away, and no record made of the mercies and blessings with which they are replete; yet a record of every day's mercies would fill volumes. Have I made any advancement in the Christian path during the past year? If ill health and the prospect of an early dismissal from the trials of time could effect it, I certainly must have made some progress. But oh, the want of deep introversion and self-abasement, how it retards my spiritual health; how it prevents communion with Him who can build up and strengthen the inward man as the outward decayeth. Yet for all my unfaithfulness, how doth the Lord continue to bless. He hath been pleased to strengthen the outward man by blessing the means used, far more than I had a right to expect. Although disease seems to have taken hold upon my poor frame for the last year, yet I have not been so enfeebled as to be unable to attend to my various duties, which is indeed a great favor.

"9th month, 20th, 1840. One year has passed since we moved into this house, and I have nothing to record but "blessings, blessings." Every thing I have desired has been granted, not in my own time and way, but in the Lord's, which is the right way. Have been able to meet all my payments, and still have had enough to carry me through. It is wonderful and marvellous in my eyes, and all of the Lord's doing. And now we are favored with a very full

school, much beyond my expectations, feeling a little apprehension as my health was declining, lest the school should also decline. But He who hath followed me all my life long, is still pleased to be with me, causing me to exclaim, 'What shall I render unto Him for His abundant blessings.'

"29th of 10th month, 1840. This day is the second anniversary of the death of my precious sister. How the past rises in remembrance, and the scene then passed through is fresh before me. I feel that I have been bereft of one who was my counsellor, my sister, my friend, my all, who might guide me in the things of this world as well as in the path to Zion's holy city, that quiet resting-place where my wearied spirit at seasons longs to be at ease.

"First month, 3rd, 1841. First day. The thermometer down to 7 above Zero. So cold I did not venture out to meeting. My health is gradually declining. Passing away just as dear sister Sally did. One year and six months now since I had a cough, and all my own care, and the medicine I have taken, have not dispelled it. Thus it is not in the power of man to frustrate the Lord's designs. He could restore if He saw fit; but I desire not my will but Thine, O Lord, be done!

"Fifth month, 2nd, 1841. The prospect of death hath been very near of late, and my spirit hath breathed for a closer walk with God, and I have been enabled, through a little grain of faith, to feel at seasons, that through the adorable mercy and condescending goodness of our blessed and holy Redeemer, an entrance may be granted into that blissful abode, where all is joy and gladness.

"Ninth month, 1st, 1842. Opened school to day with more pupils than we could have expected in these difficult times. What abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

"Ninth month, 18th, 1843. Four years since coming into this house. How favored and how blessed we have been! My health is very much improved, cough almost well, and a full school. Ah! these are blessings and mercies that call for more dedication of heart, more humble walking, and more circumspection.

"Tenth month, 29th, 1844. This day six years has been brought vividly to remembrance. Dear sister Sally was taken from me, and permitted to enter the mansions of eternal rest and happiness. And

I now feel but few years will separate us, if through the mercies of redeeming love I may be permitted to enter into the same state of rest. I had almost flattered myself that I should recover from my cough, it has been so gentle for the last two years. But within the last month it has so increased, attended with soreness of the lungs, that I am now fully convinced I am in a decline, and have passed through deep mental anguish that I might be prepared for the change, let it be sooner or later. Tears have been my meat day and night; but it has been only known to the Searcher of hearts. He has seen my anguish of spirit, and has heard my prayers for deliverance from sin and death; and I trust in His own due time will arise for my deliverance, and cause me to joy and rejoice in His salvation. I am utterly unworthy; yet His promises are to them that fear Him, and I am therefore induced to raise my head in hope."

The last entry is made Tenth month, 13th, 1844.

"One year this day since the spirit of my beloved parent left its clayey tenement for the mansions of never-ending happiness. It has been brought vividly to remembrance, and I have craved that I may be more weaned from the earth, and prepared to join all my loved family who have passed through the dark valley before me into that city none of whose inhabitants can say: 'I am sick.'"

In 1845 she married, as we have seen, and left Philadelphia for a farm near Woodbury, and in 1848 she died at our house in Philadelphia, where she had come to pay a short visit. I can just recollect the sweetness and solemnity of her dying hours, and the beauty of her countenance as she closed her eyes on earth, and opened them in heaven.

The oldest brother, Israel Franklin, was the next one of the family to be called home. He died of Pleuropneumonia, after an illness of only five days, at his country seat, called "Tswédelle," near Norristown,

Pennsylvania. He was a man of the same reserved, stately manners as his father, and very unlike his brother John M., but they were warmly attached to one another, and each regarded the other with the greatest admiration and respect. Owing to his natural reserve of character, he gave but little expression to his religious feelings, but many things proved them to be very deep. During the last years of his life he was a diligent reader of the Bible, and especially of the Gospels, and one of his daughters says that at all hours of the day, when any of them would go into his library, they would often find him sitting quietly reading these. He also kept a copy of one of Fenelon's books on the interior life, lying constantly beside him, and read in it very frequently. This book had been given to him when a young man by his mother, on the occasion of his leaving home for business in Havana, with the request that he would read it through once every year. For a considerable time he neglected to do this, but afterwards, finding the volume among other old books, he recollected his mother's request, and laying it on his table beside his arm-chair, he at once read it through as many consecutive times as years had elapsed since the request had been made; and then in the future read it regularly once every year until his death.

During the illness of his daughter Alice, whose sweet life and early death are lovingly recorded in a volume entitled "On the Rock," she at one time spoke to one of her sisters of the intense longing she felt to hear from her father some expression of his religious feel-

ings. And not long after she told this same sister with a beaming face, that this longing had been granted, and that she had had such a lovely talk with him, in which he had said more than she had ever thought he would to any one, of his own personal hope and confidence in Christ as his Saviour. She added, "It was too lovely to sit talking with father of these heavenly things, and now I feel ready to go; I have nothing more to wish for, after this sweet talk with dear father." She also said that we must remember his reserve of character and his prejudices against a too free expression, and that we could not expect him at his age to overcome the habits of a life-time; but that she believed it was his reticence and withholding of all expression of feeling about Divine things, that prevented him from realizing the full joy and peace of believing in Jesus.

His last illness was sudden and short, and as he slept heavily most of the time there was but little opportunity for conversation, although a few words uttered during his conscious moments gave full expression of his hope and trust in his Saviour. And we feel assured that he also has joined the beloved family in Heaven, and is mingling his song of praise with theirs.

He died on the 4th of 12th month, 1873, in the 79th year of his age.

Thus all of our father's family have passed away one after another, until now in 1879 only his youngest sister is left; and all we believe have gone home to be with the Saviour whom most of them had in an unusual de-

gree loved and trusted while on earth. Only two have left any children, our father and his brother Israel Franklin, and of these but one family bears the name of Whitall, that of the present James, who is the sixth in the line of descent from the first James.

CHAPTER III.

OUR FATHER.

I REMEMBER when I was a little girl often wondering what sort of a boy my father had been, and thinking, as I watched the roguish twinkles in the corners of his clear grey eyes, and the curves of fun around his genial mouth, that he must have been a perfectly splendid boy, and just the kind I would have liked for a playmate. For middle-aged man as he was when we were young, he was the best playmate we children ever had, and no fun the world had to offer was half so attractive to us as a good game of romps with him.

One of my earliest recollections is of a certain kind of romp we used to have, when he would call out in his hearty voice: "Who wants to come and roll down hill?" and then making as long an inclined plane as possible out of his strong legs, he would roll us down one after another, off of his lap to the floor, like barrels down a hill, piling us all up at his feet, while each living barrel would extricate itself from the tangle as fast as possible, and clamber back into that dear lap, to be again rolled down on to the struggling heap. Of course such play would soon become rather uproarious, our father getting into the spirit of it as much as any

of us, until our dear mother would appear on the scene, and tell us we must not make so much noise or we would "certainly disturb John Hoskins." This John Hoskins was an old bachelor who boarded in a house next door to us in those days, and who no doubt often wondered where any enjoyment could be found in such noisy romps. And our dear mother, with her tender sympathizing nature, had hard times to keep our noise within bounds, between her enjoyment of our fun and her pity for our neighbor's nerves. Her little speeches about John Hoskins got to be quite a joke with us at last, and whenever we were having any extra romp, if our noise became too uproarious, our father would say with such evident enjoyment of the joke, that it only made us laugh the louder: "Hush, children, hush! Mother will hear us, and then she will come and tell us about John Hoskins!"

We also had a dear old aunt living next door to us on the other side, and she was another of our mother's instruments of warning. "Father, how *can* thee," she would say, "when thee *knows* aunt Ann Scattergood can hear every scream?" And he would answer by giving us little private nudges of fun, which would set us off into louder peals than ever. I do not believe myself that these noises of happy, merry childhood ever really disturbed our dear neighbors, for in that case our father himself, full of fun as he was, would have been the very first to stop them. I remember the intense delight this sympathy of his in our fun used to give me. It was not only the fun itself, but it was the fact that a grown up man thought children *ought*

to have fun, and helped them on with it, and even seemed himself to enjoy it, that was so unspeakably delightful; and it created a bond of sympathy between our father and all young life that no advancing age ever seemed to destroy. In fact he was one of those rare natures that never grow old, but seemed to have within himself the springs of youth as fresh when his weakened bodily frame had no power to respond, as in the days of his most vigorous and abounding health. He possessed that blessed characteristic of greatness which George MacDonald calls "*childness*," and which means having the guileless, impulsive, tender, trustful, self-forgetting heart of a child. This delivered him from the restraints of foolish conventionalities, and gave to the very atmosphere around him a hearty freedom and ease, that made every one feel happier and more comfortable because of his presence. His very hand-shake was a blessing, and seemed somehow to put you in a better humor with yourself than you had been before, and to make the world brighter. I remember perfectly sometimes, when my childhood's sky would be all darkened by a heavy, childish affliction, how a cheery—"Well, Broadie," from my father, or some little passing joke in his hearty tone of fun, would clear the sky in a moment, and make life full of sunshine again. Until at last it got to be quite a habit with me, whenever I found I was down in the depths, to put myself right in his way, with the full expectation that somehow he would lift me out.

The secret of this power to cheer and brighten lay in the fact that his heart was at "leisure from

itself." His Christian faith was so simple that his soul might truly be said to "dwell at ease," in the presence of the Lord, and this inward ease spread outward, and made every one else at ease in his presence. He believed a Christian ought to be a happy man, and he himself was happy. I remember very well one evening he and I had been having some sweet religious talk, and had afterward begun to laugh heartily together over a piece of his fun, when the remark was made that we seemed very light for Christians, and he turned to me with such a look of joyous confidence, and said so cheerily: "Han, if a Christian who knows his sins are forgiven can't laugh, I don't think anybody in the world ought to!" And this spirit pervaded his whole Christian life, and was the secret, I am sure, of his contagious joyousness. So that while there was plenty of fun, and often most inconvenient jokes that would set us laughing at exactly the wrong times, there was always a most distinct and all-pervading sense of the Lord's presence and of His will as being the spring of every word and thought, that made even his jokes an influence for good. Once I remember that he won my heart back to the Bible during a fit of rebellion from it, by a funny speech. He had handed the Bible to my brother James one First Day afternoon to read out at the "family sitting," as we called it, which we usually had on that afternoon. My brother was a long time turning over the leaves to find a suitable place to read, while I sat there inwardly fuming over the whole arrangement, when our father suddenly said in the gravest manner, as though asking for information: "Is there

no reading at all anywhere in that book, Jim?" The question set us all off into a quiet little laugh for a few minutes, and my love for the Bible seemed somehow to come right back into my heart, and we all, I am sure, enjoyed that reading tenfold more afterwards because of the pleasantry.

It was his perfect naturalness, I think, that gave everything about him such a charm. Whatever was inside, came out; and it so often was just exactly what was inside of us, too, only we would have been afraid to express it, that it made our father seem just like one of the children, and gave us always a perfect assurance of his sympathy. We used to enjoy so at table seeing our dear mother compelled to nudge him under the table for his inopportune speeches, just as she did us, and then to see him look up with the utmost innocence, and say in such a comical, injured sort of tone, "Why, mother, what *is* thee nudging me for?" What child would not have enjoyed such "childness" as that?

So, many of his dear familiar jokes come back to me as I write. How often I have heard him call up-stairs, with suppressed fun in every tone, "Who wants to see the bear dance?" which always meant, we well knew, a treat of some kind; either the visit of a dear friend, or a loving gift, or a happy plan for something pleasant; and we would tumble down stairs, pell-mell, sure of something to enjoy and laugh over.

He had pet names for every one of us, each containing a hidden joke; and no matter how cross we might feel, that hearty voice calling us by these names, was an almost certain sweetener. He called my sister Mary

"Polly," and my sister Sarah, "Liney," and also "Sally-dimple-eat-a-thimble," because she was the only one of us who had a dimple, and he admired it very much, and because she was found one evening sitting on the lowest back stair chewing a silver thimble. My names were, "Broadie," because I was such a broad-faced little thing, and "Bowzer," because I always dashed so into everything. The grandchildren also, as they came, each one received a pet name, generally suggested by some laughable incident in their childhood, or some odd peculiarity of character or looks, and always expressive of the individual and tender love of their darling grandpa for each one of them.

In hundreds of ways he made us children know his intense sympathy for us and with us; ways that could hardly be told, and yet that filled our hearts with a continual joy. My sister Sarah tells of one occasion when she was a young girl; and, in the course of home-training, it had become her duty to sweep the parlors. Our father, as he passed the door on his way out to business, looked in and said, "Hard at work, Liney?" "Yes, father," she replied, "and do please send one of the men up from the store to sweep this parlor; I am so tired!" "All right," was his hearty response; and sure enough, in about ten minutes, up the street came a great big Irishman, with the following note, which he delivered to my sister:

"Phila., 5mo., 26, 1850.

MY DEAR SARA: Herewith I send Frank, who will, according to thy desire, sweep the parlors for thee. When he has finished

sweeping, please give him my overcoat hanging in the closet. I want the cloth surtout.

Thy affectionate father,

J. M. WHITALL.

P. S. Love to mother particularly."

My sister says that the sympathetic response to the spirit, as well as the words of her request, produced at once a glow of exhilaration which made it easy for her to finish her task. He might have taken the occasion to administer reproof and advice, and perhaps have produced a cloudy atmosphere, but instead she says she can never think of the occasion without a vivid sense of the sunshine and brightness that invested it.

The truth was, the intense justice of our father's nature, and his warm sympathy with us, inclined him always to take sides with his children whenever we thought ourselves oppressed by our teachers or any one who had authority over us. And this endeared him to us wonderfully. He never took it for granted that we were in the wrong because we were children, but always judged the case on its own merits; and if we were to blame, we had to suffer, but if not, he took our part and vindicated our rights. We were therefore always sure of fair treatment, and went through the world with a happy inner confidence that we had a champion whenever we should need one. My sister Sarah says she remembers to this day, with a sense of gratitude, a deliverance he gave her from an oppressively long lesson, before she was six years old. She was toiling over it with a hopeless sense of incapacity, and at last appealed to him. He at once said, with a reassuring tone of tender sympathy, "Yes, daughter, it is too hard;

thee need not learn it, and I will settle it with thy teacher;" and she says she never felt any fear after that of being imposed upon, for she could rest in her father's justice with perfect security. I am very sure that this characteristic of our father's nature has helped us more than anything else could, to understand the blessed truth concerning our Heavenly Father, which is expressed in those beautiful lines of Faber:

"God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away."

For we saw that justice and love were not opposed to each other, as so many wrongly think, but that they were the necessary counterpart of each other,—true justice being impossible without love, and pure love containing within itself the sublimest justice.

Our father sympathized even with our especial likings in food, and would always try to remember and gratify them when marketing. Once I remember he sent home a quart of lima beans early in the season, when they were a little of a delicacy, with word that they "were to be cooked for Han alone, that she might for once have just as many as she wanted." And I can remember my enjoyment in the proprietorship of that dish of lima beans to this day. At another time I recollect his sending home an egg-plant, and having it cooked especially for my sister Sarah and myself, with liberty for us to eat until we were entirely satisfied. Sometimes these loving orders would come

home in the form of little poetical notes tied to the handle of the market-basket, and full of sly fun for the dear wife and children at home. A few lines of one of these notes has lingered in our memories, and has often been repeated over for the amusement of the grandchildren. It was sent home with some green currants, and was as follows :

“ Now Han, and Sal, and Jim and I,
Will blow it out on currant pie;
And little Poll, if she could eat,
Should also share the pleasant treat.”

It was in such homely but loving ways as these that our lives were daily brightened and made happy. And when it came to the grandchildren's turn to share this unfailing love and kindness, there was the same generous thought for their especial fancies as well. Often during the peach season grandpa would come home laden with a large basket of the delicious fruit, and as soon as he reached the broad piazza at the Cedars with his load, his dear voice would be heard calling out cheerily, “Come children, here's a chance to fall to,” and he would sit and laugh heartily at the intense enjoyment manifested by all the young flock as they crowded around the welcome treat. Sometimes in the morning at breakfast before he started for town, if they wanted to nudge up his memory a little, they would say, “Grandpa, we all think thee looks very *peachy* to-day,” which hint was sure to bring out the desired basket of fruit.

We all learned early, both children and grand-

children, that our father was very vulnerable to fun, and that we could win almost any proper favor from him we wanted, if we would only ask for it with some little pleasantry. We always felt sure if we could just succeed in exciting the beginnings of a smile in the corners of that dear mouth, the desired favor was pretty certain to come. And I cannot remember his ever saying "No" to any petition that was prefaced with the coaxing words, "Father, don't thee feel as if thee would like to 'give a treat' to-day?"

One of his ways which was very influential in our education was, his constant repeating of the proverbs or quaint sayings which he had learned at sea, and which, under homely language, contained many most valuable practical lessons. "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," was one very frequently quoted, and was very effectual in teaching us the lesson of a steady performance of duty, whether anything seemed to come of it or not. If ever we would say, as children so often do over an unpleasant duty, "What is the use after all?" his answer would generally come in these words, always with a merry note of fun in them, "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," and we would somehow at once feel ashamed of our questioning. I remember once the dinner did not quite suit our tastes, and we children turned up our noses and made a great fuss; but our dear father, quoting this favorite proverb, "stood up to the rack" himself, and went straight through with his dinner without a word of complaint, and thus taught me, at least, a lesson I never forgot.

Another of his very favorite sayings was, "Fret not

thyself," and it seemed to contain an antidote against all unrest. Hundreds of times, when all has been turmoil and confusion and worry around him, I have seen him sitting in the midst of it, perfectly unmoved and calm, saying now and then, as his only comment, "Fret not thyself," his dear face the while being lighted up with a quiet smile that told of an inward peace too deep to be touched by any outward ruffles. Anxiety or restlessness seemed always to calm themselves in my heart when I would hear these familiar words, because I felt sure if our father did not see any cause for fretting, there certainly could be none for any of the rest of us.

Many of these sayings were, as I have said, the result of his life at sea, and were, therefore, more remarkable for strong meanings than for elegant diction. But they had a great deal to do with our training, and were often better than a long sermon. Coming from his dear lips, in that hearty, cheer-giving voice, with always a little twinkle of humor in his gray eye, they seemed to act as a sort of tonic, infusing just the strength that was needed. If disappointments came, and we children were inclined to grumble, our father's cheery voice saying, "There, there, children, you must take the thick as well as the thin," would seem to inspire contentment at once. Or if we were discouraged at a difficult lesson, or a piece of hard work, his "Faint heart never won fair lady," bursting in like sunshine on our discouragement, would always seem to inspire us with courage to make another and more energetic effort. Carefulness in the expenditure of money was taught us

through the medium of the saying, "A fool and his money are soon parted;" and so often was this on his lips, and the caution it contained so fully acted out in his own careful expenditures, that we used to say sometimes our father's escutcheon ought to have on it the letters "F. M. S. P." But this saying seemed to be used only to limit and restrain the expenditure of money on himself, and to be entirely forgotten when it came to expending it on others. His generosity in giving, when he had money to give, was as marked as his economy in saving. In fact, it was no doubt because he was so economical that he could afford to give so liberally. And his gifts were given so ungrudgingly and with such a manifest sympathy for the needs and the feelings of those upon whom he bestowed them, that they were worth far more than even their actual value. He evidently *delighted* in giving; and all through his life, until he was too feeble to express it, we, his children, knew that one of his greatest enjoyments was to pour out of his means upon us to the extent of his ability.

Another saying that taught us most invaluable lessons was this: "What man has done, man may do." Our father never would suffer us to say, "I can't," let the task before us be as difficult as it might. "What man has done, man may do," he would repeat over and over, upon every symptom of discouragement, inspiring us at last with a firm conviction that there was no "can't" in the case,—that we certainly could, if we only would. I cannot tell how often in life this saying has come to me in times of need, cheering me on to a

determined perseverance in what have looked like almost hopeless undertakings. I remember very well my first ride on horseback, when this saying brought me invaluable aid. My father had, for the first time, felt able to keep a riding-horse for his daughters, and brought a new horse to the door one afternoon, with orders for me to mount and ride with him. I had never been on horseback before, except to ride an old cart-horse in the country to the pasture at night, and one cannot wonder that both my mother and I shrank at first. But father's hearty "Ho, ho, Han; what man has done, man may do," made me so ashamed of my fears that I mounted without another word. As a natural consequence of my ignorance, however, I did not pull the right rein, and my horse started for a run on the pavements. Some one stopped him in a moment, and I wanted to get down, declaring I could not manage him. But my father would not hear it. "No, no," he said, "what man has done, man may do; and we will have our ride." I could not resist courage so infectious, and we had our ride in comfort, and my fears of attacking new and unknown difficulties received a lasting rebuke. When we would ask him how these new and difficult things were to be accomplished, he would generally say, with a smile full of meaning, "Oh, we can fall back on our undeveloped resources." And we children soon learned to believe that in these "undeveloped resources" lay the supply for every need and the antidote to every "I can't" which we felt tempted to utter; for our father taught us that they were to be found in a strength and wisdom not our own, derived from an

infinite and Divine Source, which could not fail, let the emergency be as great as it might. And truly he himself was always a living proof to us of the truth of his own teaching, for he was always ready for every emergency, and always, as it seemed at least to our childish comprehension, proved equal to every occasion.

"Take it easy," was, I remember, another of his most frequent sayings, and was as full of comfortable meaning perhaps as any. For while it never meant, we well knew, that any duty was to be neglected or any right effort left undone, it taught us the true scriptural lesson of freedom from all anxious care, because we had One behind the circumstances of life who always "cared for us."

"I'm only a passenger" was a saying which revealed one strongly marked feature of his character, and one which, for a man of such decided judgments and such unbounded energy, was certainly very rare. It meant that where anything was the province or business of some one else, he had no right to interfere, no matter how much more fitted he might think himself for the place, nor how sure he might be that he could do the work better. As a passenger, he must leave the sailing of the ship to the captain, and must bear patiently whatever might come of it. He carried this principle into domestic life, rarely interfering in the household arrangements which lay within our mother's province, and even recognized as well the independence of his children within certain limits, and made us a thousand times more ready to yield to his advice because he was

so careful not to interfere unnecessarily in our plans and purposes. And after we were married, and had each one started out into independent careers of our own, I remember how perfectly lovely it always seemed to me that he could recognize our right to our own views and ways, and that even where he did not approve, he was so wise in expressing just enough and no more of his cautions or his fears. "She's of age," he would say, "and she must judge for herself."

"What's the use of having a dog and barking yourself?" was the merry preface to any little demand for service he might make from us, and no child or grandchild ever felt it a hardship to do his "barking" for him, when thus asked for it.

"Lay an anchor to windward," was another most significant saying that inculcated forethought and prudence, and helped us into many a careful habit.

"They will never learn younger," was his loving excuse for all awkwardness on our part in work or lessons, and was an unfailing encouragement to us to put forth every effort to conquer the difficulty that had baffled us.

Many other of his dear sayings crowd on my mind as I write. In fact there is never a day, I think, that something most appropriate and helpful does not come back to us out of this treasure-house of his, bringing with it always a sense of the old cheer and tonic that so brightened and strengthened all our life with him. For even when we ceased to be children, the power of his sayings continued, although we might have heard them perhaps thousands of times; for the strong man behind

the words made himself felt every time he uttered them, and they always contained a fresh infusion of his vigorous life.

And all the wise fun and playful wisdom that cheered and helped his children's childhood, were carried down to his grandchildren as well, and brightened the lives of those who were old enough to enjoy it, just as it had done ours. Some of them, I am sure, will remember how grandpa would try to keep them quiet at table by repeating the proverb about little folks being seen and not heard, only that he would reverse it, and say in the gravest and most innocent manner possible: "Little folks should be *heard* and not seen," which sometimes would send them down under the table to scream there and make a noise to their heart's content; when with a look of roguish surprise and a tone of pretended displeasure he would say: "Why, children, did you not hear me say that little folks should be *heard*, and not seen," and would be perfectly obtuse to all their explanations that that was just what they had been doing.

A lovelier grandfather never lived, I am sure. The grandchildren never seemed to be in his way, and he would often devote himself to their entertainment with the same love and sympathy he had given their parents before them. The "little Head Woman," as he called my daughter Mary, was once staying with her grandparents at The Cedars, during a sickness I had while at Millville. In the course of this visit the little Mary was taken quite sick, and her grandpa and grandma were most devoted to her. She says she can never forget how her grandpa would sit by her bed and

tell her stories, and growl like a bear, and roar like a lion, and bark like a dog to amuse her; nor how submissively he would obey her orders, and undress and go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, for the sake of keeping her from being lonely.

He used to keep a stock of new paper "quarters" on hand in his porte-monnaie, and the grandchildren would very often enjoy the delightful surprise of being called to stand in a row before grandpa, and each receive a gift of one of these quarter dollars. "For tobacco money," he used to tell them, but not because he approved of tobacco in any form, for it was his abhorrence, but it was a sailor's way of expressing that the money was their very own, not to put away or to use for necessities, but was to be spent just as they pleased, for anything that they wanted. Though he could not generally refrain from telling them, before they left his side, that they must remember that a "fool and his money were soon parted."

At The Cedars, where there was generally every summer a re-union of children and grandchildren, grandpa was in his element with the little ones. If he went out to drive he would pile them into the carriage, one after another, the more the merrier, until he would sometimes have ten or a dozen piled on the top of himself and each other, hanging on behind, standing on the steps, and filling every inch of room. I have no doubt there has been many a hearty laugh from the spectators of these nondescript loads, as the carriage went back and forth to the railway station near the Cedars. But I am sure the pleasure given to many childish hearts

would always weigh more in their dear grandpa's eyes, than any care for the appearance he and his laughing load might present to the mere looker-on.

To make life happier for every one with whom he came in contact was always his aim and his mission, and rarely has any one succeeded so well. Some one said to me not long ago that "John M. Whitall was one of the best loved men in Philadelphia," and in certain circles I am sure this was true. His own genial-hearted sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his friends, and his frank open manner won all hearts. And many of our friends have told us that they would rather shake hands with our father, than receive a handsome gift from another man, because his heart seemed somehow in that handshake to go right to their hearts, with a power to cheer and help. He was essentially one of those men who make the world brighter and better by being in it, and who fill their own home circles with an untold joy.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE.

OUR father's religious life was so interwoven with his every-day human life in the world, that it seems impossible to separate them. His religion *was* his life, and he had no other. Everywhere, in the fulfilment of his family or his social duties, in his business affairs, and in his association with the world outside, the atmosphere of a loyal devotion to the Lord Jesus and His service, surrounded him and made itself felt. It was not the custom of his day or of his circle to *say* as much on the subject of religion as has since become common in many circles, but what he did say was full of weight, from the fact that it was evidently no sudden or isolated thought, but was the outcome of a heart habitually filled with love and trust and obedience. It always seemed but the natural expression of his life, and carried the conviction home to all with whom he came in contact, that religion was a *reality* to him in the deepest sense of that word.

He was converted at the age of seventeen, and has left us the following account of the great change which took place when he was a sailor-boy at sea :

“On one of my voyages from Charleston to Liverpool, there was a passenger named Hay. He took a fancy to me and to a young

man a little older than myself, and one day gave us a Bible between us. As we each had one already, we agreed to toss up for it. It fell to my lot and was placed in my chest, where it quietly remained until on our return passage, when the thought struck me that it would be a nice thing to tell at home that I had read the Bible through. Thus it was through the apparent accident of a toss-up, and remembering the Bible, and wishing to say it had been read, that I began the New Testament, having no other desire than to *appear* good ; for, during all these years, I had lived a heedless, careless life, and without God in the world. Yet now it pleased Him, who is rich in mercy, to reveal Himself to my poor lost heart, as an awful Reprover for sin, giving me to see my undone condition. Almost the horrors of death and of hell seized upon me, and I feared being forever lost. Oh ! the desperate sorrow and grief that possessed me ! None can know it but those who have tasted thereof ! However, after this deep baptism of the Spirit had reduced me and brought me low, it pleased my Heavenly Father to lift up the light of His countenance upon me, and give me a sense of forgiveness. And then the joy and peace that was my portion no tongue can describe. Only those who have enjoyed the same blessed privilege can know it. I found my inclinations totally changed ; no longer delighting in foolish talking, jesting, and such like ; no more joining my shipmates in their folly, telling long yarns, and so forth ; but kept much to myself, and in seeking after God. I was a wonder to many. Such a change in one who aforetime was full of fun and lightness, created surprise. But my fellow-seamen treated me with great respect, appreciating, in some degree, the cause of the change. How can a poor worm of the dust enough commemorate the praise of Him who thus granted to me the new birth, now in my eighteenth year ? Gracious Lord, accept my poor thanks !

“Great was the joy of my dear family on seeing the wonderful change that had come over me. My precious mother saw of the travail of her soul, and was satisfied. And my dear oldest sister, Ann Cooper Whitall, who had been herself visited by the Day-spring from on high, and who was very lovely, and a sweet, watchful Christian, entered into sympathy with me in my religious life. Deep was our love and interest in one another. (She was in delicate health, and died with consumption in 7th mo., 1822, in her 32nd year).”

The details of the experience here related were very simple. Our father had no teaching on the ship, and no outward helps there, although he knew that his mother and sister were praying for him at home. He was alone with the Lord and with the Bible; and he could never tell us what took place, except in the simple words, "I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me, and gave me a sense of His forgiveness and His love." And this sense never left him through all the varying experiences of the fifty-nine remaining years of his pilgrimage. He had his seasons of discouragement, and his times of sorrow, for failure and wandering; but he never once, through it all, seems to have lost, even for a moment, this blessed sense of forgiveness, or to have entertained a single doubt of his being always surrounded by the Lord's love and care. Often and often he would say of himself, that he felt very poor and stripped and unworthy; but always he would add, "But the Lord is very good, and my trust is in Him."

The one especial feature in his life, which was, I believe, the secret of it all, was the reality of his inward communion with his Lord. A few years after his soul had thus found peace in the forgiveness of his sins, he began to pray earnestly for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which he saw promised in the Bible, and which he had been brought up to believe in as a blessed reality. And one day, when sitting on the deck of the ship, silently waiting upon the Lord, he received this "promise of the Father," definitely and consciously, filling his whole being with floods of joy and peace. From that time his life was one of very near and intimate communion with

the indwelling Comforter, who had thus come and taken up His abode within his heart; and I believe he never allowed many hours to pass in any day without seeking after and realizing this blessed Presence.

His favorite text was, "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you." So much was this the case, and so often did he quote it to us, that we called it "Father's text," and most faithfully did he put it into practice himself, while thus constantly recommending it to others. From my earliest childhood I can remember coming upon him many times a day, sitting quietly alone in his arm-chair waiting on the Lord. We children used to say to one another that "father was having one of his little meetings," but we hardly understood then with whom those meetings were held, even with the Lord Himself, who did indeed draw daily nigh to this faithful seeking heart. When I grew older, and could understand what it meant, my father told me that he never felt as if he could begin or end the day safely or comfortably, until he had felt the sensible presence of his Lord and Saviour; and he always waited in these times of retirement until this was granted. No matter where he was or who was present, regularly morning and evening, he would go away from the rest of the party, and would wait in silence before the Lord, until His manifested presence was vouchsafed to him. When he was sixty-nine years old he dictated to me the following account of his experience in this respect:

"It pleased the Lord in great mercy to visit me with the Day-spring from on high in my eighteenth year; so that from being very volatile I became serious and a seeker after the Lord. And to His

praise be it spoken, whenever I really was in earnest to draw nigh unto Him, He was pleased to draw nigh unto me; and to give me a sense of His reconciled countenance. And often in the night season, and during the day, while pursuing my various avocations, I would feel the incomes of His love. But for some years I had no especial time set apart for waiting on the Lord. In my twenty-third year, on one occasion, when praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, I was sitting in perfect stillness before the Lord, when I received a powerful visitation, and an assurance that this quiet waiting was the way for me to seek and find Him. And to the praise of His mercy be it spoken, from that time to the present, I have received grace to be diligent in waiting upon Him, and have found Him faithful to the promise that 'Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

"And often in seasons of great trial and difficulty, this practice has proved to be of the greatest comfort and encouragement; the Lord lifting up the light of His countenance upon me, and permitting me to ask His protection, help, and direction; and blessed be His name, He has many times granted my petitions, so that I can adopt the language, 'Truly my soul waiteth upon God, from Him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.'

"From long experience I feel satisfied that at least twice a day we should observe a time of waiting upon and drawing nigh to our Heavenly Father. In the morning, arising before it is necessary for the business of the day, and appropriating at least half an hour for this purpose; and then again the last thing before retiring. This has been my practice for many years, and with humble gratitude I would acknowledge that the Lord has often met me, and I have passed through the day with a sense of His love on my spirit. And in the night season could sweetly sleep, feeling that if the Lord be for me who could be against me.

"In seasons of waiting I find it necessary not to be discouraged if wandering thoughts intrude, or if even drowsiness should oppress me, but to press on, keep on the watch, bring back my wandering thoughts, struggle against sleep, and wait patiently on the Lord, knowing that if I am to have a sense of His presence, He must reveal Himself to me, and humbly trusting that He will do so. But

if in seasons of spiritual coldness He may seem to hide His face, we feel at least rewarded for having done our duty, and are willing to walk by faith, until He shall again appear. But let us on no account omit this important duty.

JOHN M. WHITALL.

"7th month, 1869, at 'The Cedars'"

It was from the faithful perseverance in this habit of waiting upon God that he drew the strength for a walk of unusual nobility and power, and also of great simplicity and trust. His life was really a "life hid with Christ in God," and all its springs were drawn from this divine source. Great childlikeness and directness of faith were the result of this daily communing. He learned to *know* the Lord with whom he had so much loving intercourse, and therefore learned to trust Him. And the divine wisdom gathered in these hours of waiting availed him so well in the practical affairs of life, that although of an enthusiastic and impulsive nature, his walk was singularly free from any serious mistakes.

We do not mean, however, to imply that our dear father had no failures to mourn over and repent of. He himself would have been the last one to admit of such a thought. And his impulsive nature did sometimes in the earlier part of his Christian life betray him into a momentary anger. But as he advanced in years grace conquered this so wonderfully, that he seemed at last to have scarcely any traces of his early impetuosity left. And the touching patience and submission with which he accepted the trials of failing health and energy, showed plainly the transforming power of the sanctifying Spirit who had so early taken up His abode in his heart.

In fact this frequent waiting upon the Lord was so marked a feature in his daily life as to make a great impression upon us as children even, and still more so when we came to understand what it meant. His daughter Sarah thus records her impressions of it :

“I shall never forget dear father’s daily, silent waiting before the Lord. We used playfully to tell him, that he could never be in a situation where he would be deprived of his favorite occupation, for a ‘meeting’ was always available. And, truly, it never seemed to come amiss to him, wherever he was, to retire in spirit from the distractions around him, and settle down into that inward, quiet waiting upon God, which was, no doubt, the secret of his almost wonderful life of active, living faith.

“As long as I can remember, he was in the habit of rising a half hour earlier, in order to give himself an opportunity for it before breakfast. And often, when I have gone down before the family assembled, I have seen him sitting in the one spot, now sacredly associated with his memory, with his heart evidently fixed on things unseen. His affectionate morning greeting was, however, always ready, and after that was given, he would return with undisturbed spirit to his inward communion. Sometimes, visitors in the house, coming down early, and finding him thus engaged, would also sit down and join with him in silent waiting. He would never read the newspaper until after this season of waiting, no matter how eager he might be for news, nor would he allow us to tell him anything concerning its contents.

“Again, in the evening, a half hour or more before

bed-time, he would withdraw from the family-circle, and taking his accustomed seat, pour out his heart in secret unto the Lord, and many times I have seen him afterward dry his tear-soaked handkerchief by the fire. If company kept him later, and the rest of us waited in the parlor to talk awhile, we would be sure, when we went up-stairs, to find him sitting with the gas lowered, and after a loving farewell to us all, he would still remain for that communion which was sweeter to him than any other. Once, as we were thus leaving him, Hannah said: 'Father, what does thee do here all alone in the dark?' He replied: 'I wait for the Lord, and He comes.'

"Although this habit of having a fixed time for waiting upon the Lord had been his custom for so long, that we, none of us, can remember when he began it, yet it was frequently a cause of regret to him that he had not practised it earlier in life. During an illness he had in 1861, which, for a while, he expected was to release him from the world, he spoke of this to me. He said if he had his life to live over again, he would have it different in this respect. That for the many years in which he had been in the habit of holding communion with the Lord at fixed times, he had experienced so much refreshment, and it had been the means to him of so much blessing, that he was sorry to have missed it during any of his Christian life. He said he had very often been able to draw very near to his Heavenly Father, when an open door had been set before him to pray for himself and his family, and his Society; and that sometimes when he was in perplexity about his business or other

temporal concerns, he would carry them to the Lord, and roll his burdens off on Him, and ask for wisdom, and that many times all doubt and anxiety had been removed, and perfect peace been given him, and that occasionally he had been favored with a knowledge of the way affairs would develop, which afterwards proved to be true.

“At that time, as upon many other occasions, he urged upon me personally the importance of not neglecting this great privilege of having stated times for communion with the Lord, and spoke of my two eldest children, who were then very young, and told me not to fail to lead them early into the practice. Afterwards when they were older he spoke about it himself at different times to them, as well as to his other grand-children, and surely no better inheritance could descend unto a generation of grand-children, than the constant example of their dear grandpa in this respect, and the remembrance of his many words of earnest, yet gentle exhortation on the subject.”

The life of trust which resulted from all this was so perfectly natural to our father that he did not speak of it much, never supposing there was anything very remarkable about it. But as we grew older, we learned to realize that it was a rare and most blessed attainment. I remember very well that when the time came in my own experience that I first fully discovered the truth concerning a life of continual trust in the Lord Jesus for everything, I at once said to myself that this must be the secret of my father's life; and at the earliest opportunity I told him of my new experience, and said:

"Now, father, is not *this* the secret of thy life, and the source of thy strength? Is not this the way thee has always lived?" I shall never forget his reply: "Why, of course it is, daughter," he said with a joyous ring of triumph in his voice; "I know of no other way to live. And I do know," he added reverentially, "what it is, when the enemy comes in like a flood, for the Lord to lift up His standard against him, and drive him away."

It was his custom in every time of emergency, whether small or great, to refer the question to this indwelling Guide and Teacher, and to wait until he received what to him seemed a sufficient answer. And this was the case in all his temporal affairs, as well as his spiritual ones. I can remember many times when I would catch a little glimpse into this inner life of my precious father that was most inspiring to me. One morning we were driving down the avenue of The Cedars, just starting for the city, where I was to take the cars for quite a long journey. Just before we reached the gate, I recollected something important which I had left behind me; and while waiting for the coachman to bring it from the house, I said: "How fortunate that I remembered it in time." Dear father quietly said, "Thee should thank the good Remembrancer, daughter." "What," I asked, "does thee think it was the Holy Spirit that reminded me?" "Yes," was his reply, "I think it is our privilege to commit all our affairs to His guidance, and I believe that then He will bring to our remembrance the things it is important we should recollect. I know," he added, "that He has very often done this for me; but I find

that I must not slight His monitions, but attend to the thing at once, or I may forget it again after all."

Nothing was too trivial for him to take to the Lord, and his simple, childlike faith caused him to receive many striking answers to prayer, even in the every-day affairs of life. If he had any especial plan on foot needing dry weather, such as taking over a load of bedding, etc., in the spring, to his country house, he would ask that it might not rain, and rarely failed I believe to have his petition granted. When he was questioned as to how he could expect the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth to notice his little affairs, and to arrange the course of the elements to suit him, he would say that he had been told to make his requests known in everything, and that he was sure the Lord, who counted the hairs of our heads, and who noticed the fall of a sparrow, would care for the least little matters that affected His children's comfort and welfare. I remember the unexplainable sense of comfort it used to give me as a child to know, although I did not in the least understand it, that my father committed his affairs, and therefore mine, to the care of God. It seemed to me to surround us, as was indeed the truth, with an invisible sort of fortress that guarded us from all harm. I suffered as a child excessively from a fear of nameless dangers of all kinds, dangers conjured up by a very vivid imagination, and from which, therefore, there was no escape; but I remember distinctly the wondrous relief that came to me when my father, having found out my fears, took me one day on his lap, and said, in his cheeriest tones, "Why, Broadie, there is nothing to be afraid of.

Heavenly Father takes care of thee, and He is with thee all the time, and He will not let anything hurt thee. Just remember this the next time thee is frightened, and see if it don't comfort thee." Conviction came to my childish heart with these words, for they were the expression of a deep conviction on my father's part; and from that time my fears lost their power, and in every moment of threatening terror, his words and tones would come back and quiet it all.

It is uncommon, I feel sure, to find such a childlike trust combined with so much strong, manly vigor; and the combination made a character of rare beauty and power.

No doubt this combination was largely due to his constant companionship with, and reverential study of the Bible. It was, essentially, the "man of his counsel," continually, and from its pages he seemed to draw never-failing supplies of truth. His daughter Sarah has supplied the following reminiscences concerning this:

"His familiarity with the Bible was very uncommon. It used to be a marvel to us as children, and was none the less so as we grew older and found for ourselves the difficulty of remembering the many and various histories and details of the Old Testament. He was never at a loss in answering a question as to a name, or place, or event, and used almost invariably to tell just where in the Bible they were to be found. He had no need of a concordance. He used to say he thought this was owing to the Bible having been used as a reading-book in the school he attended when a boy; but we, who saw him so faithfully reading it as a man, thought there

were better reasons for it than that. From the very first of his having a home of his own, he adopted the practice of reading a chapter in the Bible to the assembled family every morning after breakfast. He would, on these occasions, often make remarks on different passages, endeavoring to explain them to our youthful minds. We were always required to sit very properly, our father teaching us that when we were as in the presence of our Heavenly Father, we must observe a reverential demeanor. The Bible he used was well worn. It was the one his mother gave him when he first went to sea, and he used it faithfully for his own private reading, as well as for reading aloud to the ship's crew, and in order to preserve it, had covered it with the skin of a pet goat that had died on ship-board. It presented, therefore, a remarkable appearance—the black and white hair remaining on it in large patches, while the parts most handled were worn to the skin. But the chief interest of its appearance was the inside. In the gospels, large pieces were worn away from the edges of some of the leaves, by constant use, destroying sometimes four or five or more verses, and as I sat at his left hand at table, it was my great delight to see him, when he came to one of these places, go on reading, without hesitation, as though the whole of it was there. He never seemed to lose this familiarity with the Bible, and even when his interest and knowledge of worldly matters had very much faded from his view, his memory was perfectly clear on Bible subjects. One First-day evening, during the last year of his life, as the rest of us,—children and grand-children,—were gathered round the table in the

parlor, at the Cedars, with our mother, engaged in the study of the Bible, the dear patriarch of the family sat apart in his large arm-chair, apparently unconscious of what was going on around him. A question having arisen as to a certain event in the Old Testament, which we were none of us able to answer, one of the party turned to him, and asked him if he recollected what it was and where it was. At once he was entirely alive to the subject, and told us correctly what we wanted to know, as we found, upon turning to the place he indicated.

"He would never *say* that he valued one part of the Bible more than another, but it was very manifest that he had an especial love for the gospels. Of later years he would very frequently hand the Bible to any one of his children who might happen to be with him, and ask to have a chapter read. How distinctly, as I write, come back to me the tones of his voice filled with an involuntary accent of affection for his dear Saviour, as in reply to the question, 'Where shall I read, father?' he would say, 'Read about the Lord Jesus.'

"For many years he had been in the habit of reading the Bible through once a year, and at New Year's, 1877, five months before his death, he began it again, but only got as far as Proverbs, when he found he was unable to read any more; and then, with the sweetest and most instructive submission and patience, he laid aside his beloved book, and was never heard to utter one word of complaint of his failing powers."

The legacy of such a life as this is an invaluable one, and those of us who had the privilege of seeing it lived

before us in its daily and hourly power and sweetness, realize that we shall indeed be held doubly accountable if we fail to learn its lessons.

And it is because we want the grand-children to share in this blessedness, that this account of their sainted grandfather has been prepared, in order that they may know, as fully as words can tell them, the rich inheritance which is theirs.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY LIFE.

OUR father was born on the 4th of 11th month, 1800, in the house on the main street of Woodbury in which his parents had settled at their marriage. As a boy he was, as I have said, full of spirits and fun, ready for anything and everything that turned up, merry, and loving, and mischievous, and frank, and manly, full of generous impulses, and overflowing with energy and activity. The old inhabitants of Woodbury used to recall many of his daring feats of climbing and hair-breadth escapes with almost a shudder, and our mother says her father once even felt it his duty to call on the family and gravely warn them of the dangers and risks their boy was continually running. We all regret very much that he did not tell us more of the fun and pranks of his boyhood; but I think he never quite approved of them, and thought they were best forgotten. Only a few isolated stories, therefore, have come down to us. Once his brother Franklin, who was several years older, was driving with him along a lonely country road, when our father in some way provoked his older brother. Franklin resolved to chastise him for it on the spot, and jumped out of the carriage to procure a switch

for the purpose. But while he was out, Mickle, as our father was called then, seized the reins and drove off home as fast as he could, leaving his discomfited brother to walk the several miles back, and greatly enjoying the joke himself, although he well knew swift retribution would overtake him upon Franklin's arrival. At another time he found somebody had made up his bed with some new coarse sheets which were to be softened by use, as was the fashion of those days, and he slyly watched his chance, and changed sheets with those on the bed of one of his sisters, whom he credited with superintending the operation, and greatly enjoyed the commotion in the house when the change was discovered.

It was when he was about fifteen that our grandfather lost a large sum of money in business, and also some property he had in the West Indies, and was so much reduced in his circumstances as to be obliged for economy's sake to remove with his family to a farm they owned a little way out of Woodbury, and to take his boys from school to help him in the farm-work. Our father, as we have seen, never had any opportunity again to attend school, and his education, from this time, came to him in the stern discipline of life, and in contact with men. This seemed like a great loss; and yet I have often thought he would not have been half as delightful a character if he had had a more complete scholastic education. His charming naturalness would certainly have been diminished, and his quaint originality, which was often so mirth-provoking and yet so vigorous, would have been largely lost. But it was wonderful how the

strength of his natural capacities supplied the lack of education, where education would have seemed to be necessary. And he himself had so much conscious capacity, that he often made us laugh when we would urge him to read something or to go somewhere to see some wonderful thing, by saying as he sat unmoved in his arm-chair: "Why, children, it is not worth while, for I can *think* it all." And his "thinkings" amounted often to so much more than other people's "learnings," that I never felt quite sure whether his apparent losses in the way of scholastic training had not been on some accounts his greatest gains. It certainly is refreshing, now and then, as a variety, in this age of extreme culture, to see a man who can be *himself*, pure and simple, without the hampering bonds of a thorough and complete literary training.

But although thus deprived of a thorough education himself, he valued it highly for others. He gave his children the best advantages afforded in our circle, and always spent his time and money freely in advancing the interests of education, both in the Society of Friends and elsewhere.

At the time of the removal of their family to the farm, our father was, as I have said, about fifteen, and was full of activity and energy. He threw himself with great good-will into the farm-work, but longed after a wider sphere, and very soon prevailed upon his father to allow him to go to sea. The taste for this had no doubt been contracted by intercourse with some cousins, named James and Samuel Murdoch, who followed the sea, and who made their home at his

father's house. The fact also that our grandfather owned a shad fishery at Red Bank, and that it was the yearly delight of the boys to assist at the spring drawing in of the fish, helped to establish his love for the water. His parents, after much persuasion, yielded at last to his ardent wishes, and on 8th month, 18th, 1816, he began his sea-faring life as an apprentice on board the ship *William Savery*, belonging to Edward Thompson, Levi Borden, Captain, for a voyage to Calcutta and back. He records in his reminiscences concerning this :

"I was now introduced to a new scene. Sailors are a very rough class of men, and often desperately wicked. There were several lads about my own age of this class, whose example was extremely debasing, and their language profane. Being giddy and full of life, activity, and fun, I, to my sorrow be it said, joined in their foolish talking, jesting, and profanity; but through the adorable watchful care of God our Saviour, I was preserved from greater vices, and to His praise be it ascribed that I never was fond of intoxicating liquors of any kind, nor of tobacco, though the latter was often tried. On one occasion, when a little accustomed to its use, so that I could retain a quid in my mouth without losing my dinner, the thought occurred to me, 'What a nuisance the practice would be to one's friends,' and without further delay, I threw the article overboard and never afterwards resumed its use, which resolution was given, I feel sure, by a kind Providence."

Our father with his characteristic energy threw himself heart and soul into the duties of his new life, and was foremost among the boys on board ship, in being on hand in all that was to be done. While the other boys would shirk their work, if it were at all possible, he was always ready and eager to take upon himself all that the officers of the ship would permit, and this

hearty will to work soon gave him such a character, that when difficult or dangerous duties were to be accomplished he was generally detailed to perform them. This of course gratified his youthful ambition exceedingly, and paved the way for his speedy promotion.

While at Calcutta on this first voyage he records that the cholera broke out, which was its first appearance in India, and several of their crew died, but he himself mercifully escaped. The whole voyage, out and back, occupied more than a year, as they reached Philadelphia again in the 11th month, 1817. In the 2nd month, 1818, he sailed on his second voyage, in the same ship, with the same captain, first to Charleston, where they took in a cargo of cotton, and then to Liverpool, England, from which place they returned to Philadelphia in the 9th month. He says of his stay at Liverpool during this voyage :

“Seamen boarding on shore at Liverpool were exposed at that time to great temptation and bad influences, but through the tender mercy of our Saviour, I was kept from gross vices ; to whose Name be all the praise. Sailors have a hard life on ship-board, and when they go on shore they are apt to indulge largely to make up. This was never a temptation to me, thanks be unto God who heareth the prayers of those who look to Him. Not that at this time I was such a one, but my saintly dear mother was. When in Philadelphia my heart was always with the dear ones at home, and no company, however attractive, could supply their place.”

The very earliest letter of our dear father's that has been preserved, was written on this voyage, while they were waiting at Charleston for their cargo, and I insert it simply on this account. It was written to his sister Hannah :

"Charleston, 11th April, 1818.

"DEAR SISTER: As there is one of our men who has been sick ever since we came here, going home in the ship Gen. Wade Hampton, I thought it would be a good opportunity to write to thee, in answer to thy dear scrap, which I received the 18th of March. Thee has no idea how delighted I was to hear you were all well. Thee told me not to forget thy flower-pots, &c., &c., if we went to Liverpool. I assure thee there is no danger of it. I hope my dear sister don't think I am quite such a spendthrift already. Thee also advised me not to use any uncouth words in company with the Miss Clements, for they are nice girls. Thee is right, they are nice, indeed; they are so sociable and polite, it would be impossible for me to think otherwise; and I wish if ever they should come to Woodbury, thee would pay them attention for my sake, but I hope I shall have an opportunity ere long to pay them a little attention myself in Jersey. Tell cousin Elizabeth Whittall the Miss Clements send their love, and would like very much to see her.

"I expect uncle has moved to Jersey ere this; when any of you write, tell me about it. I have not received a letter from home since thine and sister's, I believe, on the 10th of March, and I am a little out of patience with you all, but I hope I shall receive one containing a great deal of good news. Write it chock full; if thee can't fill it with sense, fill it with nonsense; thee knows I like a little bit of fun now and then by way of relish. I have written five letters to brother, but have received only one; but the brig I first wrote by has come back, and the captain knows Israel, so he can tell me if he is well.

We have not got any of our cargo yet, and I don't know when we shall. I am really tired of Charleston, we have lain here so long. It is almost three months, and I do wish we would go to sea, out of this nasty hole. It is worse after a rain than Woodbury hill used to be in the spring when the frost was breaking up; and if it was not for the politeness of Mr. and Mrs. West, I don't know what I should do.

One of the boys has just told me that the Wade Hampton is getting her pilot on board. I am sorry for it, for I feel in a good humour to write a long letter. I am well. Give my love to all the family and the pretty girls. I remain thy affectionate brother,

First-day morning.

MICKLE.

We have another letter preserved, written a month later, just after their ship had left Charleston, to the same sister, Hannah :

Capes of Charleston, 18th May, 1818.

“ I received thy long letter, my good sister, dated the 18th of April. It was a good while coming, for the one sister Ann wrote, dated the 17th of April, reached me ten days before thine, and I have been a good deal surprised at not receiving any more from any of you. We hanled off from the wharf this morning, and before dark I expect we shall be at sea. We have got thirteen hundred bales of cotton on board, and are bound to Liverpool. It is not known where we shall go from there. If we should go to Canton, thee need not look for thy Liverpool flower pots, but thee may for some Chinese ones, and mother for her box of first quality tea and some silks. Give my best love to father and mother and sisters, and keep as much for thyself as thee likes. Give my love to all who enquire for me. Tell B. Whitall his foot will feel better when it gets well. West's family are all well, and send their love. I am in a great hurry. We are getting ready for sea. I remain, thy brother,
MICKLE.

It was on this voyage, as they returned from Liverpool to Philadelphia, in the summer of 1818, that our father experienced that change of heart, of which the account is given in the preceding chapter. We can imagine the joy of that dear family at home, when their returning sailor-boy brought them himself the news of the change. The love between his family and himself was very strong, and his sisters all appear to have been devoted to him. As none can wonder who knew the high-toned generosity and sweet natural loveliness and guilelessness of his character.

The testimonial of the captain under whom he had

made these two voyages, has been preserved, and is an interesting relic. It is as follows :

“I do hereby certify that John M. Whitall sailed in the ship Wm. Savery, under my command, on his first voyage to the East Indies, in 1816-17, and in the same ship, to Charleston and Liverpool in 1818; during which voyages his conduct was such as to give me the most entire satisfaction. And I do not hesitate to pronounce him one of the smartest young men that has ever come within my observation during the whole course of my life.

Pittsburg, Oct. 24th, 1818.

LEVI BORDEN.

During his stay at home this time, which was only one month, two circumstances took place which had a marked effect upon his whole after life. One of these occurred one night when he had gone to Trenton, N. J., on some business for his father, and was sleeping at a hotel there. He has told us that he went to his room soon after taking his tea, and before retiring for the night he sat down to wait on the Lord for a little while. His thoughts turned on the subject of the personal and especial providences of God, and the question arose in his mind as to whether the Lord did really care for His people in all the little details of their lives, and take the management of them upon Himself. Unable to come to any satisfactory settlement of the question by reasoning upon it, he prayed for some sign or token from the Lord that it was indeed as he had questioned, and in a little while his heart was made glad by a manifestation of the divine presence, assuring him of the Lord's interference in all our affairs in a way that from that time he never doubted again. This laid the foundation of that singular simplicity and directness in his

dealings with his Heavenly Father, and that unwavering faith in His superintending care that were such marked features of his character.

The other circumstance was the apparently accidental one of his buying at an auction one day, when walking through the streets of Philadelphia, a second-hand edition of "Guyon on Prayer." He knew nothing whatever of the book, and bought it at a venture as far as his own consciousness was concerned; but unconsciously guided no doubt by the Lord, whom he had begun so implicitly to trust. He says in his *Reminiscences* concerning this book :

"It proved to be of the greatest comfort to me. I carried it in my pocket, and at leisure moments read it to my everlasting profit, I trust. While at Savannah I was put on the boat's crew, and we had a hard time of it rowing the captain backwards and forwards from the ship to the town, and waiting for him. But I was favored to have a resource in reading while thus waiting, and I cannot but thank a kind Providence for giving me this blessed book."

It surely was by no accident that our father thus early in his Christian life was led into an understanding and enjoyment of the simple, yet deep lessons of faith and consecration, which this little book taught him. His whole after experience was moulded by these early impressions, and no doubt we discover in this providential circumstance the secret of his remarkable life of inward communion with the Lord and walking in His realized presence. He valued this book so highly that he always delighted to give it away to his friends, and a copy was put into the hands of each of his children as soon as he thought they were old enough to appreciate

it; and I for one can testify to the great value of its teachings in the formation of my own Christian life and character. It was certainly a most unusual occupation for a young sailor boy of eighteen to be employing his time, while waiting in the boat to row his captain to and from the ship, in reading "Guyon on Prayer," and one would predict that an unusual Christian character of some sort would necessarily have been the result of such a course.

The writings of Madame Guyon, as well as those of Fenelon, he continued to enjoy to the close of his life. And after he had ceased to be able to read himself, he liked to have them read aloud to him. Fenelon he especially enjoyed the last few years of his life. The copy which he used was valuable to him from associations. It was the one which had been given to his older brother, our uncle Franklin, in early life by his mother, when he was leaving home for some time, with the request that he would read it through once a year, and which had been such a comfort to him during the last years of his life. After his death our father asked for the book, and for the remaining years of his life it was his daily companion also, and except the Bible, was the last book read to him.

One or two incidents of this third voyage are thus related in his Reminiscences:

"While we remained at Savannah on the 17th of 3d month, 1819, the boat in which seven of us were sailing, including Captain Arnold, upset, and but for the helping hand of our Heavenly Father, we would most likely have been drowned. But a boat that happened to be in sight came to our rescue, so that we got safely over

that trouble, for which praise is due to our Father in heaven. The captain was very much frightened; but I did not feel so, though I was glad to escape nevertheless.

"When we entered fairly on the voyage from Savannah to Liverpool, one of those providences happened which at the time seemed small, but which to me proved great. The captain and mate differed, and as in most nautical observations, two are required, the captain came on deck, and looking around for another boy older than myself as I supposed, and not seeing him, called me to help him with his observations. This of course pleased me, and as a good opportunity was now offered me, I did not fail to do my best. And as it pleased my Heavenly Father to help me, the captain employed after this no other assistant. This perfected my skill as a navigator, and eased considerably the hard work I should otherwise have had assigned me. I recollect on one occasion while I was tarring the rigging, the captain called me to assist him, greatly to my comfort and delight.

"At Liverpool we boarded with the same landlady as on the previous voyage. She soon noticed the great change in me, as did others. While here there happened one of those strange affairs that sometimes overtake us. One of the boys, whose habits were irregular, robbed a shipmate of some clothing, his watch and other things, about which the next day considerable fuss was made. I lodged in the same room where the robbed chest was placed, and on looking around, some of the clothing was found under my bed. But nobody suspected me, as they all knew that I had money of my own, and was never away from my berth to sleep. The watch was found in a room at a landlady's where I never stayed. This fixed the theft on the boy, who at last confessed. I mention this to show the value of a good character.

"I was now in my 19th year, and in the hurry and bustle of work did sometimes use a bad word, which caused me grief and distress. But on going to my Heavenly Father with the matter, He told me to pray for help, which I most earnestly did. And praised be the Lord, that temptation was from that time entirely removed, excepting on one very trying occasion, when one single word escaped my lips. This was a striking circumstance, and greatly encouraged and settled me in the practice of waiting upon God for everything, and praying for help in all my troubles."

We see here that our dear father thus early in his Christian life had already discovered the secret which many are so slow to learn, that the Lord is able and willing to deliver those who trust Him for it, from the *power* of sin as well as from its guilt. He believed then, and proved it to be true, that the Lord Jesus came to save His people *from* their sins, not *in* them, and in all his after life he acted on this belief. No doubt this blessed discovery was thus early made by him, because of the teaching on the subject he had been accustomed to hear from his childhood in the preaching of Friends, as this Society was, in the first instance, especially raised up to proclaim this truth of an indwelling Christ. All his life he had been taught that the object of salvation was deliverance from sin, and not merely from its consequences; and when he had begun to experience this salvation for himself, he expected to get the deliverance. As we see, he was not disappointed. And through all his future he appears to have availed himself continually of this "way of escape." I do not mean that from this time onward, he never again yielded to temptation of any kind; but his life, as to its general current, and even in most of its little daily details, was certainly singularly free from the ordinary failures of Christians, and there was always about him such an atmosphere of purity and integrity, that one was forced to look for a deeper source than any of the natural graces of his character.

Of his letters written during this voyage two or three have been preserved, and I insert a few extracts as

giving such a good insight into his character at this time.

To his sister Hannah :

“ Liverpool, 25th May, 1819.

“ I trust the death of S. L. may be the means of thy not paying so much attention in future to dress, curls, etc., and of giving more heed to Him who is, I believe, calling thee from the vanities of this world. If we believe what the Scriptures tell us, that the Lord has the ordering of all things, we need not trouble ourselves about vanity. I know by experience that it is a hard trial to lay by things that will be taken notice of by our acquaintance, for since we came here I have experienced it. Thee knows when I was at home. I used to wear ribbons in my shoes; but last First day I wanted to go to Friends’ meeting, and the old ribbons being broken I thought of buying some new ones. But conscience told me it would be gratifying pride, when I had leather strings in my chest which I had brought from home; so I put them in. It may seem a trifling thing, but I assure thee I had many serious thoughts about it. But praying for strength, the Lord was pleased to give me a resigned heart; and when I think of it, I feel real satisfaction in having overcome pride for once. We left Savanna on the 12th of April, and arrived in Liverpool on the 11th of May. I have received a letter from father of the 7th of April, telling me you were all well, but that the girls were so busy that they could not write. I think it must have been a busy time indeed, if thee, or Ann, or Sally, or Elizabeth could not find time to add one line. However, I will excuse you this time, hoping that you will do better in future. There are so many reports about our sailing, that I cannot tell when we will.

“ Thy affectionate brother,

MICKLE.”

From Canton he wrote the following letter to his mother, which is inserted because it gives such a good picture of a voyage to Canton in those days:

“ Canton, 31st December, 1819.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER: As I have a few moments to spare, and an

opportunity offers of writing home, I thought it would be indulging in laziness if I did not embrace it. * * * On First day, the 1st of August, 1819, we got under way from Liverpool, and had a remarkably short run down channel and a good wind to latitude 11° north, where the trade winds left us. On the 23d of August we fell in with two brigs, which, from their manœuvres, we thought were privateers. For my part I heartily wished them safely moored in Davy Jones' Locker, or some other snug place, for we had to bury all our money underneath the ballast, which I assure thee was no very agreeable job; besides the apprehension I was under that I should be rifled of my money and clothes. However, I believe our man-of-war appearance somewhat daunted them, and besides I thought I could discern the hand of Providence in sending us a fine brisk breeze when we least expected it (for in these latitudes light winds and calms are very prevalent), which soon rid us of our troublesome neighbors. * * * Nothing of consequence happened after this until the 15th of September, when we made the island of Trinidad, in the latitude of 20° south. It has a very beautiful appearance at the distance of eight miles. We had a fine opportunity here to correct our dead reckoning, which was not much out of the way. On the 16th we lost sight of the island. We were here put on an allowance of five pints of water per day, until we made the island of Tristan de Acuna, when they shortened the allowance to half a gallon. We made this latter island on the 27th of September. It was very thick weather, so thick that we were all afraid we should run on shore. And I think if it had been dark, nothing but the hand of Providence could have saved us. But, however, about nine in the morning, the fog clearing off a little, we discovered breakers right ahead, and a few minutes after the land was in full view. I assure thee we were very much rejoiced to think we saw the land when we did, for it was but about four miles distant. The top of the island was covered with snow, and down the sides there were numberless streams of water running into the ocean. Thee may be sure we often looked with longing eyes toward that precious article, wishing we had a good drink of it. On the 28th the island appeared to be sinking fast into the bosom of the Atlantic, until our distance became so great that we could no longer discern it.

“Nothing worth noticing happened on our passage around the

Cape of Good Hope, until we made the island of New Holland, which was on the 9th of November, ninety-seven days out. We did not go near enough the land to make any remarks. On the 6th we lost sight of that large island, which is famous for being the receptacle of the British convicts, and for its great size. On the 16th of November we made the island of Sandlewood. As nothing of consequence happened to us, I shall not make mention of all the islands we saw, for they are too numerous to be particular in.

“But before I say more, let me make a few remarks on the folly of our troubling ourselves about uncertain calamities. A few days before we made the island of Trinidad, the weather was extremely warm, so that water was more precious than grog, even to our great drinkers; and thee may well know that water is scarce when grog will not buy it. And the fear of our not having water enough to last us to Canton used to trouble me very much; and indeed the five pints we then got were insufficient to satisfy our thirst. It almost discouraged me—the thought of not having more than five pints through the China seas. I then thought if there was a stream of fresh water near, I would jump into it and drink my fill. But to show the futility of all my want of trust in the Divine Power, which knoweth all our wants, the day we made the island of Sandlewood we had a very heavy rain, that enabled us to catch several casks of water, which we took for drinking through the day, besides our allowance; and from that time, until we arrived here, we had plenty of rain-water. And I believe if we would only obey the command of our blessed Saviour, when He tells His disciples to take no anxious thought for the morrow, we should live much happier.

“We had a pretty pleasant passage through the straits of Ombay, and the rest of our way to the Pelew Islands in the Northern Pacific Ocean. In the latitude of about 7° north we made the island of Angour, one of the Pelew group, on the 8th of December. Several of the inhabitants came off; they were entirely naked, and were marked all over with India ink. They offered cocoa nuts and shells to sell for old knives, etc. On the 9th the wind being fair, we soon lost sight of the Pelews. On the 16th of December we made the island of Formosa on the coast of China. We were then looking with longing wishes for the day when we should get a pilot, thinking it almost impossible we should ever arrive at that far-famed

place of China. However, on the 20th of December, we took the long-looked for pilot on board ; which was one hundred and forty-two days from the time we weighed anchor until we came to anchor in Macao Roads that night. * * * I have been favored with good health all the passage, except a few hours I was a little sick, owing, I believe, to eating too freely of a shark which we caught. I have been very well ever since, except on the 20th of December, when I had been up to Canton, and I believe from drinking too much of the river water and eating too many oranges, I was taken sick in the night, which, however, thank Providence, did not last long. I hope, my dear mother, thee will not be the least alarmed for my safety, for the same Lord that protected me at sea can guard me from all danger here. But if it should be His will to take me from this world now, be assured, my dear mother, that I trust in His great mercy for the pardon of my many faults. So I hope thee will not be uneasy about me, believing whatever happens to me is in the will of our Creator, and is all for the best.

"It is rumored that we shall not leave here before the middle of April, so I think thee may look for us next August.

"I forgot to tell in the right place about the captain breaking with our mate. It was on the 28th of November. They had a few words and a scuffle, when the captain ordered him below, and suspended him from duty, and made George McCaul acting mate in his room. Give a great deal of love to father and sisters, and don't forget brother Israel, and be assured that you all are as dear to me as ever.

"I remain thy affectionate son,

"MICKLE."

His fourth voyage was on board the ship Benjamin Rush, bound to Calcutta and Madras. They sailed 12th mo., 27, 1820, and returned 4th mo., 1822. When five days out, on 1st mo., 1st, 1821, the vessel was dismasted in a violent storm. He thus describes it:

"Most of the crew were furling the foretopsail, I among them, when we heard the roar of the approaching terrible squall, and

hurried to the deck. Being exceedingly active, I went down a single rope. The wind struck the ship, and threw her nearly upon her side on beam ends. I thought our end was at hand, and expected to be in a few minutes struggling in the great deep. I clambered up to get on the ship's bottom, as she appeared to be going over; but just then the topmasts went by the board, whereupon the ship righted. One of the sailors, who was on the same topsail-yard where I had been just before, went overboard with the mast, and was lost. We could do nothing to save him. If the wind had struck us five minutes sooner, all hands on the foremast would most likely have been lost. Praises and thanks are due unto a watchful Providence. I remember, that, in expecting death at that time, He was not to me a King of terrors, thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. This accident taught me much seamanship. We cut away the ropes which held us to our wrecked masts and sails, in order to prevent them breaking holes in our sides by the action of the waves. It required much labor and ingenuity to continue our passage without our lost rigging. But we succeeded, arriving at Calcutta in 130 days. Many trials were of course my portion, and many misses in my heavenward journey; but through all, my merciful Heavenly Father kept my soul alive and sensible of the visitations of His love."

While the vessel was lying at Calcutta, a great change took place in his position on board ship, which was the direct result, doubtless, of the Lord's blessing upon his earnest efforts to please his superior officers, and his readiness to help in everything that was to be done, whether it belonged to his own especial line of duties or not; and also to his steady perseverance in acquiring all the knowledge of navigation and seamanship possible in his circumstances. He never had any patience with people who shirked work that needed to be done, even though it might not have been in the terms of their bargain, or might seem to

be beneath their dignity. And in after life, when he had attained a position of real dignity and honor, he would often reprove such ways in those he employed, by taking hold of the job and doing it himself. And I remember well, as a child, how often he would call out to us, in that irresistible, hearty way of his, to "come and lay to a hand," as he expressed it in his sailor fashion, at anything in which he thought we could help. He realized most essentially that grand principle of true Christianity and true ethics as well,—that he that would be great must be as one that serveth, and he that would be chief must be servant of all. We cannot wonder that the captain being in need of a new mate, should pass by the older and perhaps more experienced men, and fix his choice on the boy (for he was not yet twenty-one) who was always on hand, always ready for everything, and afraid of no sort of work. He thus relates the circumstance of his promotion :

"The captain and chief mate had differed much during this voyage, as is often the case. After our arrival at Calcutta, the mate either became sick or feigned it, and was unable to attend to his duties. The second mate was made chief, and the captain promoted me to be second mate. This imposed new duties and responsibilities, and my prayer was to Him who heareth prayer, for help. Thanks and praises are His due, that He not only helped me in my arduous post, but also gave me favor in the sight of captain and sailors, so that I never had any difficulty with either. Being made an officer from among sailors every way my equals, made it a trial to them ; but I was careful never to let them see by my actions that I assumed anything, and always addressed them in respectful language. My position among them before was favorable. As I never joined in their vain talk and rough words, they really respected me,

and it made my way easy. Our Lord said : ' Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof, and all things needful shall be added.' Oh, that we all could remember and always do this needful thing.

" At Calcutta the chief mate was sent on shore, and my quarters were changed to the cabin, which of course was satisfactory, as I had much more time for retirement and communion with my Heavenly Father ; and, blessed be His Name, He will be found of those who in good earnest seek Him."

Having thus a place provided, as he says, for retirement and communion with the Lord, he began at this time a private diary for the purpose of keeping a strict watch over his outward and inward life. Unlike most diaries, which are generally the record of the man's best and most exalted feelings, he seems to have kept a record of nothing but his shortcomings. And while some of his regrets may seem to us to have been greater than was necessary under the circumstances, yet we cannot but be struck by the revelation of a depth and earnestness in his inward experience rare at this usually thoughtless period of life. A few extracts from this diary will be inserted, and we must remember in reading them that they were written by a young man just coming of age :

" Morning, Calcutta, 28th October, 1821.

" For some time past feeling an inclination to set down in writing some things as they transpire, and what effect they have on my mind, I have concluded to commence to day by noticing all that I do, without endeavoring to screen any of my faults. A task that unless Thou art pleased to guide me in, Oh Lord, I shall do very imperfectly. And oh, may it please Thee to help me to tread in the paths of pure righteousness, without wilfully offending Thee, for

behold, Thou knowest me, that I am a poor, weak, and needy creature."

" *Evening.*

"The first day of the week. To-day I have been on board all day, the chief mate being on shore. A person to read the beginning I have made above, would suppose I had spent the day to much advantage, but alas! my foolish heart has been wandering all over the world; I may say, instead of being employed where true happiness is only to be found. I have employed part of the day in reading the Bible and other religious books; and part in *sleeping*, which I know I could have spent to much more advantage. In the morning the chief mate told me I did not care about anything, so as I got the decks washed down, (it being customary for the second mate to do that); to which I made no reply, although it hurt my feelings very much, and I can truly say I do my duty to the best of my ability. Oh, that the Lord may please to help me to bear patiently whatever comes across me, and may increase my faith, that I may behold all things as coming from His hand. For I verily believe there are many troubles awaiting me, the thoughts of which almost discourage me, nevertheless I hope for strength from the Lord, who is near to them who do the best they can. I do not know that I have indulged in much foolish conversation to-day, not having any company."

" *Second day, the 29th Oct., 1821.*

"I cannot help lamenting my remissness this day for the most part in endeavoring to keep my thoughts fixed on Him, without whom all my endeavors to please my masters, or to refrain from anything that is foolish or vain, will be unavailing.

"I believe I have indulged in too much conversation, and in too free communication of my thoughts to others, also in giving way to anger a little. And indeed I have indulged in many foolish thoughts, which might have been avoided.

"I feel rather low-spirited at present, fearing the captain may not feel satisfied with my conduct, although I do not know that I have done wrong. And indeed if it was not for the sake of my family, I think I would act no more as an officer on board of this ship."

"30th October, 1821.

"Oh, alas! that I have such a discouraging day's work to insert! I have been so foolish as to get in a passion without occasion, and in the midst of it I threatened to strike a person, who I believe meant no harm in what he said. Oh, that the Lord in His great mercy and power would help me to do much better, for He has told us that without Him we can do nothing. I have also indulged in many foolish words and actions, that are truly unbecoming in one to whom our Heavenly Father has been so merciful. Ah, Lord Jesus, if thou art not pleased to help me, I shall be utterly cast off. How can I present my prayer unto Thee after falling off so? Do not deal with me as I deserve, for there is no good in me. I am but dust, the work of Thy hands.

"1st November.

How can I begin to set down my own foolishness without feeling deep sorrow of heart for my sins? This morning the captain found fault with my painting, and instead of bearing it patiently, I got vexed; although I said nothing to him out of the way, yet still I fretted, and was discontented with my lot. And how very unreasonable, for if I had my deservings, I should fare much worse. I have still the same fault to find with myself, which is remissness in prayer to Him who is able to help me in any situation through life. He ruleth in the hearts of men, and, oh! may this consideration still my heart in all trials and contradictions whatsoever, for without His permission, man can do nothing.

"4th November, 1821.

"I am this day twenty-one years of age. How time slips by! It seems but yesterday, in a manner, that I was a boy at home; enjoying the company of my dear friends. Ah, how little did I value it, and how discontented I was, wanting to leave those who were so kind to me, and thinking I was hardly used when checked for my faults! How little did I see then the use of correction! But I can truly say now that I am glad my dear father was so resolute in restraining my inclination for bad company. I have felt the good effects of my bringing up, for when I came to leave home and go to Philadelphia, I was restrained by it. Yet I could not say I had

never kept any bad company, for when I was in foreign ports during my first two voyages, I was given too much to drinking and frequenting the company of people who encouraged me in the ways of sin. And I believe if it had not pleased the Lord in His great mercy to stop me in my career, by opening my eyes to behold my danger, and giving me strength to refrain from such things, I should have come to much loss. And indeed now if He does not still uphold me in the way that I should go, I shall never reach that place where all of our troubles will end. Oh, Lord Jesus, do not utterly forsake me, for without thy help I cannot even think one good thought."

"Sixth.

"The time passes on, and I get no better. I am the same foolish, heedless creature that I was a year ago, still the same passionate, unworthy person. Oh, my God, when will it please thee to humble me truly before thee? When will it please thee to bring every thought into subjection? Be pleased to help me, I beseech thee, for I am passing my time away, I fear, without improving the talent that thou hast given me. Be pleased to help me to watch and pray according to thy commands, for all my help cometh from thee."

"Ninth.

"The weeks and days pass over me, and still I am no more resigned to the will of my Creator than a year ago. Oh! what a sad thing it is to have a bad heart that will not be willing to take up the cross daily and follow Christ, the true Shepherd, out of whose hand no man can pluck His sheep!

"Oh, my God, be pleased to give me a heart to love all that comes from thee, so that at any time when the creatures assail me, I may retire in faith under the cover of thy wings, and be safe; for without thou permittest them to rage, it could not be so. If then thou permittest it, why should I be troubled at it? But, alas! I am very frail, for when the trial comes, I would fain be excused. I cannot bear with resignation any cross without thou art pleased to quicken my heart in thy ways, oh, my Lord!

"I behaved very unbecomingly to-day in getting into a passion with the chief mate, who I believe was in the wrong. But still that was no excuse for one who knows it is wrong to fly in a passion at

anything whatsoever. Truly there is nothing in me to depend upon, for I am all sin, all corruption, and contrariness to a true follower of Him, who under the most severe pains and scourges from sinful man, prayed for those who murdered Him. Oh, that I may look to thee, Lord Jesus, for help to follow all of thy leadings with a humble and sincere heart. Oh, Lord my God, be not angry with the work of thy hands, but be pleased to give ear unto my supplications and help me through all difficulties and troubles that await me, for truly without thou helpest me, I can do no good thing."

"Twenty-second.

"Since I wrote last I have been continuing the same foolish actions as before, and in the same careless way of passing away my time, in neglect of the commands of our Saviour who has told us to watch and pray; and I firmly believe that if I could bring my heart to a humble dependence and a watchful frame, I should not have so much reason to complain of this continual forgetfulness of God, who is so very merciful and kind to me. For I feel His presence at times, and with it a hope that He has not utterly forsaken the work of His hands. But truly I am in fear that I shall by my sins cause my only strength to leave me to myself. Truly I do not depend on my own strength to resist evil, for I have none.

"I indulge in too much talk. I have a propensity to it by nature, for I am of a very volatile disposition, easily excited to mirth, and as soon depressed by crosses. It is really necessary, if I wish to attain to true happiness in this life (which I certainly do), that every thought should be brought into subjection, and that I should receive all that comes to pass without complaining, or being unresigned to the will of my Creator. Oh, that I may attain to that state through the mercy of the Lord, is the desire of my soul.

"December 5th, 1821.

"I can see no alteration in myself for the better; but still I hope the Lord will not utterly forsake me, nor cast me off entirely. I feel His presence near to me sometimes when I seek Him with all my heart. Oh, how unworthy I am of all His mercies unto me! Truly if the Lord had not upheld me this far, where should I now have been? Where would my corruptions have carried me to?

Deep into the mazes of iniquity, and far from all that is good or lovely."

The last entry in his journal for this year was made on the 16th, when he writes :

"Got under weigh with a fair wind, but light, and at four in the afternoon the pilot left us. It has been just seven months and ten days since we took him on board to take us in to Calcutta."

CHAPTER VI.

CONVINCED OF FRIENDS' PRINCIPLES.

During this stay at Calcutta, in 1821, our father's mind was finally settled as to remaining in the Society of Friends, where he had a birthright membership. When quite a little boy, at a Quarterly meeting held in Woodbury, during the business meeting, his heart had been touched by the Holy Spirit, and a very sweet sense of the love of God and the joys of serving Him had been impressed upon him, the recollection of which had always acted as an anchor to his soul from that moment, and had inclined him especially towards Friends. While at Calcutta at this time, on a First Day morning he attended a Baptist place of worship, and found that he could not enjoy a meeting where there was no opportunity given for silent waiting upon the Lord, and for that inward communion of the heart with Him, which was to our dear father the marrow and fatness of all worship. And he records in his Reminiscences, that from that time he never attended any other place of worship but those of Friends. He was a staunch Friend in every particular, one of the sort that belonged to the generation now so rapidly passing away, not only loyal to the particular testimo-

nies and doctrines of the Society, but also advocating a strict adherence to all the details of "plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel," which were so characteristic of the Friends of his generation. I wish I could reproduce him, as he was in these respects, for his grandchildren, for they were hardly old enough to know this side of his character, and yet it was so essential a part of him, that no picture of our father would be complete without it. To some perhaps his adherence to the peculiarities of dress and address might have seemed narrow, but there was nothing narrow in his heart. His sympathies with all forms of Christian life were very deep and warm, and after he had fully and emphatically expressed his own views on the subject, he would sympathize heartily with the Christian work of those who remained unconvinced, and would welcome them as warmly as ever to his heart and his home. His decided preference for the forms of his choice arose simply from the fact that he had found in them so much joy and comfort to his own soul, that he could not but long for others to try the paths that had led him to such blessed pastures. And there was something so genial and often quaint in his advocacy of these paths, that no one could fail to recognize the tender spirit of the man through it all, nor feel any thing but love and admiration for the whole-souled earnestness that would fain carry all before it.

It is something in this world of doubt and questioning to see anyone who is *sure* of the path in which he ought to walk, and this he was. The utter simplicity of his faith made him often sure in places

where others of more reasoning natures would have found great uncertainties. He believed the Lord's promise that He would direct the steps of His people, and that they should know His voice, to be literally true, and he committed the guidance of his life to Him, *expecting* the Holy Spirit to show him from day to day the paths in which he ought to walk. And following this blessed Leadership, he made unusually straight paths to his feet, although naturally of an impulsive and enthusiastic character. In obedience, as he believed, to the voice of this indwelling Teacher, he was led in the early part of 1823, while still only twenty-two years old, to adopt the Friends' peculiar style of dress and address. He thus writes concerning this change:

"While at home, after my fifth voyage, I believed it right to adopt the plain dress and language of Friends. While under the conviction of its being right, and fearing I should lose my employment if I did so, I met with Samuel Bettle, Sr., who without knowing the distressed state of my mind, told me if I was faithful to what I felt to be right, the Lord would make a way for me where there seemed no way; which indeed He did, giving me favor in the sight of my employers, much to my comfort. Hearing of the ship "*America*," Captain Isaiah Eldridge, Whitton Evans owner, as needing a chief mate, I borrowed a plain coat of my friend, James Cox, my own not being ready, and called to see Captain Eldridge, telling him I could not 'Mr.' and 'Sir' him, as was common. To which he kindly replied that it would only be a nine days' wonder, and at once engaged me as first mate. Thus my prayer was answered, and a way made for me where I saw no way; praised forever be the name of the Lord."

From this time onward he believed heartily in "plain coats" and "plain bonnets," as the standing-collar coats and the pleated silk bonnets worn by the Friends of this

generation, were called. He found so much real blessing to his own soul from his obedience in wearing the coat himself, and he realized it to be such a safe-guard around his pathway, that he longed earnestly to see these peculiarities of dress adopted by every member of the Society. I believe he would have been willing to present a coat to any one who would wear it. I know he often told me after I was married, that he would pay for all my bonnets, if I would only get that kind, and for as many too as I wore out in a year, he would add, when I would object that they were delicate and easily soiled. Sometimes he would make us all laugh with the ready answers he had to our objections to these peculiarities, but argue as we might, we knew it was after all the expression on his part of a conviction that had something grand in it, since it made the very dress of His people a matter of account to their Lord, and brought His direct and personal voice of guidance into the patterns of coats and bonnets. He honestly believed that the Lord's especial blessing attended wearing a "plain coat," and even those who differed from him could not but admire the straight-forward honesty of his convictions, nor fail to catch a little of the enthusiasm of his love for the quaint old-fashioned dress and ways of our forefathers. I believe I shall never see a "plain coat" nor a "plain bonnet" to the day of my death, without a secret spring of enjoyment at the recollections and associations recalled by them, and a passing sigh that the days and the generations are so rapidly passing away, when such coats and bonnets were so often the outward token of the inward conflict and victory.

But it was not only the outward testimonies of the Society of Friends which had convinced his judgment and enlisted his heart; he was an equally earnest advocate of all their more vital and deeper views. We have seen how fully and experimentally he entered into their principles and practice as to the spirituality of true worship, and how impossible he found it to enjoy any other kind. He highly valued the privilege of attending meetings, and would never allow any thing to interfere with this, either for himself or those under his control. When in business, he made it a rule that every clerk or employee who was a member of the Society of Friends, should attend the week-day meetings, no matter how great the stress of business, and often said he felt sure no business would suffer because of taking this weekly hour and a half out of the midst of the busy days, to draw nigh unto the Lord, and to wait upon Him for His help. When he first had a cottage at Atlantic City, there was no Friends' meeting held in the place, and he opened his parlors for the purpose on First and Fifth day mornings, content to sit down and worship the Lord in silence with only his own family and the "two or three," if no more came, but glad to welcome all who felt like joining in this mode of worship. Some of these meetings were quite largely attended by visitors on the island, both friends and others, and were very precious seasons to our father, and to many. They were kept up every summer for several years until the cottage was given up, when his dear friend, Eliza P. Gurney, opened her house for them, and there they were continued for many years with great

blessing, until finally a meeting house was built and a regular meeting established.

He held very strongly and fully the views of Friends in reference to a free and unpaid ministry, and to a worship conducted in the liberty of the Spirit, untrammelled by forms, believing there were none prescribed in the Scriptures, but that wherever two or three were gathered together to wait on the Lord, there He would always be in their midst. He united most warmly with their grand protest against war, and oaths, and slavery, and oppression and wrong of every kind, as also with their strict principles of commercial integrity, and of honorable dealings between man and man. He sympathized deeply with all the advanced truths held by them on every subject, and fully believed that Quakerism was, as a late writer has said, "nothing less than broad, unfettered, and developed Christianity," giving it in every way his warmest support.

We cannot wonder, therefore, that this time spent in Calcutta in his twenty-second year, when he first came to a full conviction of the truth of these views, was a very memorable one to him, and that he always recalled it with much interest.

They left Calcutta on their return voyage 12th mo., 1821, and arrived in Philadelphia 4th month, 1822. He thus records his experiences as second mate:

"I was helped to get along with tolerable satisfaction as to captain and crew. I never perceived the least jealousy in the latter at my promotion. The fact was that on all occasions of difficulty or danger I was on hand, ready to do my full share, and to partake of the sailor's discomforts, whatever they might be, and to favor them

whenever in my power. An accommodating spirit is a great blessing to all around, while a captious one gives constant trouble.

"We arrived in Philadelphia 4th month, 1822, and I found all our family pretty well, excepting as before my precious sister Ann. She had evidently faded, and was not far from her heavenly home. She was perfectly lovely."

It will be seen that he was rapidly rising in his profession. On his return from this voyage to Calcutta, where he had been made second mate, he felt best satisfied to leave the ship, and was consequently thrown out of employment, but soon received an appointment to the position of chief mate on another vessel. He thus tells the story of this:

"I felt best satisfied not to sail again in the same ship, and was therefore at home and out of employment for some time. As something to do was very important, of course the thought of remaining idle was by no means comfortable. This uncertainty continued about two months, when one morning at my father's house, I felt drawn to pray again to God that He would find me employment; and while on my knees, a carriage drove up with a kind messenger informing me that the ship "Dorothea" needed a first mate for a voyage to China, and that I was wanted for the position. Thus my prayer was answered, reminding of Daniel: 'At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment went forth.' I immediately went to the city, and joined the vessel as chief mate, being now in my twenty-second year."

Among his old papers we find the following testimonial, which no doubt contributed largely to the offer of this situation:

"TO CAPTAIN HARMAN OF THE SHIP "DOROTHEA": The bearer of this is Mr. John Whitall, who has been for nearly six years on board my vessels. He has always been highly spoken of to me by the different commanders of my vessels, and is of a very highly respectable family in Jersey. He is a very sober young man, and I am satisfied is worthy of full confidence. During the last voyage

he has acted as second officer on board the "Benjamin Rush," and Capt. Girdon was pleased with him as an officer on board that ship.

"With respect,

EDW. THOMPSON.

"Philadelphia, June 14th, 1822."

This rapid rise he himself, however, always attributed to the goodness of the Lord in answer to his prayers; and we, who know the story of his life throughout, can truly testify that the Lord whom he so trusted did indeed honor his faith by giving him "the desires of his heart" in large measure, even filling his cup of life with a great deal of earthly prosperity and earthly joy. The truth was he *believed* in the love of his Heavenly Father, and *expected* blessings from His hands, and "according to his faith" it seemed indeed to be unto him in many marvellous ways.

He sailed for his fifth voyage in the 7th month, 1822, as chief mate on board the ship "Dorothea," and he thus writes concerning his new position:

"Before sailing I took leave of my precious sister Ann, as never expecting to see her again in this life. It was a solemn parting, for I loved her dearly. It was an increasing trial to go from home for so long a voyage, for my heart clung to my parents and sisters.

"Having had much and varied experience as a seaman and navigator, and having always taken every opportunity to learn all I could of the business, I did not find the duties of first officer of an Indiaman more than I could manage, but through the mercy and help of a kind Providence succeeded in my efforts the voyage through, though the captain was very difficult to please, and at one time I did not know but he would attempt to whip me. The third mate made a great deal of trouble, until I was obliged to ignore him entirely. On an island in the Pacific Ocean we stopped to get water, where it was said the natives were hostile. I was put in charge, and with me were sent the poorest of the crew, the captain probably thinking if we were cut off, it would not matter much. We, how-

ever, succeeded in getting a supply of water, and saw nobody to hurt us.

"We had a tedious passage of one hundred and fifty days to Canton, arriving there in 12th month, 1822. We left in 2d month, 1823, and arrived at home in one hundred and fifteen days on 5th month, 31st, 1823. This was an uncomfortable voyage, the captain and crew being all fond of intoxicating liquor, and I suffered much on account of it."

This trial, however, seems to have been blessed to him, for it cast him more completely on his Lord for help and comfort; and it was during this voyage in the early part of 1823 that he received that marked baptism of the Holy Spirit, of which a full account is given in the fourth chapter of this book. He thus records it in his Reminiscences:

"In the early part of 1823, during our homeward voyage from Canton, I one day sat down alone to wait upon the Lord, and I felt such a baptizing sense of His holy presence, and so much and so strong a belief that this silent waiting was owned of the Lord, and was the way to find and know Him, that it has been my practice ever since, oftener than the returning day, to observe a season of thus waiting upon Him. And blessed be His holy name, often in seasons of trial has He helped me and lifted up the blessed light of His countenance upon me, and greatly encouraged me to wait upon, trust in, and love Him with my whole heart."

As we have noticed before, this was a very marked experience in his life, and one to which he often referred. It seemed to introduce his soul into a conscious communion with the Lord that never failed him afterward. And the joy of the Lord's manifested presence which he realized at this time so filled and satisfied his heart, that, as he says, he continued the practice of very frequent silent waiting upon Him all the rest of his life.

He also relates a very striking instance of Divine guidance in answer to prayer, which occurred on this voyage. He says:

“At one time after I had been made chief mate, while our ship was in the port of Gibraltar, the second mate carelessly let the anchor chain run overboard, so that the anchor with forty-five fathoms of chain lay at the bottom of the harbor in twelve fathoms of water, or about 72 feet deep. This was a new experience. How to recover the lost anchor was a question. There was one resource with which I was pretty well acquainted, and I laid the matter before the Lord. He showed me how to find the lost anchor, and gave me an assurance that we should succeed. Having, when we anchored the ship, noted the position, which was my practice, we had no difficulty in telling where the anchor lay; and, following the directions given me by the Lord, we soon recovered our anchor and chain, greatly to my relief and joy. Praised be the Lord!”

Upon his return from this voyage he felt it would be best for him to give up his position in the ship “Dorothea,” and he thus refers to it in his Reminiscences.

“On returning home from this voyage I found all well, but sadly missed my dear sister Ann, who deceased soon after I parted from her in 7th mo., 1822. My parents had removed to Philadelphia during my absence, and my sisters Hannah and Sally had opened a school, which a kind Providence had smiled upon, and prospered them beyond their expectations. These two precious sisters had both been born again into the heavenly kingdom, and we could all sympathize together in a religious life.

“On arriving in Philadelphia, the captain desired me to remain as mate in the “Dorothea”; but having suffered so much, I did not feel inclined to go through the same again, and felt best satisfied to give up my position. It was well, as the ship was lost on the next voyage.”

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN OF AN EAST INDIAMAN.

AFTER leaving the ship "Dorothea," our father engaged as chief mate on board the ship "America," and sailed in this position for two voyages, when he again felt impressed by the Holy Spirit, as he believed, to give this situation up also. And in this case, as in the former, he had great cause for thankfulness that he had yielded to the impression, as the next voyage made by the "America" was very tedious and disastrous, while by remaining at home he soon after received the position of Captain of an East Indiaman, the largest ship sailing from Philadelphia at that time.

There are no records left us of the two voyages on the "America," except the following short notice in his Reminiscences.

"For some time I had felt drawings in my mind to seek a situation in the employ of Whitton Evans, believing it would be best to do so. And on the 17th of 7th mo., 1823, I sailed in his ship 'America,' for Antwerp, as chief mate, under Captain Eldredge, and made two voyages with him. They were most pleasant voyages. The captain was a fine, noble man, who never spoke an unpleasant word to me. He trusted everything to me, and I tried to do my best. I had no difficulty with the sailors, who were obliging and obedient. The Lord helped me, blessed be His holy name. I do want to thank

Him for His great mercies and favors to me in these days of my need.

“Upon returning from my second voyage in this ship, I felt that it would be best for me to leave her. It was a great trial, as both the Captain and owner were very desirous to retain me; but on consulting my Heavenly Father my mind was fully settled that it would be right to decline going in that ship. The result proved the value of consulting best direction, for she went around Cape Horn, and was absent for two years, making quite a disastrous voyage for all concerned. Thus was I kept by a kind Providence from participating in that trouble. And through life, I have found asking Heavenly Father’s direction in all important matters, of the greatest benefit to me; and never when I needed it and earnestly sought it, have I been disappointed, for the Lord is indeed a very present help in time of trouble. Praised be His Name!

“Under this Divine direction, I left the good ship, ‘America,’ and her noble Captain, 5th mo., 1824; and 6th mo., 1st, engaged with her owner, Whitton Evans, to oversee the building of a new ship then on the stocks. Rumor said I was to be her Captain, but to this I paid no attention. Some of my friends thought my plain coat and language would stand in the way; but I told a deeply-interested friend who made this objection, to wait and see if I did not secure the position by the blessing of God, to whom I refer all my success in life. I tried to be attentive to my duties while the ship was being built, was always on hand early and late, and left no stone unturned that might advance my owner’s interests, and secure my success. The ship ‘New Jersey’ was launched on the first of 12th month, 1824, and on the 3d Whitton Evans conferred on me the command. Thus at twenty-four years of age I was made Captain of an Indiaman, and at that time, the largest ship in the port of Philadelphia. It is not worth while to say I was not greatly gratified and pleased, for I had now reached the summit of my ambition as a sailor.”

Our father’s success on this occasion was all the more prized by him, because, as we have seen, some of his friends had strongly opposed his adoption of the Friends’ dress, on the ground that it would be, as they thought,

certain to hinder his rise in his profession, and he had suffered no little from their disapprobation. But the Lord had taken care of all this for His obedient servant, as He always does, and had, I doubt not, made his very faithfulness in yielding to what he believed to be the Divine requirings, contribute to his greater success.

His Reminiscences continue—

“After the command had been conferred on me, some Friends for whom I had great esteem, were very much concerned lest I should lose my right of membership in the Society, in consequence of being Master of an Indiaman, which would have to pass through seas infested by pirates, thereby making it probable that arms would have to be used in defense. This, of course, brought me into great trouble of mind. But, according to my usual practice in all straits, I laid the matter before my Heavenly Father, who, in unutterable mercy and kindness, gave me to see that I might go as Captain in that ship, and that no arms would have to be used, of which I informed my friends. But they still insisted that I was mistaken in accepting the position. This again brought me into distress, as I very highly valued their judgment. Upon again bringing the matter before the Lord, He, in His mercy, as in the case of Gideon of old, gave me a second time an assurance that it was right for me to go as Captain. After this I felt no more hesitation about the matter; and the result proved that their fears were groundless, and that my decision was right.

“We took in a cargo for Liverpool, and, on the 23d of 12th mo., 1824, left the capes of the Delaware. On the voyage to Liverpool, the Lord was pleased to give me wisdom and judgment in sailing and navigating the ship, according to my petition. These things are not recorded to show any sanctity in myself, but to commemorate the kindness of Providence in hearing and answering prayer. When we were fairly out at sea, and I found myself truly Master of the ship, I was impressed by a caution not to feel as Nebuchadnezzar did, and say, ‘Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?’

“Many circumstances occurred during this voyage which to me were manifestly the interposition of Divine Providence on my

behalf, especially giving me good judgment as to sailing the ship, and as to how the wind would be the days we were to sail, and the proper times for starting. On nearing the coast of Ireland, the weather had been thick, and we did not know our latitude. Several of the crew, who had been this way before, were certain it was the land about Cape Clear, which is the S. W. point of Ireland. On referring to an old sea journal kept by myself when a boy on board of the ship 'Wm. Savery,' Captain Arnold, I found that when we made the coast of the island, I had taken an outline of the appearance of the coast. On examination, I found an exact copy of the land then in sight, by which we were prevented from running into danger. Who could have told six years before of what great importance that rough draft would be to me in after-life? Thanks and praises are due to my Heavenly Father. Captain Arnold suggested to me the advantage it might be to keep an outline in my journal of all the land we saw; and it was my practice, and this was the result.

"On approaching Liverpool, we had thick, wet weather, with strong winds. No pilot was to be found on their usual cruising grounds. In my distress I cried unto the Lord. He heard me, and sent a fisherman, under whose direction we sailed past the pilots' inner station, before we took one. On the 17th of 1st mo., 1825, we arrived at Liverpool, and lay there until the 14th of 2d mo., when we sailed for Canton.

"While we lay at Liverpool, I came very near losing my life by falling between two ships into the dock in the night. There was a fender between them, upon which I fell, and thus escaped drowning. I was considerably hurt, but, through Divine mercy, soon got over it. While at Liverpool I was in the practice of attending Friends' meetings, and became acquainted with a number of valuable Friends, among whom were Thomas Robson, whose wife, Elizabeth Robson, was then on a religious visit in America, Thomas Thompson, a druggist, and a number of others, who were very kind and attentive to me.

"We had a pleasant voyage to Canton, where we arrived 6th mo., 16th, 1825. We lay there until 12th mo., 17th, when we took our departure for Philadelphia, and reached it 4th mo., 9th, 1826, having had a very pleasant voyage. While at sea, the sailors were

required not to use profane language, and very generally refrained. Very seldom was an oath heard on board of the ship 'New Jersey.' Even old sailors, hard cases, found they could speak without swearing. The officers were not allowed to use rough language to the seamen, and the result was we had a quiet, orderly crew. My own respect for religion acted on all hands. The authority I had over the men seemed wonderful to me. Quite young, only twenty-four years old, and many of the sailors much my seniors, yet I had very little trouble in the government of the ship. I attributed it then, and do so now, to my Heavenly Father, who gave me the position, and helped me with His directing care and counsel on very many trying occasions, praised forever be His holy Name!"

This first voyage of our father as Captain was a matter of great interest at home, as may well be imagined, and the letters from his family are full of expressions of their pleasure. His father kept a sort of letter diary for him, containing in short pithy entries, all the events likely to interest him. One of these letters is before me, beginning "Dear Mick," which was evidently the name by which he was called in his boyhood. It contains, among others, the following entries: "4th March—J. C. Jones seemed much pleased with your arrival at Liverpool, and remarked that Evans had told him in high glee, that the 'New Jersey' had a shorter passage than the 'Alexander.' So that it seems very clever for Evans to have such good conceit of his ship and Captain." "17th March—Came to hand to-day your letter per the 'Algonquin.' And mother's heart is made at ease since reading that 'the sixteen leaks are stopped.'" "16th April—Dear Mick—The 'Dorothea,' Capt. McKibbin, sailing very unexpectedly to-day for Canton, I embrace the opportunity of sending one basket of De-

souque's first class sweet oil of one dozen bottles, cost eight dollars, which will be a good substitute for butter on the homeward voyage. But if not wanted, it is likely will sell at Canton. For I sent one basket of oil with a large packet of papers and letters, by the ship 'Tobacco Plant,' Capt. Reed, who sailed for Canton the 6th inst. The girls are up to the eyes in preparation for the Yearly Meeting, and have not time to write, for we did not expect the 'Dorothea' would have sailed before the first of the month. We are all well; and mother better than common. J. S. W."

This reference to the health of our father's mother shows her to have been delicate at this time, and in a letter from his sister Hannah, dated 3d month, 27th, 1825, fuller details of this are given:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I have come home to commence a letter, to tell thee if possible how truly acceptable thy letters have been, particularly the first one we received, which was the one to mother, and which arrived at a time when our countenances were sad, and our hearts were heavy; for it was then the third day that our dear mother had been tossing upon a bed of languishing, scarcely able to raise her head from her pillow; and we were hovering over her, hushing every little noise that would disturb her, when father entered the chamber quickly and said, 'A letter from Mick!' It was hastily seized and read aloud, and, I can assure thee, was watered with many tears, some of which were shed in gratitude to Him who has been with thee, and who has blessed us all so much more than we are worthy of."

On the same sheet are a few lines from the mother's trembling hand to her absent boy:

"DEAR MICKLE—Accept of the affectionate love of thy mother, whose daily prayers and petitions are to our Heavenly Father that

thou may be preserved and kept as in the hollow of His holy hand, and that He may restore thee to us again, if consistent with His holy will. I have been very sick since thee left us, but it has pleased the all-wise Disposer of events that I should be restored to health again, for what good purpose I know not. I remain thy affectionate mother,

“SARAH WHITALL.”

In another letter written 5th month, 7th, 1825, by his sister Sally, occurs the following sentence: “The same day I last wrote thee, S. B. called to see us, and told many things about the Captain, which was a great pleasure to the Captain’s mother and sisters!” She also says, in expressing their gratitude for his safety, “We knew not but it might be the Lord’s will to take thee to Himself, and leave us to mourn in anguish deep the loss of a brother, whose spiritual instruction we cannot prize too highly, and who has been the means of encouraging us to press forward in the path of humiliation and prayer, where alone solid happiness can be found while journeying through this vale of tears.”

Similar extracts from the dear home letters might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to show their character, and to reveal the very tender tie that existed in their family band.

The name of Mickle adhered to our father during all his early manhood, and even until we were grown up, but he never liked it, and as he always signed his name John M., his family and friends finally adopted it. But the title of Captain continued to be given him in some circles until his death.

The following entries were made in his diary during this first voyage as Captain :

"2d month, 17th, 1825.

"I hope while noting some things that appear uncommon, which have happened to me, I may through the divine blessing be preserved from all self-seeking, and may truly give God the glory and praise which are His due. Amen. J. M. W."

"On the 3d of 12th month, 1824, I took command of the ship 'New Jersey,' a new vessel I had been attending upon while building. One or two things I will mention that may encourage me still more in giving up to the requirings of the Lord. When I thought it right for me to adopt the plain language, and before I thought the proper time had arrived, I was much distressed, thinking I should lose my employment; but being at a Friend's house where Samuel Bettle, Sr., lodged, he, without my having told him or any one who could inform him, of my inwardly distressed state, said to me that if I was faithful to the Lord's requiring, He would make a way for me where there was no way. And indeed I have found, although I am a poor, unfaithful, unworthy creature, a way made for me in the hearts of my employers, where to the natural mind there appeared no possibility of a way. Some of my friends thought, and one told me, that I would not get the command of this ship because of my plain coat and language, and my prayer was that if it was right in the Divine sight, I might get it, to show such their error. I said: 'Oh, Lord, thou rulest in the hearts of men, and if it seemeth good to thee, thou canst incline my employer's heart unto me;' which the Lord did do, and for which I desire to be thankful."

"3d month, 3d, 1825.

"There is one thing it would be well to remember, and I pray the Lord to help me to recollect it and act accordingly, which is when anything presents itself to the mind as being wrong, and then doubts arise as to whether this feeling may not be a mistake; for instance in eating we may think we have enough, but still want more; then I say is the time to remember that our stay in this world is short, and that it is better to deny ourselves a small gratification than be in danger of disobeying the voice of Christ, that inward Monitor. If we were more spiritual, we should not find so much difficulty in denying self. I never feel better satisfied than

when on such occasions I give up, and take up the cross as to that particular. Surely this satisfactory feeling must be the consequence of well-doing. Oh, that such considerations may have due place in my mind!"

"3d month, 25th, 1825.

"Surely if the Lord looks on my omissions and commissions with as hard an eye as I do upon those with whom I have to do, what will become of me? Truly I am not worthy of being suffered to live. My master-sin, anger, again rose in dominion this morning to the destruction of all that is for peace. If the Lord had permitted the temptation to have been stronger, I believe I should have proceeded from words to blows. These are sorrowful tidings, but true. Alas, O my Lord, how long shall I thus go on sinning? I am no worthy of Thy help; but in my great need please do not cast me off. Be pleased for Jesus Christ's sake to purge out all that displeases Thee, cost me what it may. I beseech Thee to hear me lest I utterly perish."

This impetuous temper of our father's was, as he says, his "master sin," and, all through the earlier entries in his diary, he laments being at times overcome by it. But the work of grace in his heart was so wonderful in this especial particular, that, during all the later years of his life, he was remarkable for his almost uninterrupted serenity under every vicissitude. And especially was this noticeable during the years when paralysis and its attendant discomforts and limitations might naturally have been expected to make him nervous or impatient. The unvarying sweetness of his bearing in the midst of all the trials of this time, was most touching and teaching to see. And it would bring tears of loving admiration to our eyes to see him smile, almost merrily, over things that would have made another and less sanctified man irritable and unhappy.

"4th month, 1st, 1825.

"I have been favored this evening with a glimpse of the divine presence. Oh, how far such satisfaction transcends the joys of time! We may visit our dearest friends, be received with the heartiest welcome, and feel ourselves happy while in communion with them; but if our intercourse has had no connection with our nearest interests, we return from their society unimproved and empty, and feel as it were a hunger for something else, something more substantial. But the case is far different when we are favored to know our Creator present, and can in humble confidence look up to Him, place all our trust in Him, and entirely resign ourselves to Him. Then the soul is satisfied, and every vast desire is filled."

"4th month, 22d, 1825.

"I am in a great strait. I know not what to do. Oh, for wisdom to act in this affair according to the divine will, be the consequence whatever it may. I believe the Lord's power is over all, and it matters not to Him to save by many or by few. But what He requires me to do if we should be attacked by pirates, I know not. Oh, for right direction and help to be resigned to the Lord's will. Ah, the need there is for dwelling deep and low, that nothing may prevent us from hearing and understanding the voice of our Guide. Teach me humility, O Lord Jesus, and be pleased to help me to come unto Thee and learn of Thee, that I may find rest to my soul, for I am weak and exceedingly foolish and trifling. O, give me wisdom how to act in this case according to Thy mind, and be pleased to grant that I may put all my trust and confidence in Thee, and may stand wholly resigned in all things to Thy will."

"4th month, 29th, 1825.

"In the China seas clear of the straits of Banca, the place where we feared being attacked by pirates. Oh, how thankful I desire to be for the Lord's goodness and mercy unto me who am so unworthy, in giving me wisdom and judgment in conducting the ship! Oh, for a heart to humbly follow my Lord whithersoever He may please to lead. I desire to stand separated from all that is displeasing in His sight. We passed through nearly half the straits in the night, running by the lead."

"5th month, 4th, 1825.

"Having arms in this ship is a cause of great trouble to me, and if I should live to return, how will it be about going in it again, if the owner should not be willing to trust the ship without them? If it is the Lord's requiring that I should testify against this, I desire to be willing to lose my situation for His sake; yea, my life too, if He calls for it. Oh, for a truly devoted heart! I know the Lord is able to provide for my parents and sisters, even in a way that may seem impossible to me. I have experienced His over-ruling power in my affairs often, and why then, if He calls for anything, should I deny it? He is able to blast, and He is able to bless; oh, then to be His servant in deed and in truth! Oh, that the prospect of any worldly advantage may not cause me to act contrary to the dictates of truth!"

"First day, Canton, 9th month, 4th, 1825.

"Oh, that I could profitably remember the openings of life mentioned by Job Scott when he says: 'Thou shouldst ever remember when thou approachest before thy God in order to worship Him, that of thyself thou canst do nothing; that thy business is to wait in true silence, breathing to Him for help and instruction, not presuming to stir Him up or awake Him before He please, nor to form unto thyself a graven image, or warm thyself by the sparks of thy own kindling, lest thou lie down in sorrow. If thou feelest thy mind ever so empty and barren, keep in true resignation, keep the word of His patience, and He will keep thee in the hour of temptation. Watch and pray continually; trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thy own understanding.'"

"Off Java Head, 1st mo., 26th, 1826.

"O that my soul may bow, with humble gratitude, before my merciful Creator, for all His gifts to me. He has been pleased to help me thus far, to preserve my faith in His power over all His creatures, to prevent me from making any preparation for defence against pirates,—which is always usual in ships passing through these seas,—and in giving me judgment in conducting the ship. What can I render unto Thee, O Lord? Be pleased to accept the thanks of a poor, unworthy creature. And oh, that it might please

Thee to enable me to walk humbly before Thee, and through Thy mercy to offer up myself and all that I have an acceptable sacrifice in Thy sight."

"Off the Cape of Good Hope, 2d mo., 8th, 1826.

"My soul is deeply sensible of the necessity of dwelling near the fountain of all comfort; then, let come what will, we can look up with confidence and hope to our Heavenly Father for protection; we can then resign ourselves entirely into His hands; and, having done all in our power, we can take shelter in the faith of His all-sufficiency. That I may become as a weaned child in the Divine Hand, is the renewed desire of my soul, and at times when I think of His wonderful mercy unto me, in snatching me, as it were, a 'brand from the burning,' my heart is affected and a fear pervades my soul that I may make ungrateful returns; for, indeed, I was far advanced in iniquity, and making rapid strides towards destruction. For such mercy, I desire to be truly thankful; and to render unto the Lord of the vineyard the fruits thereof in their seasons, is my indispensable duty. He has told us that without Him we can do nothing; therefore, oh, my soul, wait thou patiently upon Him,—patiently, I say, for thou hast great need of patience."

{ *At sea, 2d mo., 19th, 1826. Near the Meridian of London,*
Latitude 23½ South. 2 P. M., First-day.

"How safe are they who dwell in true humility where every thought is brought into subjection, who can resign themselves without reserve to the Divine disposal. How hard it is to believe that the many cross accidents which occur are intended to benefit and forward the heavenward traveller. Surely such as do thus believe live by faith, and not by sight! These have a true stability which no outward thing can deprive them of; they behold all of the creatures in their proper places, and do not fear them, knowing who is able to control and direct their actions. In resignation there is peace. Strive after it then, my soul, seek for it more than for hid treasures. Thou knowest the value of it, although thou hast only had an occasional glimpse of its beauty."

It was during this voyage that his heart began to be especially turned towards our dear mother, with

the feeling that she was the one intended by his Heavenly Father to be his wife at some future time. It was some years before he felt himself in a position to ask her in marriage, but during all this time his heart continued secretly faithful to her, and he felt full confidence that the Lord, who had as he believed, pointed her out to him, would preserve her single until the time came for him to speak. But he would often tell us with great enjoyment how at this time, four years before he spoke to her, he began to mark his own especial invoices of goods with her initials, and how he would smile to himself sometimes to think how little she knew that he did so, or what his hopes about her were. This object of his long considered choice was Mary Tatum, daughter of John and Hannah Tatum, of Park Plain, a large farm just outside of Woodbury. She was a friend of his sisters, and he therefore often met her when at home from his voyages, and he quaintly says—"I used to think of her when at sea, and on my return home was always very careful to make an early visit at her father's house." He also relates the following occurrence, showing how, in this as in all else, his whole dependence was upon the teachings of his heavenly Guide. He says:

"On one occasion, after the removal of our family to Philadelphia, when she was in the city on a visit, she took tea with my sisters, and I waited on her in the evening to her aunt Ann Scattergood's. It pleased my Heavenly Father, at this time, to give me such a sense of her excellence, that I was fully impressed she would be a suitable companion for me, if the way opened therefor. Ever after that she held a place in my thoughts, until the right time came for making it known to her. I recollect that when in younger years we used to

meet in the streets of Woodbury, I had always been particularly struck with the sweetness of her appearance, which impression has never left me to this day, now in my sixty-ninth year."

How true this was his children can testify, who, during all our lives, from our earliest recollections, were used to seeing our mother treated by our father with the most lover-like and admiring devotion. A dear friend, in writing to me, thus recalls her impressions of this as an outsider. She says:

"When I was engaged to be married, I spent a few days with you in the little Woodbury cottage. Thy parents had been married about eighteen years. I was so charmed with thy father's genial, hearty ways in his family, and with his lover-like devotion to his wife, that he became at once my ideal husband and father. And on my return I gave such glowing accounts to my S., that he could not but catch the spirit of it, and from that time began to call himself my 'Mickle,' and signed all his poems and love-letters with this name, until our marriage."

I doubt myself if there ever has been a more lasting and loyal admiration than was his for this "sweetest of women," as he used so often to call her. Many a time, when other pleasant things would be around him, friends whom he loved, or his children in whom he delighted, he would enter heartily into the enjoyment of all, but would finally turn towards our mother with a sigh of satisfaction, and say: "You are all very nice, but *there* sits the sweetest woman the sun ever shone upon," or "the sweetest wife man ever had," and then he would always seal his words with a loving kiss. To the very last his love and admiration remained unchanged, and one of the latest things he said

during the few days before his death, when because of his paralyzed condition he scarcely ever spoke, was a compliment to her. He had been standing looking out of the window for a long while, without moving, and our mother said at last, "Father, what is thee thinking about?" At once he turned around with almost a return of his old sprightly manner, and said with a gleam of fun, "I am thinking about kissing the sweetest woman the sun ever shone upon," suiting the action to the word.

He did not make his feelings known to our mother until he left the sea in 1829, as he felt it would be unkind to subject her to the anxieties and suffering of such a life of separation, but his heart was from this time unwaveringly faithful to her. Meanwhile he made three more voyages. He returned from his first voyage as Captain, 4th month, 9th, 1826, and sailed again in the same ship on 7th month, 15th, 1826, bound a second time to Canton. At this time he took a very sorrowful leave of his mother, with but little hope of ever seeing her again, as she was in very delicate health. She had been a very tender mother to him, deeply solicitous for the welfare of her children in every way, and it was a great comfort to our father that she had lived long enough to see her prayers for him answered in his conversion, and also to witness his prosperity in earthly affairs. She died in her sixtieth year, on the 28th of 8th month, 1826, only about a month after he sailed, but the means of communication were so slow in those days, that he did not hear of it until his return the next year, in 6th month, 1827.

During this voyage he established a little meeting on board his vessel, with the officers and crew, for reading the Scriptures and waiting for a short season in silence before the Lord. He thus records it in his diary.

“First day, 7th month, 30th, 1826.

“I was this day enabled through divine strength so far to overcome my own fears as to have all the crew collected in the cabin to have the Bible read. And so far from meeting with opposition from the super-cargoes, whom I had feared, they both came in and sat down with us, and when the reading was finished, the elder, the father, Thomas Diehl, said: ‘May the Lord continue to be with us,’ which I felt to be a great help to me. If the Lord is pleased to use so poor a nothing as I am to make known His name in the earth, oh, that He may purge out all from me that is displeasing and contrary to Him. I feel such strong desires after good, and yet withal at times I am almost discouraged and ready to query: Is there another person in this world who is as I am? Help me, O my Lord, or I perish.”

In his Reminiscences, he says:

“From this time it was my practice to assemble the crew every First day for the same purpose. This some of the men did not admire, and one First day four or five of them did not shave themselves nor put on clean clothes for the occasion. I said nothing; but as it was the practice of that day to give half a gill of spirits to each man daily, I directed the steward to withhold the allowance from these recusants until further orders. The next First day they appeared at meeting clean-shaved, clean-dressed and in excellent order, after which the daily allowance of spirits was again given out to them. Not one word having been said to them on the subject from first to last.”

The following entries were made in his diary about this time:

"8th month, 5th, 1826.

"In reading the lives of some of the ancient worthies, I have remarked that they appeared not to have attained to a comfortable settlement in obedience to the teachings of Christ, the true and blessed Teacher, until they came sincerely to cry in the inmost soul: 'Lord, save me or I perish!' I have endeavored to feel after this cry that I might indeed be preserved from sin; and at times have thought I felt the absolute need of divine assistance to keep me from sin, and have then entreated for help. But I still feel the necessity of further assistance and more help to overcome the old inhabitants. Ah, when shall I enter the promised land? when will the old man with his deeds be crucified and slain, that my soul may indeed have rest from the foe? The Lord's time is the best time, and it is that I wish to wait for, patiently wait for!"

"8th month, 6th, 1826.

"This evening in waiting upon the Lord, He was graciously pleased to permit me, a most unworthy creature, to feel His presence and to offer up my prayers for preservation from every hurtful thing. I feel, O Lord, that Thou art my only portion. Thou hast been with me thus far, and hast protected and guided me in my most important steppings along."

"8th month, 18th, 1826.

"For some time past there appears to have been within me great struggles between grace and nature. Sometimes I feel a strong attraction heavenward—so strong that I am almost induced to think the enemy is discomfited and clean gone. Then again, when occasion offers, nature breaks forth with her wonted power, and carries everything before it; so that at times I am tempted to conclude that all is lost. Is there in this world one poor creature tried as I am? Is there one who so earnestly desires to do what is right, and yet does wrong so continually? O Lord Jesus, if Thou art not pleased to save me, I shall utterly perish. I have no strength to resist the tempter when he comes. Be pleased to give me of Thy strength."

On the 28th of the 8th month, the day his beloved

mother was passing into heaven, our father, all unconscious of his loss, made the following entry:

"In beholding the starry heavens this evening, my mind was struck with awe in reflecting upon the vast works of creation, and I was led to think how wrong it is in us poor fallacious beings to search into the counsels of infinite Wisdom. * * * Oh, my soul, walk thou with fear and care; search not into things too high for thee. Thou wast at one time carried away; beware in the future. Look unto Jesus who is able and willing to save. Be content to wait patiently upon Him, for thou knowest that of thyself thou canst not bear the cross in one single thing, nor resist temptation one minute, but that thou indulgest the flesh in eating, drinking and sleeping, and when occasions offer, thou presently gives way to passion, impatience and a great deal of unnecessary talk. Now, seeing such is thy case, why, O my soul, art thou not more serious and more diligent in thy search for good? The time of thy stay in this world is but short; therefore be in earnest to make thy calling and election sure. Be encouraged, hope thou in God, for He is able to help thee."

"9th month, 1st, 1826.

"O Thou who knowest all things and who now seest the entire inability I feel of even sitting down quietly, and patiently waiting with introversion of mind for Thy arising, be pleased to take compassion upon my weakness, and send strength and patience to a poor, needy creature."

"9th month, 10th, 1826.

"Twice within the last two days my passions have arisen and my enemy triumphed over all within me that opposes his power. I have been led to seek to understand the cause of my very great weakness, my utter inability to resist my impetuous temper. And the only conclusion to which I can come is that it all proceeds from a want of watchfulness, a want of endeavoring to dwell more near the fountain of all strength. Oh, I find no safety, no preservation, no true happiness, but when I am favored to experience the inward presence of Christ in my soul."

"9th month, 24th, 1826, First day, off the Cape of Good Hope.

"We have been favored to get along thus far on our voyage safely, without any accident of an unpleasant nature, and with good expedition. The crew all enjoy good health, and all things look pleasant. How thankful I ought to be for such kindness to a poor, unworthy creature! Oh, my Lord, be pleased to be with me in this way, and keep me in a watchful frame of mind that my passions may not so often rise to my hurt. Be pleased to stay my heart on Thee, and season it with Thy grace, for without Thy help I can do no good thing. May it please Thee to go along with us and preserve us from harm, and give, I pray Thee, wisdom unto Thy poor creature, whom Thou hast raised to this station, to navigate and sail the ship, and to govern the crew with discretion."

"10th month, 2d, 1826.

"How can the true believer in Jesus hold malice? How can he do anything to injure one for whom Christ died? Surely it is because the flesh with the lusts thereof remain unsubdued. Oh, that what I know so well I could practice! Oh, that I might through grace be enabled to dwell low with the inward Witness, that I might not cause Him to depart and leave me desolate. I know and feel that without divine assistance, no temptations, however light, can be resisted by me. And although I am sensible of this, and that by patiently waiting upon the Lord is the only way for me to obtain help, yet I want patience to wait, am too weak to resist distractions, and can truly say that "the things I would I do not, and the thing I would not that I do." Is this the experience of all who desire to follow the Lamb? Or is it only because I am so lukewarm, so prodigal of favors bestowed by the best of Friends, who gave Himself for me?

"O Lord Jesus, that Thou wouldst be pleased to help me to follow Thy example as near as it is possible for me to do, and in all things obey Thy voice. Be pleased, I beseech Thee, to give me patience and perseverance to seek Thy presence that I may find health to my soul."

"10th month, 11th, 1826.

"I have cause of humble gratitude this day for an evident answer to prayer, and I think a commemoration of the event may not be wrong.

We have been eighty-one days at sea, and until this morning we saw no land nor anything to prove our reckoning correct. And as last evening I told the supercargo we should see the island of St. Paul this morning by 10 o'clock, I felt anxious lest he might suppose my calculations incorrect if we missed it. At the hour mentioned the weather was very thick with showers of rain, and blowing hard, and at times clearing off a little. A few minutes after 10 o'clock, and between the squalls, I saw the land seven miles distant, to my great joy. We had passed it two miles, going at the rate of ten miles per hour. If it had continued thick weather half-an-hour longer, we should have missed seeing it. For all of the Lord's mercies I desire to be thankful. He was pleased to hear my prayer that we might see the land. He gave me wisdom and judgment in making the right situation; and when we reached it, He caused the clouds to disperse, exposing to our view the desired island. Surely such mercy calls for humble gratitude. Human skill can do much—can find the situation assigned to the land, but when there, it cannot cause the rain to stop, the sun to shine, and to our seeking eyes unfold the distant isle.

"The usual time for sailing from the United States for China, in order to take the direct route for Canton through the Straits of Sunda and up the China Sea, is not later than the middle of the 6th month. Ships sailing after that time, on account of the N. E. monsoon, usually take the Eastern passage and approach Canton from the Pacific Ocean, thus greatly increasing the distance to be sailed over. We left Philadelphia the 15th of 7th month, as before stated, but, owing to favorable winds, we reached the Straits of Sunda after a short passage, and I concluded to attempt the direct route up the China Sea. Before coming to this conclusion, I asked of the Lord that if it would be right for us to take that route, the wind next morning might be fair. Accordingly, next morning, 3rd of 11th month, 1826, a fine breeze sprang up from the right direction, and we immediately made sail by the short route. We have proceeded slowly until entering the China Sea, where calms and battling winds retard our progress, and bring me into great distress for fear I have made a mistake, and that the voyage may be disastrous in consequence.

"The wind is now ahead, and all looks discouraging toward our making a short passage, and sometimes I am ready to fear we may

not be able to proceed to Canton by this route, but be compelled to adopt the Eastern. Oh ! for patience and resignation to the Divine will. * * * * Oh my Lord, I believe Thou gavest me the command of this ship, and thus far Thou hast given me wisdom in navigating and sailing her. If it is agreeable in Thy sight, be pleased to grant that none concerned in this vessel may be a loser by my fault."

11th month, 12th, 1826, *First Day*.—"Blessed be the Lord who has given me a little comfort, a little hope that it may all end well. Praise and bless the Lord, oh my soul for His mercies, and wait patiently upon Him ; seek His presence that thou mayest attain the blessing of preservation from every hurtful thing."

Our father in recalling this voyage, writes :

"I remember at this time feeling an assurance that we should succeed in our attempt in taking the direct route, and so it turned out, thus demonstrating that a vessel *could* sail up the China Sea against the N. E. monsoon. This has since been extensively done by other vessels."

First Day, 19th 11th month, 1826.—"I have received cause this day to offer up thanks, and reverently to hope and trust in the Lord. We are now in the China Sea, in a part that at this season is subject to very strong currents, and in the neighborhood of very dangerous shoals on one side, and land on the other. Yesterday the weather was very thick, squally and rainy, so that we could not get observations accurately to determine our situation, and this morning it still looked stormy, which made me feel anxious for our safety, knowing the liability there is of being drifted by the current out of our track. In reflecting upon it this morning I felt discouraged, but looked up with a little hope towards my Heavenly Father, who was pleased to hear my prayer ; for this afternoon, when I least expected it, the clouds dispersed, and we were enabled to determine our situation with tolerable exactness, and found the current had not affected us of consequence.

First Day evening, 26th 11th month, 1826.—"Again this day have I had humble cause of gratitude. Oh, that due thanks could be returned by me for all of the Lord's benefits. It is now blowing a

gale, and I am, and have been, a little fearful of a typhoon, as we are now in the China Sea, near Manilla, and near the change of the moon. In reflecting upon our situation with anxious feelings, that Scripture was brought to my remembrance with a little comfort: 'Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.' Oh, my Lord, without Thee what can I do? Of what avail would my little experience be without Thy blessing? Oh, please give me a thankful heart for all Thy mercies, and if it is agreeable in Thy sight, be pleased to preserve me in such a frame of mind that access to Thy presence may not be denied me. My only safety I feel is in Thy grace—in dwelling near Thee.

30th 11th month, 1826.—"Have been renewedly convinced this day that I cannot save myself, and have been brought to despair of myself in sincerity. I feel a little consolation that not one hasty word escapes my lips without troubling me. But I despair of being able to obey Thee without Thy assistance. May it please Thee, Oh Lord, to help me to dedicate and resign myself without any reservation, that Thou mayest do with me as seemeth good to Thee. And I cannot but hope that Thou wilt, for when I was a strayed sheep Thou sought me out and drew me in a measure from the ways of the world. Thou hast given me desires to love Thee, and hast convinced me that without Thee I can do no good thing. Wilt Thou not help me now, when I so much want it, and am sensible of my own inability to please Thee!

"On our way up Canton river, 7th 12th month, 1826.—My heart desires humbly to return Thee thanks, oh my Lord, for all of the many favors bestowed upon me until this time from the day of my birth; but more particularly during our passage out to this place, many times manifesting the evident attendance and superintendence of Thy Providence. I beseech thee in the abundance of Thy mercy to prepare in me a thankful heart for all Thy favors, the least of which I am unworthy of. My situation I know is exposed to many temptations, but Thou Lord, art omnipotent, neither is anything too hard for Thee. Thou hast told us to look to Thee and be saved. I cast myself entirely upon Thy care, having no hope in myself, but only in Thee.

15th 12th month, 1826.—“When I was in the depths of distress, Thou, oh, Lord, wast pleased to comfort me, and ultimately to fulfil all my requests. Now, oh, my Lord, what can I return to Thee for so great mercy? I have nothing to offer. If I give myself, when the first occasion occurs, I immediately forget the donation, and act as if I were my own property.”

In his *Reminiscences* he writes concerning this voyage :

“We arrived at our port on the 5th of 12th month, 1826, one hundred and thirty-six days from Philadelphia, a remarkably short passage for the season of the year. As we approached Canton, the day before we arrived, 4th of 12th month, 1826, and when close in with the islands at the mouth of Canton river, the wind blew so hard that we could not possibly get our anchors over the bow in order to anchor, if needful, in the passage among the islands. We tried for a long time, but failed. Remembering Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, I earnestly prayed that the winds might cease until we accomplished our object. Very soon it fell nearly calm, and continued so for half an hour, during which time we got our anchors into place, and were ready to enter into port. The wind then began blowing again from the same quarter, and with as much force as before. I called the attention of the Supercargo to the fact as being an answer to prayer.

“As the result of thus taking on this voyage the direct route to Canton through the Straits of Sunda and up the China Sea, instead of taking the Eastern passage, we reached Canton considerably in advance of a ship that sailed from New York three weeks before we left Philadelphia, and which took the Eastern passage as usual at that season of the year. This ship had on board the same description of cargo as ourselves, viz.: ginseng. In consequence of our early arrival, we were enabled to sell the whole of our cargo to the great advantage of the shippers, before the other ship arrived. We lay in Canton about two months, and sailed with a full return cargo of silks, teas, etc., for Philadelphia, leaving the other ship with her cargo of ginseng still unsold and on board.”

“2d month, 7th, 1827.—At Canton.—I desire humbly to return

thanks to the Lord for all of the many mercies bestowed upon me until this time from the day of my birth, but more particularly during our passage out to this place, many times manifesting to my mind the evident attendance and superintendence of His providence.

"Thy favors to me, O Lord, have been and still continue to be very many; may it please Thee to give me a thankful heart, that I may not be ungrateful, for I find the need of Thy assistance in my daily concerns to do them with understanding. If it is agreeable to Thee, oh, be pleased to direct me in the way that I should go, as to all my affairs both inward and outward, that I may not bring dishonor upon the truth, nor cause the enemy to rejoice. Oh, Lord Jesus, I feel at times Thy love in my heart, be pleased to redouble its fire that it may consume all that is offensive, and that Thou alone may be the Sovereign of my heart, and the object of each desire!

Although distant from my friends, and unacquainted with any that appear bound to the better country in this foreign land, I find the same kind preventing Hand is stretched forth to meet the seeking soul, and to make that Scripture true, 'It is good to wait upon the Lord.'"

"3d month, 14th, 1827.—Through the Straits of Gaspar, in the Java Sea.

Believing it may not be wrong to commemorate the favors of Providence, especially when they appear to be singular, I will here mention what to me seems an abundant cause of humble thankfulness. On the noon of the 12th we considered ourselves 70 miles north of Gaspar Island, which lies to the north of the Straits of Gaspar, and by what I call a great favor, we were enabled to see the island just before dark, at least 40 miles off. By making the island, I knew we were to the east of the dangerous shoals to the north of it. The wind was light, and the weather being clear, at 10 o'clock, P. M., we saw Gaspar island, and found we had a very strong current setting to the southeast, which, if we had not seen the island before dark, would in all probability have prevented our getting through the straits for several days. When near the narrowest and most dangerous part of the passage it fell calm, and the current setting toward the rocks rendered it necessary to anchor in 30 fathoms of water. I felt in much distress, and in drawing near to the Lord, and feeling I had none but Him for my helper, He was pleased to

send a wind that held just long enough to clear us of danger, and then left us. How can I repay such mercy? May it please Thee to quicken me, O Lord. I feel no happiness equal to the enjoyment of Thy presence; do not forsake me, I pray Thee, for I am very weak."

"3d month, 15th, 1827.—Under a lively sense of my own inability to save myself, I implore Thee, O Lord Jesus, to take pity on my weak condition, and to season my heart with Thy grace. Thou seest how often I fall into passions through impatience. My soul hath desired the Lamb-like nature, the teachableness of a little child, that I may be humble and meek, and not so subject to be carried away by accidents and passions. Oh, my Lord, be pleased to make me more lenient and kind-hearted to all men, and more particularly to those under my control, that I may look over their faults, and if I correct them, do it with moderation and justice. Thou knowest how liable I am to be carried away with the impulse of the moment, and that I want stability very much. Give me a steady, grave deportment, and keep me from all that may bring a reproach upon the profession that I make."

"3d month, 18th, 1827.—In the Straits of Sunda, at anchor on the S. E. side, a lee shore and near a dangerous shoal. Again I am brought into the depths of distress, and more and more see the advantage and necessity of living near my Heavenly Father, that in such times as this I may be favored to look up to Him with humble confidence and hope. Oh, my God, in this distressing trying season do not forsake me, but please to stay my mind on Thee. All power is Thine, and oh, may it please Thee to care for us. I am young and inexperienced; give wisdom, I beseech Thee, how to act. And give me an entirely resigned heart to Thy will, that all that comes may be received from Thy Hand."

"3d month, 23d, 1827.—*Outside the Straits of Sunda in the Indian Ocean.*

"Oh, my Lord, what can I render unto Thee for all Thy mercies, to a most unworthy creature. When in distress from currents that seemed to be carrying us on to a dangerous shoal, Thou wast pleased to hear and help, and to deliver us from threatened danger. I desire sincerely to return Thee thanks, may it please Thee to accept

them ! I feel more and more convinced of the truth of that saying of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that without Him we can do nothing. Oh Lord Jesus, I beseech Thee, make Thyself lovely to me, that I may more earnestly seek Thy presence, for I find no solid happiness in any worldly thing."

In recording this voyage, in his *Reminiscences*, our father says :

"When very much tried at one time, and drawing near unto the Lord, He was pleased to give me an assurance that it would all be right, which turned out to be the case. We reached Philadelphia safely, 6th month, 11th, 1827, 103 days from Canton, for which I desire to be truly thankful, having had a most peaceful voyage. This was the shortest voyage between Canton and Philadelphia then on record."

These quick passages were a great delight to our father, and he would often recall them in after life with much satisfaction. I have heard it said somewhere that people with Roman noses are always ahead in everything, and we children used to tell him that his nose would never permit him to be a laggard. To be ahead of time was an instinct with him, and no doubt it was partly to this characteristic, under the Lord's blessing, that he owed his great success and prosperity.

On reaching home from this voyage, he was met with the sad news of the death of his precious mother, the record of which is given in a former chapter. He was very thankful to find his father and sisters in their usual health, and prospering in their school. He remained at home only a few weeks, and on 7th month, 18th, 1827, sailed again for Canton, this being his third voyage as Captain of the "New Jersey," and tenth voyage

as sailor. There were no passengers on the vessel, and the Captain and mates had the cabin all to themselves, which he records as being a great comfort, and adds, "I had plenty of time for reading, as our voyage was mostly prosperous. My reading was altogether in the Bible and other good books, which I much enjoyed."

A few entries were made in his diary during this voyage.

"At Sea, 7th month, 23rd, 1827.—Bound to Canton the third time, as Master of the ship 'New Jersey.' In reflecting upon the many favors shown us during our last voyage, with the kind preservation that we experienced from all outward harm, I feel desires after a truly thankful heart to the Father of all mercies, and I humbly supplicate for a continuation of His merciful regard, that His presence may be with us in this our way to protect from outward harm, and to draw our hearts into greater nearness to Himself, with a loving concern to walk humbly before Him."

"7th month, 24th, 1827.—This day I have felt the bondage of sin. More than once I have suffered passion to arise. Oh! this self, this hated self, when shall it be brought into subjection, when shall every thought and word be subdued? In reading the diary of Samuel Scott to-day I met this expression: 'Oh, Lord! I am oppressed; undertake for me. Thou tookest upon Thee our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses, and Thou art able to save to the uttermost.' I also feel the necessity of the Lord's assistance to overcome my passions, for of myself I can do nothing. Oh, that I may availingly pray for saving grace."

"At Sea, Bound for Canton, 10th month, 6th, 1827.—On the 2d of this month, at 2 o'clock in the morning, by a very hard squall, we lost three of our yards and four sails, which took us three days fully to replace, thus losing about thirty miles per day in our voyage to Canton. It may be for a reproof to me for over-anxiety to make a short passage, counting the days, and comparing our progress with other ships on former voyages. On my first voyage as Captain I was fully convinced that this practice was wrong for me, but that I

should make the best use of the present opportunity, and leave the result to Providence. Oh, that I may indeed do so; may this punishment be a warning to me."

"10th month, 25th, 1827.—*In the Eastern Passage bound to Canton.*—This day I have had cause of humble gratitude to my Heavenly Father in a most particular manner. We had been running along the south side of the island of Ombray, and found the current set us off from the shore. At 4 o'clock in the morning I told the officer of the deck to call me if we seemed to approach the land, and went to bed. About 5 o'clock I came on deck, and thought we were too near the land. We sounded and found 40 fathoms of water, the current setting directly towards the shore. Immediately we turned the ship's head from the land, but found, although we were going two or three miles an hour, that we still neared it. Sounded again in 30 fathoms, and then in 26 fathoms, shore appearing very near. I was in much trouble, because if we anchored, we should be so near the rocks that we might find it difficult to get away. But through it all I had a little hope in my Heavenly Father's mercy, and when we approached so near the breakers that it seemed we must anchor to avoid them, a little breeze filled our sails, and we cleared the threatened danger. I look upon this as a peculiar interference of an over-ruling Providence; and Oh, saith my soul, that I may render again according to the benefit received. I cannot help believing my awakening at the time I did was of the favor of my Heavenly Father; for it appeared to me that if I had not gone on deck at that time, we might have gone too near the land to get away, the officer on deck not supposing that we were so near."

"11th month, 4th, 1827.

"Again has another birth-day dawned upon me, and at this time twenty-seven years have passed away since first I beheld the light of this world, and about nine years have also rolled over since the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, dawned upon my soul, showing me the folly of sin, and in some degree preserving me therefrom. But how can I enough lament my weakness and iniquity in not having made further advancement in self-denial and self-abnegation. And at this time my deficiency in not enough quietly and patiently waiting upon the Lord, to feel His

presence in my heart, bears heavily upon me. Oh, Lord Jesus, do not forsake me, a poor weak creature in whom there is no good, no ability to wait, no patience resignedly to endure darkness and dryness. Thon knowest what I can bear; please to help me, and my soul shall praise Thee."

"11th month, 7th, 1827.

"The winds are light and directly ahead, with a current setting nearly adverse, so that I feel afraid of being drifted back to where we were about ten days ago, and this too after having toiled a long time, and passed through an unfrequented strait in order to clear the contrary currents we then had. And I begin to perceive that 'as the sparks fly upwards, so man is born to trouble,' at least it appears to be so with me at present. I desire not to complain. Oh, that I had patience, for it seems as though I had none, none even to wait on the Lord from whom comes all my help. . . . I feel like a bull in a strong net. Oh, that the Lord would pity and help a poor creature, who has no patience nor any other good thing."

"11th month, 15th, 1827.—About midnight we felt the ship trembling as if running over stones, and supposed it to have been an earthquake on the Island of Buro, then in view. We immediately sounded, but found no bottom with the deep sea line. The officer on deck reported a strong smell of sulphur at the moment of the earthquake, apparently from a passing cloud."

"11th month, 20th, 1827.—*In the Gillola Passage*.—Last night was a most trying season; had scarcely any sleep, nor the night before. Weather squally, nights very dark, and currents setting in various directions, and being near the land, it was extremely difficult to know the position of the ship certainly. We were, however, favored to escape all danger, for which I desire to be thankful."

"11th month, 22d, 1827.—Being remarkably tried with the fear and dread of shipwreck and its consequences, I think some remarks may do to recur to at some future time. We are now in the Gillola passage, at the northern part, drifting about with currents and tides in various directions, in constant danger of being carried on to the land, there being but very little wind to command the ship. If we should be stranded, we may fall into the hands of savages who may

enslave or kill us. These fears give me much anxiety, and manifest the necessity of having faith in God, and trying to keep near Him who hath all power in Heaven and earth. My faith at times seems almost gone, and although I know from whom I got the command of this ship, yet find it hard work to believe His orders the present distressing dispensation. I have lost flesh, and my knees seem ready to fail when distressed by these trying seasons. I sincerely desire, if consistent with the Divine will, to live on shore. The life of man is but short, then why run into perplexities that can be avoided. Nothing to me is more trying than the fear of shipwreck in dark blowing weather. I do not desire wealth, but think a little will content me. If the affairs of my father were settled, I would try, if way were opened, to quit the sea, and do something for a living on land after this voyage. But in this, as in all things, I desire to be in the right place, and under best direction. Perhaps if settled on shore, I might grow secure and forget my salvation. Rather than return to the world, its follies and pleasures, I would much prefer slavery in a distant land, never to return home. Oh, that the Lord may care for me and direct me, and do with me as seemeth good in His sight. Lord Jesus! Thou seest how I am tried; I direct my prayer unto Thee, but Thou seemest to disregard me. Be pleased to hear my cry, and not cast me off. If there is instruction intended to be conveyed by the present dispensation, may it please Thee, my Lord, to open my understanding to perceive it, and give me ability to follow Thy will in all things."

"11th month, 27th, 1827.—*Pacific Ocean*.—We have been favored to get along thus far, through the Eastern passage; and although I have sometimes been most sorely distressed by the fear of being wrecked, yet nothing of the kind has befallen us, and I desire to be humbly thankful to a kind Providence. We have latterly been much delayed by light winds and contrary currents, and at times my patience seems almost gone, and I am ready to complain, but check myself with that expression of Job's—"Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also?" Our passage to the entrance of the Eastern route was uncommonly short, but since then it has been altogether as tedious. Sometimes I think it may be a trial to see if I should complain or not. I hope to be preserved from all evil, and yet am afraid I may give way to repining."

"12th month, 18th, 1827.—This day we were favored to arrive in safety at the port of Canton, for which I desire to be humbly thankful. Many are the Lord's favors, and many instances of His protecting care have we experienced on this passage. Praised be His holy name."

The vessel on this voyage was consigned to John R. Latimer, who resided at Canton; and our father in his Reminiscences recalls with gratitude the kind treatment he received from him, which made his stay in Canton a very pleasant one. The vessel laid at this port six weeks, and set sail on its homeward voyage, 12th month, 1st, 1828.

The diary continues:

2d month, 20th, 1828.

"I have had particular cause for humble gratitude this day. We are now in the straits of Sunda on our return passage. This morning we weighed anchor, and although with several intervals of calm, we passed through the most difficult part of Sunda Straits and reached our present anchorage this evening before dark. As though in answer to my prayer, the wind just remained steady long enough to bring us here. And what makes the favor doubly great is, that in these Straits there are several dangerous rocks with deep water very near them, and to be drifted back and forth by the currents during the night is very dangerous, as well as distressing. Oh, Lord Jesus, be pleased to accept my thanks for the many favors Thou hast bestowed upon us. The protection and regard shown to us this day call for our most humble, and grateful thanks."

"Near the Island of St. Helena. Homeward bound, 4th month, 14th, 1828. Have been reading to-day the life of that good man and faithful minister John Richardson, and was much struck with the instances of direct guidance. And the query naturally arises, how could he know it so certainly? Surely by no other means than the inward revelation of Jesus Christ; and by being truly faithful, he was favored to discern it. I think the perusal of the Journals of departed Friends is very profitable, as well as interesting. It has a

natural tendency to stir up the sincere mind to greater watchfulness. And oh ! saith my soul and all within me, that I may become faithful and truly zealous for the Lord in my day and generation. I do not desire eminence in the church, but I do sincerely want to be obedient to the voice of my dear Redeemer, that I may not offend Him who has done so much for me, and who is worthy to be followed, loved and obeyed by all. Sometimes in my earnest endeavors to reach after and find my Saviour, He has been pleased to suffer a poor sinner to approach Him, and for this I praise Him. * * * Oh, my soul, thou who knowest so well what is required of thee, why art thou so dull, why so indifferent and cold ? Behold, He is altogether lovely, and He hath dealt bountifully with thee. Wait then upon Him I charge thee, patiently wait upon Him, for He alone can save. Hast thou not His promise that 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength ?' Be not lukewarm therefore, but obey."

From some letters written to his sisters about this time, I extract the following :

At Sea 4th month, 4th, 1828.

"During this passage we have had what I look upon as a remarkable instance of the interposition of Providence on our behalf. It was this ; after we passed through the narrowest part of Sunda Strait in which there is a very dangerous shoal called the Stroom Rock, which is above the water, but is particularly in the way of ships in the night, being directly in the middle of the passage, and as the tide in the evening would set directly back into the strait, we being just out, if the wind should continue light and calm as it was when we passed through with the favorable tide, on the turn of the tide we should have been carried back ; but in the afternoon a gentle breeze sprang up with which we were enabled to reach anchorage ; which we had not done half an hour before it fell entirely calm. I did not want to let go the anchor in deep water, but was afraid the wind would drive us into the bay where we should have had to cross a considerable distance of deeper water, say 28 to 30 fathoms, before we could have shoaled our water much ; but as it happened the wind died away while we were on a spot of 18 fathoms, which was

very favorable to us, instead of letting us get into deep water before falling calm. It was remarkable, the mate observed it. During the night it was very squally, and blew very hard, and it would have been dangerous to have been under sail, particularly with six or eight of our crew sick and unable to do duty. Indeed, my dear sisters, the belief that we all, in every place and time, are under the protecting care of our best Friend, is most comfortable ; He has been with us and I trust with you at home. It is blessed to believe that the creatures whom He hath created cannot be—are not beneath His care.

Sometimes when the dangers of the sea-faring life present themselves to my mind I feel discouraged, for I know and feel them ; but when I think of the protection of Him who made the waves, and can rule the same, who created the world and all things therein, I feel a little better satisfied, and thus reason to myself, what could I do in any situation without His help ? And if He is pleased to protect me in this, He can. Thus it is I reason.

With regard to my living on shore at present I do not know what business I could follow, being unfit for almost anything ; as to doing nothing, that is entirely out of the question, a life of idleness would not suit me, employment, active employment either for mind or body I want.

If I could be convinced of the propriety of leaving my present business, or that I should not be deviating from the path intended for me to pursue, I would not go another voyage, but I feel afraid of going contrary to the will of Providence, for I know that without the Divine blessing I could not prosper. I do not desire superfluous wealth, and think a little would content me.

At Sea, 5th month 3d, 1828.

“ We are now making rapid progress towards home, sweet home !—the ship sailing eight and nine miles per hour, and all without is pleasant and looks promising. I wish I could say as much of inward affairs.

I sometimes, yes often think of you and of our society of Quakers. It has been said that the society of Friends will not fall through ; if so, some there must be, who will be faithful standard-bearers in their generation for the cause of truth. The question naturally follows

who will they be, and how are they to become of service in so good a cause? To the first it may be answered the Lord is no respecter of persons: and as for the second, the only way that I can see, and I have very often thought of it, is for those who know the value and the certain benefit to be derived from waiting upon the Lord, still to continue patiently to wait upon Him in silence, and introversion of mind, that they may feel His presence to enliven, and quicken them, and although they may appear to be nothing worth, yet if they are only faithful to the little and are of the patient waiters, the Lord who is Almighty can make what use of them He pleases. And it appears to me the rising generation have need to look to themselves, that they may be qualified to fill the places of those who have gone, and are going off the stage of action. That you, my dear sisters, may be preserved in your right places, and have Divine wisdom for your guide, is my sincere prayer at this time, and it has been. I have found from repeated seasons of instruction, that the only way for me to keep, or to be kept from falling, is to draw near unto God, and to keep near Him. I have a little hope at times that through grace I may overcome my hasty disposition, though at others I am almost discouraged by my repeated falls."

5th month, 11th, First-day afternoon.

"In turning my thoughts homeward to-day, I could not help asking myself the question, do they think of me at home as much and as often as I think of them? For I believe, not a day passes but my thoughts are with you many times, reflecting how you come on with the school, whether your scholars increase or not, and how you are liked. As all sublunary affairs are liable to change, and a reaction often takes place, or in other words after great heights, great deeps are apt to succeed, I have been a little fearful on your account; your school has advanced with such rapid strides into reputation, that it is much if it continues to hold it, according to the common tide of events. However, as I am very liable to look at the gloomy side of things, I hope my fears may not be realized. In believing that you are sensible whose blessing has attended your endeavors, and without whose assistance you never could have succeeded so well, a little comfort attends me; and, my dear sisters, let us each in our respective allotments seek earnestly and patiently a closer

acquaintance with our Heavenly Father, that His blessing may continue to attend us; let us not be discouraged, but press through all to Him who only can help us in our outward and inward besetments, which necessarily are many and various, and which are no doubt permitted to attend us for the trial of our allegiance and love. I had a close and distressing trial with unbelief the other day; and for sometime I could not look into that book of Malt Brun's, for fear it should upset me entirely, but since then have been favored to get over my doubts, and can now read such parts without feeling any other than pity for the author.

As we approach home my thoughts become more serious about leaving the sea altogether. If it is right, I should like right well to remain on land, but then the thing is, what business shall I follow? My dear father's debts must be paid, and I know of no business that I could certainly make so much money in as my present one. My pay from the ship is 900 dollars per annum, besides the opportunity I have of trading, which is worth \$500 more. However, I hope I may be rightly directed. Up to this time I firmly believe myself to have been in my proper place as to line of life, and ship, and employer. Why then need I fear, after having thus far been directed?"

The diary continues:

5th month, 29th, 1828.

"We this morning at 4 A.M., were favored to get a Pilot on board for the Delaware, and this evening were safely anchored above Newcastle.

30th.—This morning at 8 A.M., I got on board the steamboat and reached Philadelphia at 10 A.M., and found all our family well. My brother Israel is at home from Savannah. For the many favors conferred, oh may I be thankful! We have had a good passage, meeting with nothing particularly striking excepting that we spoke and received letters for England, from the East India Co's. ship 'Lord Lowther,' bound from London for Madras and China. We passed the Cape of Good Hope without seeing it, and the island of St. Helena without making it, arriving at the capes of the Delaware 115 days from Canton. My employer, Whitton Evans, appears to be very well satisfied with my endeavors, and has not expressed one dissatisfied word with regard to the voyage."

Our father remained at home with his beloved family 35 days, and the 5th of 7th month, 1828, sailed on his eleventh and last voyage, being his fourth voyage as Master of the East Indiaman, "New Jersey," bound for Canton. He had been for some time, as we have seen very desirous of leaving the sea and settling down in some business on land, but way had not yet opened for this.

"At Sea, 8th month, 9th, 1828. Latitude 18° South, Longitude 35° West. Bound to Canton.

Upon my arrival in Philadelphia the last time, I had fondly hoped that I might be released from the necessity of going to sea any more. But when the time of fitting out the vessel came, no way seemed to open for my release, and I did not feel at liberty to move without evidence of best direction. About the time of preparing for the voyage, and when I felt undetermined as to what course to adopt, I attended the North meeting in Philadelphia on a First-Day, at which time Othniel Alsop in a communication seemed to drop advice for a case resembling mine, in which he said it was best not to be in haste, which settled me a little. And afterwards, during a slight attack of sickness, my mind was fully made up to remain by the ship, and not make a way for myself, but leave it to Him who I believe gave me command of this vessel, and who hath hitherto preserved us from danger. Blessed be His Holy Name.

We put to sea 7th month, 11th, 1828, and have thus far made good progress, and have been kept from the pirates that infest the route to India."

10th month, 15th, 1828.

"We contemplate taking the Palawan passage to Canton—a dangerous route by reason of shoals and often dark blowing weather; and if it were not for a little hope in Him who made the sea and the dry land, I should feel much discouraged. Hitherto we have been preserved from all harm; and oh, that it may please the Lord still to favor and care for us!

"Canton, 12th month, 2d, 1828.

We arrived here after an uncommonly short and comfortable passage. From the day we crossed the Equator going south, we have averaged about 200 miles per day for forty successive days which in a sailing vessel is very uncommon, and entered the straits of Sunda in 81 days from the Delaware. Passed through Gaspar Straits, and so up the China Sea by the Palawan passage, arriving at the mouth of Canton River 10th month, 31st, in 111 days from Philadelphia, which for the season of the year when we left home is an uncommonly short passage. For the many favors shown me I desire to be very thankful.

In the Palawan passage the weather was very thick, so that we could see but a little way, and when I judged we had come to a point where it was necessary to change our course, no land nor anything could be seen to judge by; and as there were no soundings to be had, the position was very trying, particularly as I felt sure we were very near the island of Balabola. In this dilemma I looked to the Lord, and it pleased Him to lift or disperse the fog and mist, and lo, the land was just where I thought. This great favor came in just the right time, so that we shaped our course safely through the dangers. Praised be the Lord!

Indian Ocean, 1st month, 24th, 1829.—Homeward bound.—Numerous have been the favors dispensed to us by the all bountiful Protector of men, since I last noted anything in this way. We unloaded and loaded our ship at Canton. I was treated better while there than I had anticipated, sold my merchandize to a profit and received the cash. Left Canton, 12th month, 29th, 1828. With favorable breezes down the China Sea, we passed through Gaspar Straits in nine days, and cleared Sunda Straits in fourteen days from Canton, without anchoring or experiencing any bad weather, and up to this time have been much favored by winds, more so than on any former voyage in this ship."

"3d month, 21st, 1829.

North Atlantic Ocean.—We are now 2,200 miles from our native land, proceeding rapidly with a fair wind towards our desired haven. Matters as to the outward have a favorable prospect. Wish as much could be said of inward affairs; but alas! that which hath

hitherto hindered, doth still hinder, and at times am very much discouraged. Why so impatient, so passionate, so impetuous? No advancement appears to have been made by me heavenward for a long time back."

This last voyage of our father was very short and successful. He records with allowable pride that they passed on their way out a ship which had sailed from Philadelphia several weeks before he had started, and that they arrived at Canton before she did, beating her by three weeks, adding that he had told the owner of his ship before sailing, that he expected such a result. The return voyage was made in 101 days, and although theirs was the last ship of the season to leave China, they arrived at home the first, reporting their own arrival out.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVING THE SEA AND MARRIAGE.

UPON his arrival in Philadelphia, on their return from this voyage, they were met with the news of the death of Whitton Evans, the owner of the ship. In consequence of this the "New Jersey" was sold, and our father thus providentially released from his position, looked about for a business on shore. A proposition was soon made to him to enter into the Dry Goods business with a friend, and as it seemed the best opening that presented, he decided to accept it, although he never felt quite clear that it was according to the Divine will. And the result convinced him that he had better have waited for clearer directions, for after several years of much anxiety and trouble, he was obliged to close up the business at a great loss. But of this I will write more fully in its place.

He had saved \$4,000 from his earnings on the sea. Of this, with characteristic honesty, he paid \$1,000 to settle a debt his father owed, and the remainder he put into his new business. He entered this business 5th month, 12th, 1829, in a store on the north side of Market street, above 9th.

Being thus settled on land, he felt that the time had come when he might ask Mary Tatum to become his wife, and the matter was soon settled in accordance with his wishes. She resided, as we have seen, on a farm called Park Plain, near Woodbury, and her family, like his own, all belonged to the Society of Friends.

Her ancestors, however, do not appear to have been Friends when they first came over to America, and did not join them until about the third generation. The first Tatum made mention of was a John Tatum, who purchased the property called the Park Plain plantation, about 400 acres, from William Wainwright, in 1689. This property continued in the family for only two generations, and was then transferred to a creditor named Moses Ward, in 1738. In 1762, however, it was repurchased by the oldest grandson, John, who was born in 1739, and who married Sarah Ward on 9th month, 17th, 1762. Owing to the fallen fortunes of the family, this John Tatum began life as a poor boy, but by hard work, and strict economy, and great uprightness, he gradually accumulated quite a large property, among the rest, buying back the old family Homestead of Park Plain. He was probably the one who joined Friends, and was an eminent preacher among them. His character for integrity and honesty was so marked that it was said his neighbors and friends would never take a receipt from him, always declaring that they wished no better bond than old John Tatum's word. In an old diary kept by a Friend named Samuel Mickle, in the latter part of that century, his preaching is very frequently referred to as being of great value. Under

date of 6th month, 15th, 1799, when S. M. had gone to meeting under the burden of a difficulty with a neighbor, he writes:

“Beset in meeting by ye enemy of all good who has been endeavoring to stir up strife between my next neighbor and me! We read, ‘when ye sons of God came to present themselves before ye Lord, Satan came also among them.’ So now he was busy with contriving and forming for me a parable, something similar. Had a conflict for a time endeavoring to rid it out of my mind, reasoning on the unsuitableness and impropriety (or rather abominableness) of such things employing my mind in a meeting for worship; at times getting a little ye better of it, and by turns it intruding on me. When dear John Tatum rose and signified he believed there were some in meeting to whom it had been a time of profit; but that there were some who had been assaulted by the enemy,—advising to resist the Devil and he will flee from thee; and to draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to thee. Advising to attend to ye Divine principle of grace in ye heart, and to endeavor after humility, &c., &c. I well remember a similar disturbance of my mind, when ye same dear friend sympathizingly addressed me in meeting (not by name) on ye 23d of 7 month, 1786, nearly as follows, part of which I noted down ye same day on a strip of paper, and, as it were by chance, laid my hands on it but a few days ago,—viz.: ‘There has been a state of some friend in this meeting brought to my mind, who has been agitated and disturbed by some outward cause or in ye mind. Endeavor to be resigned, my friend; in resignation there is safety. It is the enemy who endeavors to disturb and agitate thee, oh my friend.’”

This John Tatum was such a faithful attender of meetings that even his horses acquired the habit of it, and it is related that on one rare occasion, when the family were away from home on First day, the pair of horses which usually took them to meeting, became very restive about the usual time for going, and finally

broke out of their stables, trotted along the well known road, turned into the meeting house yard, and were found standing meekly under the sheds waiting for meeting to break up.

He died in 1821, aged 82 years, leaving to each of his four sons a large well-stocked farm, and an equivalent to each of his two daughters. To his son John, who was born in 1767, he gave the Park Plain property, and there our mother was born. This John married on 1st month, 16th, 1794, Hannah Rogers, daughter of William and Grace Rogers, influential Friends and Elders of Evesham meeting, of Evesham, New Jersey. He had nine children, of whom our mother Mary Tatum was the sixth, and was born 3d month, 28th, 1803.

Our mother's father died 12th month, 12th, 1834, four years after her marriage with our father, and I can remember him as a noble-looking gray-haired gentleman, standing on one occasion talking to my mother, while I held on timidly to her skirts. He was not a preacher like his father, but he possessed a character of remarkable integrity and uprightness, and was a man of mark in all southern New Jersey. A noted lawyer in that section of the country said of him, that there was "no man south of the Assanpink River better known or more highly respected than John Tatum." He told one of his sons that he had never sued but one man for debt in all his life, and that then he felt so uneasy with it that he stopped the suit, and paid the costs himself.

The grandchildren will see therefore that on both

sides they are descended from the royal blood of true, and honest, and God-fearing men and women, and I trust that this will be a strong incentive to them to suffer no blot of dishonesty or sin of any kind to mar the family records.

Our father thus records in his *Reminiscences* the story of his final success in this long hoped for marriage connection.

“About the time I entered into the Dry Goods business, a way was made for following up an engagement more interesting, and which had often occupied my thoughts for some six years; and now through Divine favor, if nothing should prevent, I hoped the consummation of my wishes in this respect was not far distant. I felt myself very unworthy of my friend Mary Tatum, but it was my prayer to be made worthy, knowing that in Christ alone was all my hope and dependence.”

A letter written by our father while he was waiting for a favorable answer to his suit, shows so unmistakably his unwavering purpose to have the guidance of the Lord in this important event of his life, that I give an extract:

2d month, 14th, 1830.

“If I should tell my much loved friend that my mind is entirely and undividedly with her, only a small part of what I feel would be expressed; nor do I believe anything that could be said would give an adequate idea of the unlimited, unbounded manner I feel drawn to thee. Please excuse me for thus giving way to the ardency of my mind, but being almost constantly with thee in meditation, have been led thus to express myself. . . .

. . . . I assure thee it has been and is the prayer of my soul that thou may be rightly directed. I have desired thou might be blessed with the descending of Heavenly Dew, and under a sense of the Presence of Him who can alone direct safely, lay the matter

before Him, and beg His direction, and I have no doubt but thou wilt receive instruction, that will not mislead. In all my many trials and difficulties, I have found nothing so safe, so beneficial for me, as to get down very low, find the Presence of the lowly Jesus and lay my case before Him, and beg His assistance, and direction. Thou may think it a little strange for me thus to write, but I have thy interest too much at heart not to wish thee to move in and under the care of Him, to whom alone I look for all my blessings. And I should esteem it one of the greatest temporal ones, if according to His will, to be more closely united to thee. John Woolman says, if I recollect the exact words, ‘In a world so like a desolate thorny wilderness, how comfortable! how safe! to follow the leadings and teachings of Christ the true Shepherd, who knows His sheep and is known of them.’ And, my dear M., thou hast my fullest sympathy. I think I can truly say I feel with thee the necessity of being rightly directed in all the undertakings of this pilgrim state. In a few more years, days, or perhaps hours, and we shall be numbered with our fathers. How important, then is it to have the approving company of that Friend who is mighty to save, and who turns not a deaf ear to those who call upon Him in sincerity and truth. Believe I may in truth beg thee to throw a veil of charity over this letter, and say I remain thy most affectionately attached friend.”

J. MICKLE W.

In another letter he writes :

8th month, 22d, 1830.

“I am firmly convinced that nothing in this world can give solid satisfaction apart from a humble dependence on, and strict obedience to the inward precious voice of Christ, our only and true Shepherd, who very often condescends to teach, and again to teach even those who foolishly slight His monitions. Oh what an injury we do to ourselves when we disobey the Heavenly Guide! How much misery we might escape, how much uncertainty and perplexity would be avoided, if we could only bring ourselves quietly to give up our wills, and when occasion offers, to sit down and patiently wait upon the Lord. How the paths of those shine who have Christ only for their Teacher, who, feeling anxious to please Him, and to live only to Him, are very attentive to His holy Voice.”

Nearly forty years afterwards our father thus tells the story of their marriage day:

“We were married at Woodbury, New Jersey, in Friends’ meeting house there, on 11th month, 5th, 1830, I being one day over thirty years old, and my precious darling in her twenty-eighth year. She had been quite poorly some days before, and the weather was very stormy for a week before the wedding day, so that I felt some anxiety lest Mary Tatum would be too sick to venture out. However, when the morning of the 5th dawned the sun shone out brightly, and to my joy the bride elect, not willing to be behind, arose and put on her wedding garments, being much better, in fact entirely well. So on that beautiful day 11th month, 5th, 1830, I was given by my Heavenly Father the very sweetest wife upon this earth, who from that day to this has been a true help-mate, my greatest earthly treasure, the Lord be praised! Thus after six years of affectionate interest, the desire of my heart was given to me, unworthy as I am. The day after our marriage we rode to our home in Philadelphia, at the house of my sisters at the corner of Race and Seventh sts. This day was very fine also, a most delightful one indeed. These two fine days were given to *us*, I then thought, and still think, right in the midst of a rainy, stormy season; for it rained the next day, and continued pretty much the same kind of weather for some days after, as it had been before. Truly, we have cause for thanks and praise to a kind Providence.”

Our father’s first letter to his newly made wife written and sent up from his store one morning, is too characteristic of him, and too full of his deepest wishes for their united lives to be omitted. It was apparently written at his place of business, and probably sent home to cheer the heart of his loved one.

Philadelphia, 12th month, 13th, 1830.

“My dearest Mary may suppose, and perhaps with truth, that I may have seen her often enough, and had opportunities enough to talk with her, without resorting to the more distant method of writ-

ing. But then as an apology, if one is needed, I can say that being unemployed I thought a little time employed in thus conversing with thee, my dear love, would be acceptable, at least to myself. I feel much pleased in having been led home this morning just at the time I came. It is indeed a very great favor to have food, and instruction fresh from the living Fountain of strength and holiness, to have the gospel preached in truth. I have been a long time under the apprehension that I should through my own unfaithfulness be cast off as entirely unprofitable, be left to myself, and then what will become of me in whom is no good, no ability to resist evil. Oh, my beloved wife, if thou seest aught wrong in me, anything contrary to the disposition of a Christian, I beg thee to tell me of it, and not, through the fear of displeasing, omit doing thy duty. Thou hast a husband frail indeed and prone to fall. Mayest thou be qualified to assist him in that holy path, which leads to God, and in which it is his most earnest wish to walk, for well I know that for me there is no happiness but in its narrow bounds. How many hindering things we meet in this life to detain us from attending to the momentous concerns of another state, in which we surely shall reap such as we sow; how important then is it so to plant, that the fruit when gathered shall be eternal life. I have many times admired and coveted after that dedication of spirit which dear John Woolman experienced, for I feel and know that Jesus is indeed worthy to be followed and obeyed in all things, loved, and honored, and feared above all. Oh, that He would indeed enable us, my dear wife, to journey forward; that He would say, 'Ye have compassed this mountain long enough,' and would cause His cloud to point the way, and Himself lead us therein. I deeply feel that unless He save me I shall perish, that I have no might nor power, and at times no ability to hardly think of good. I have in thee, my dear, all I looked for and much better than I deserve, and I humbly hope to be preserved from hurting in any way thy tender feelings; the bare thought of which quite tries me. Thou asked me to-day if I walked through that beautiful square with diminished affection. I can answer thee no, but can say that if it is possible to love thee more now than I did then, I feel it. Farewell, my love, and believe me in the bonds of the tenderest affection, thy own

J. M. W."

Our father and mother upon their marriage went home to live with his father and sisters in their house at the S. E. corner of Race and Seventh streets, my mother assuming the housekeeping. This arrangement continued for two years. But after my birth, which occurred 2d month, 7th, 1832, they decided to go to housekeeping alone, and moved to a house in Ninth above Race, where they resided for several years.

The letters during these early years are full of domestic and family details, and a few extracts will perhaps give a more real picture of our father during this time than could be gained in any other way.

Phila., 5th month, 29th, 1832.

“Although so little time has passed since I verbally communed with my beloved Mary, that one might suppose it most too soon to write yet I could not resist the inclination, having time at command, to tell her that I often think of her and dear little Hannah. As I was mending her carriage to-day, M. E. came to look on, and after awhile said, ‘I wish I was as good as little Hannah,’ thereby, I think, manifesting an awaking of mind to her sinful condition. She seems to be improving, and I hope may become a plant in the garden of the Lord * * * * I think it might be as well for thee and for Baby to remain in Jersey another week after this present one. As to cleaning house, that has been attended to, and the matting is all put down, excepting in the front parlor, and that will be done this afternoon. I had the back parlors and entries completely clay-washed, and they look better and of a lighter shade than the former coat. I procured a man and his wife to do the white-washing, etc., which cost eight dollars. We also employed a woman to scrub paint, floors, etc., who with Patience’s help, which by the way has been very efficient, they got nearly through seventh day. As it is now nearly over, thou mayest rest easy, and not feel constrained to haste homeward on that account. My reasons for having house cleaning done in thy absence was to prevent thee from ex-

posing thyself and working too hard. My heart often is pained to see thee taking so much care and trouble, and appear so fatigued, and I well knew thou wouldst do more than any one beside, if about house when such operations were going on."

6th month, 30th, 1832.

"The acceptable letter of my own loved one came safely to hand yesterday, and truly it was warmly welcomed. My heart was cheered in hearing of your being both well. My little H., too, is so sweet and lovely that really I can hardly resist the inclination to take my departure for the purpose of joining you to-day * * * I have had some further consultation with sisters about moving, and have also spoken to father. The latter, after I mentioned all the circumstances, appeared to approve of the proposed change as being likely to administer to thy comfort. Sisters and myself, after considering the matter in its various bearings and consequences, unite in believing it would be better for us to keep the concern until the commencement of vacation, which will begin the 28th of next month, four weeks from to-day. * * * It is most delightful weather and I suppose thou, my love, fully enjoys it; dear little Han. too, her father misses her very much and often thinks and speaks of her. It is not, I know, necessary for me to say so to thee, for thou well knowest that thou art my dearest earthly treasure.

Whether I see you to-day or not, I remain with love to kind brother and sister, and kiss to baby, thy affectionate friend, brother and husband.

J. M. W."

8th month, 9th, 1832.

"Writing or talking to my loved one is so pleasing an employment, that I could not think of taking half a sheet to send her, although one might suppose that having parted with thee only this morning I could have nothing to say to fill a whole one. * * I will, if nothing prevents, send thee a 'Cholera Express' to-morrow. To-day 154 new cases and 58 deaths are reported, considerable increase from yesterday! The President of the Kensington Bank died yesterday with cholera, and the Cashier of Commercial Bank is ill of it. * * * While at Woodbury this morning I felt a little sick, and procured some crude camphor of G. M. Paul, which relieved me entirely, and after the stage set off, felt no more of it.

I had a feeling that for my part, if it was the Divine pleasure that I should die, that for many and various considerations I could not wish to live. Not that I am tired of the cares and difficulties of life, but because since it is from our Heavenly Father that we have life and health and all things, if it is His plan to take us, it must be best; for what Christian doubts that He orders all things aright. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission, surely those who know the Lord, have nothing to fear in being taken from this world, and perhaps an early removal may be the best thing that could have happened. Many misses and slips that might have overtaken us will be avoided; and of what advantage would or could it be to live in this world if so doing was contrary to the will of Providence."

Phila., 11th month, 11th, 1833.

My Dear Wife:—As I expect to receive a letter from thee during thy visit to Woodbury, believe it best to set thee an example by sending thee one, although having nothing to say that looks at all interesting, beyond informing thee how we all are. Dear little Hannah spent the afternoon of First day at aunties' and enjoyed herself much. I called for her after meeting and brought her home. My friend, G. H., called and we all took tea from the circular table, (my notion) Hannah demeaning herself very well. After tea I undressed her and she, helping me carry the lamp, went very quietly and sweetly to bed, wide awake. She rested well, better than usual, with the exception that towards three o'clock, finding herself in bed with me she said, 'Kiss dah,' and crawled up and put her wide open mouth on my face and said, 'Dah.' And when I got up a little before four to call the girls, she called out very pitifully for 'Baba.' This morning she was quite well, and has been so all day, and a very good little girl. She says, 'Mover and baby gone Derdy,' and sometimes adds 'meeting.' She sends love to 'mover and baby.'

* * * * *

I feel as though not one idea could be got at to write anything more, and if this epistle, or scrawl rather, is dull and uninteresting, it is because the writer is incapable of doing better, who if he knows his own feelings, is very willing to say and do many things to interest thee, and who feels himself very unworthy of the many continued favors and mercies bestowed upon him in many, very many

ways. And he esteems it not the least to have a wife given him whom he entirely loves and confides in. Kiss to dear little Sally from her father and sister, and with love to all, I remain thy affectionate husband."

J. M. WHITALL.

Phila., 11th month, 13th, 1833.

"The acceptable favor of my dear Mary came safely to hand about one o'clock this day by John Watson, and truly it was welcome * *

Dear little Hannah shows many traits of the fallen nature, but she also finds her father firm to deny her of such things as would be improper for her to have, and which causes considerable squalling at times, yet I think she improves in this respect. * * *

Fifth day morning bright and early. Dear little Hannah says, 'I want writen e mover,' so I resign the pen to her. * * * As I said in the forepart of this sheet, yesterday I conceived Hannah was a little unwell, but find I was mistaken. She slept well, and this morning is as bright and lovely as a baby need be; she is sitting beside me playing with all the tea-spoons she can reach from the breakfast table, and just now she seized my pen and said, 'Write e mover.' She kissed this sheet for mother and baby. Dear little girl, my heart yearns over her and my prayers at times arise that she may early experience redeeming grace to guide her and keep her from the evil which abounds in the world, and little Sally too. I would rather, than that they should grow up graceless, if it were the will of their Heavenly Father, to follow them to an early grave. So farewell, my own dearly beloved one, says thy

Affectionate husband,

J. M. W."

The little Sally referred to in these letters was born 3d month, 7th, 1833, in the Ninth st. house. In 1834, 9th month, 3d, a little boy James was added to the family, and on 2d month, 24th, 1836, the youngest daughter Mary was born. These four have lived to maturity, and have had the sweet joy and privilege of ministering to the declining years of their tenderly lov-

ing parents. Another baby boy named John S., was born 10th month, 5th, 1840, whose bright and sunny little life was cut short at the early age of two and a half years. He was an uncommonly lovely child, and the especial delight of our father, whose guileless and childlike nature seemed always to respond in a peculiar way to baby life. I remember very well the fun he and his baby boy would have together at the table, when the time came for the silent moment of thanksgiving, with which we always began our meals. Johnny would roguishly clap his fat little hands and call out, "Farver, come put down Johnny's hands." Our father would rise and go over to the little high chair, but no sooner would he reach it than Johnny would put his hands demurely under the table, and looking as solemn as a judge, would say, "Johnny good boy now, farver may sit down." Our father upon this would return to his seat, but as soon as he was comfortably seated, up would go Johnny's hands again, and he would burst into a fit of roguish laughter and again call out, "Farver, come put Johnny's hands down." Over and over would this scene be enacted, and hard as our father would try to show disapproval, he could not help entering into the fun of it, and would laugh almost as much as Johnny. He often used to say that he was afraid if Johnny had lived he would have been spoiled, and though his death was a great grief, our parents accepted it with peaceful resignation, as being the sweet will of God and therefore surely best.

CHAPTER IX

HOME LIFE.

OUR father's home life with his family was to our recollection of it simply perfect. He seemed to leave nothing to be desired either as a father or a husband, and I cannot imagine how children could have been happier than we were.

My sister Mary has supplied some reminiscences of our childhood, and she says one of her sweetest recollections is connected with our father's tender care of us when we were sick. She can recall, she says, the very flowers on the old wrapper he used to wear when he nursed us, and against which we would lay our heads as he rocked us in his strong arms, the creaking rocking chair familiar to our childhood, keeping time to the sing song of the childish verses with which he used to console us. And she adds, "So thoroughly delightful was it to be taken up out of our beds at night, and soothed to sleep again by him, that it would have sometimes been almost a temptation to have feigned a little indisposition, if it had not been for our father's utter and uncompromising contempt for all shams, which he impressed so strongly upon all around him, that we would not have dared to brave his unquali-

fied displeasure. Although he was most indulgent and affectionate in every way, and careful to put no restrictions upon our freedom that were unnecessary, yet we well understood that we must be truthful and honorable, 'open and above board,' as he used to say, if we wanted to meet the approval of him whom we loved so well."

One New Year's day, after we were all married, we daughters presented our father with a new and handsome wrapper, each of us putting a little note in one of its pockets. The only one that has been preserved is from my sister Mary, and it so exactly expresses the feelings of all the rest of us that I cannot refrain from inserting it.

My dear precious Father,

"As I sat down to write my note to go in the pocket of thy new wrapper—the thought of thy first wrapper, that old calico one that flourished in the days of my babyhood—came over my mind, and I cannot restrain the tears as I think of the many times I was enfolded in thy dear arms, and rocked so tenderly to sleep, with my head resting against that old wrapper.

I shall not love this wrapper as well—but I shall love the dear darling wearer better and better, if that could be—he is the same dear father that he always was, his kindness, and tenderness and love only increase with years. May this wrapper too, grow old in thy service, and the next one be made by a bevy of loving granddaughters—is the New Year's wish of thy

BABY."

This same sister also contributes the following :

"Our father's return home from his counting-room in the evening, was a daily recurring joy to us, and was looked forward to as the brightest time of all. Our little heads were generally to be seen peeping out of the front door every few minutes about the usual

time for his return, watching for the first sign of the well beloved face in the distance. Then when he finally arrived, came the shout of childish joy, and plenty of hugs and kisses, and after the first eager question 'Where's mother?' had been answered, the next thing was a game of romps, with all of us hanging around him and climbing over him, our cup of happiness full to the brim with his companionship. Then, when the supper bell rang, I can almost see him now, tottering down stairs to the dining-room, with our brother in one arm, and me in the other, and Hannah and Sally hanging on to his coat tails. After supper, came romps again, and then we were carried, and coaxed off to bed, and undressed and 'tucked up' by our lovely father-nurse, who thus relieved our dear mother for a little rest after the tender and watchful care she had taken of us all day in his absence. And he would leave us at last to a happy sleep, made all the happier by the consciousness we had of his nightly unuttered but never omitted prayer beside our beds."

Very few letters or records have been preserved of these happy years of our childhood. There is one however, dated 1840, which gives a little glimpse into our father's hearty sympathy in all our interests, and which I therefore insert especially for the benefit of the grandchildren. It was when I was eight years old, and a cousin of ours in the country had sent us a rhyming rebus, to which my father wrote the following answer for me to copy, and I remember to this day what a grand triumph of genius it seemed to me then:

Philadelphia, 4th month, 5th, 1840.

Thy Franklin street cos guessed half of its name,
So she has but won only half of the fame;
Mother guessed the rest, but at home she must stay
And not run about to romp and to play.
James and I have many bright hopes
Of coming to the country to jump our ropes;
And there we can run and scream, without fear,

Of disturbing the folk who are listening here,
 And mother can't say, "Don't laugh so loud!
 You will rouse the neighbors, and draw a crowd."
 Although the "Tree-frog" we never have seen,
 When we come to the country, dear cousin, I mean
 To ask thee to tell me if it should happen to sing
 Its "sweet little note which is heard in the spring."
 But I find I have exhausted my poetical store,
 So please to excuse me from writing much more.
 When thee reads this letter most plainly thee'll see
 There is very little jingle in thy cousin.

HANNAH T.

P. S.

But one word more—a charade I will send,
 Which last night by my good father was penned..
 Mother says whoever guesses its name,
 When they come to town shall be treated to some of the same..

CHARADE.

My first is a substance, in winter or summer is found
 On the fields, in the rivers, or placed under ground.
 I'm useful to Doctors, I'm used at the bar,
 And often to India I'm carried from far.

My second swims lightly twixt earth and the sky,
 And though certainly floating, am not very high;
 I spring from another, as Minerva was said
 To have sprung from old Jupiter, direct from his head.

My whole has a body, but is without mind,
 I'm pretty to look at, and a delicate viand,
 The weary I comfort, the sick I restore,
 And those who once taste me are apt to want more.

Farewell, thy affectionate cousin.

H. T. WHITALL.

The only letter of our father's written during these
 years that has been preserved is one sent to his three

youngest children, when he had gone on a journey to Boston, etc., with our mother and aunt Hannah, taking me with them.

"Boston, 8th month, 20th, 1847.

My dear Sally, James and Mary : Your very acceptable letters without date, but written last Third day, welcomed our arrival here yesterday, and we were truly glad to have them, and to know that dear James got safely home from Bristol, and that you are all well.

* * * * *

Sister H. is so full of enjoyment that she has no time to write, and sees so much that she can hardly tell anything I reckon she will pour out when she gets home.

It seems long since we left the sweet, quiet cottage, which after all exceeds any place I have ever seen ; and all that we need to fill our cup of satisfaction are hearts truly grateful to the bountiful Giver of these rich blessings. And may we all cultivate a more ardent desire and fuller determination to endeavor to seek the Lord more diligently than we heretofore have done, for truly His favor is better than life, and the knowledge of Him more to be desired than rich treasure. And if I could have one wish granted for my beloved children, it would be that they might be of the Lord's flock of humble dependent ones, who look to Him alone for preservation and have all their expectation from Him. Farewell, dear ones. Love to cousin E. Tatum and all, from your affectionate father.

J. M. WHITALL."

This single letter is all the record that has been preserved in writing of the happy years of our early childhood. But there is an indelible record of the long, sunshiny time left in the hearts of the children, whose young lives were brightened by a sympathy and love from both father and mother that seemed to leave us nothing to wish for. Our parents were not rich, and had to deny us many luxuries, but what they did give, was given so heartily and with such a genuine expression

of desire that it could have been a great deal more, that we forgot the slim realities, and felt ourselves as rich as the wishes would have made us. On one occasion during his business difficulties, our father, whose sterling honesty would not allow him to use, in any unnecessary thing, the money which he felt belonged to his creditors, gave us at Christmas each twenty-five cents, saying, as he handed it out, in his dear, hearty way, that he wished from the bottom of his heart it could have been five dollars; and that twenty-five cents immediately became to us as precious and valuable as a gold piece would have been, for it brought with it the untold wealth of a father's love. And poor as we were, there were no happier children in Philadelphia I am sure. Our father used to say that he believed in everybody having a happy childhood "tucked under their jacket," for he was convinced it made a better manhood and womanhood. And he and our dear mother took care that our lives should be blessed with this priceless boon. In looking back, it seems to me that there was absolutely no cloud over my childhood's sky. Troubles dark enough clouded the skies of our parents, but they never touched us, and through all the cares and self-denials of their years of poverty, we children were as free from care as the birds or the lilies, and had our necessary crosses so sweetened to us by love, that we never were even conscious of their existence.

We had no grand country seat for our summer sojourn, and our parents could not afford to take us to watering places, but we had what was far better to us—a tiny little cottage situated in a beautiful piece of hilly woods,

through which ran several clear streams, emptying into a creek of tide water at the foot of the hills. It was just the place to afford us endless resources for the sort of healthy, natural fun that our parents believed in, and that we enjoyed infinitely more than any more artificial pleasures. This was the "sweet, quiet cottage" of which our father's letter, just quoted, speaks, as being so dear to him. It belonged to our mother, and was situated on what was then a country road near the main street of Woodbury, but is now a street lined with dwellings and called Delaware Avenue. The house, when we first went to it, contained only four rooms, and must, of course, have been very inconvenient and cramped. But our father turned all this into fun, and seemed never to get tired of the joke of being able to lie in bed and talk all over the house. We were wonderfully happy there, and he as much as any of us. After a while the house was enlarged a little, but the dear old woods were never touched. It was truly, as our mother would sometimes lament, "nature with her hair uncombed," but this suited us children far better than any amount of culture could have done, for it left us free to frolic as we pleased. And our "country place," I am sure, was more to us in the way of actual enjoyment, than any of the grand places to which some of our school-mates went.

A few extracts from a diary kept by myself during the years of my girlhood will give a little picture of our family life. One of the young people of the present day said to me not long ago, with rather an accent of pity, "It seems to me you did not do anything much to

amuse yourselves when you were young :” and I answered promptly, “We did not need to. We had our father and mother, and they made the sunshine of our lives.” I cannot imagine a happier child than I was, and yet as to amusements I cannot remember that I had any special ones.

On 12th month, 29th, 1849, I wrote :

“What a happy, happy home is ours! I could not but think of it to-day, as the merry jokes and tones of heart-felt pleasure echoed around our family table; and this evening, too, as we gathered together in our comfortable parlor, it came over me with a thrill of perfect joy. Father was sitting on one end of the sofa, leaning his head on one hand, with his other hand resting on mother’s lap; she sat next, and my head was in her lap, and I occupied the rest of the sofa, I have no doubt gracefully and well! Sallie was sitting in a chair at the end of the sofa, leaning her head on father’s shoulder, and ‘Lop-no-nose’ was seated at all our feet, first leaning on one then on another, all of us talking as hard as we could, and feeling as if there was nothing wanting but our absent, dearly-loved Jim, to make our happiness complete.”

At another time during the same year, I made the following entry :

“A glorious day, and I have had a glorious ride on our pony Rollo, with my own dear, kind father, who is always giving us so much pleasure. We went around by the Wissahickon, and I felt almost overwhelmed by its exceeding beauty. I really believe I have for a father one of the, or rather *the* noblest, kindest-hearted man in the world; and his praises are in every one’s mouth. I do not believe any girl was ever happier than I am. A few of my father’s pleasant jests made in the morning, when I am brushing his hat or coat for him to go out, will fill my heart with sunshine for the whole day. Oh, I do love my home better than any other place I know of, and I am home-sick if I leave it for a single night.”

On 10th month, 12th, 1850, I wrote :

“We have had such a pleasant time this evening ; all of us at home together the first time for months. It was lovely before tea when we were all sitting in the parlor, Jim leaning his head on father’s shoulder, Sallie resting on the arm of the sofa, Poll the other side of father, and mother in her rocking-chair, with me on a low bench at her side. Mother repeated ‘The Lord will provide,’ or rather chanted it, just as she used to do when she used to sing us to sleep with it. I do not think there is any poem that I love so well as this, for it is connected with my moments of greatest happiness during my childhood ; and always when I hear it, it seems as if I can feel myself shuddering again, as I used to do over the line, ‘When Satan appears to block up our path,’ when I took every word literally, and pictured to myself an awful, great, black man, with arms outstretched, suddenly standing before us in a narrow path. I can just remember how we used to lay our heads in mother’s lap while she chanted this hymn, and it will always have something holy in it to me, because of her, so that I think I could hardly bear to hear any one else repeat it. After she had finished it to-night, father chanted ‘Mary Dow,’ in the same old tone of years ago, when all of us used to sit in his dear lap together and almost cry over poor Mary’s sorrows, and wonder when she would come to fulfil the promise of the last line, and ‘tell us the rest.’ He remembered, too, part of another dear old piece called ‘Phœbe and the Black-berries,’ beginning with—

‘Why, Phœbe, are you come so soon ;
Where are your berries, child ?
You surely have not sold them all—
You had a basket piled.’

And I remember how I could never thoroughly enjoy this piece, because I thought that last line meant that she had a *pie* in her basket, and as pies in those days were very important matters to me, it distressed me very much that the piece did not tell whether Phoebe ate the pie or not. These two pieces I remember used to be printed on little handkerchiefs, which were our particular admiration in those days, and which I would give anything to see again.

To-night almost seemed like one of those primitive times come back, and it was very happy. I do not think the thought of our age or responsibilities once intruded itself. But we cannot have such a time again for a great while, for next fourth day Jim, our darling Jim, returns to Haverford and leaves us brotherless. It makes me feel very sad, for we have so thoroughly enjoyed his being at home, and do love him so much. I am sure every one must think he is a fine fellow, and I believe they do, too. I could not help thinking to-night, as we sat there all together, what a happy family band we were, and what a blessing it was to us that we know it and feel it. I believe I do not know any children who have so many enjoyments clustered in their home as we have, though I know many whose parents are far richer. But, really, our parents could not do more to make us happy than they do."

I find also copied into my diary a letter from my dear father, written to me during the year 1849, on my seventeenth birthday :

*"Steamer 'State of Maine,' at anchor off Long Island Sound in a
Snow-storm. 2d month, 6th, 1849.*

"I remember, my dear eldest child, that if thou art favored to see the light of another day, to-morrow thou wilt be seventeen years old. I have noticed that those who have been most useful in their day, and whose memoirs have been given to posterity, were in the habit of annually reviewing their past lives on their birth-days, making resolves to live holier and more devoted lives in future ; and if they found they had missed their course, endeavored to gather wisdom from their past experience, and to be particularly careful to avoid the same faults. One of the very best, and I may say the only effectual means of improvement is for the young and old to seek for Divine help, to look for and expect it in all contingencies and under all circumstances. We have many consoling promises in Holy Scripture that they that seek the Lord shall find Him. Our dear Saviour has said that he that cometh to Him He will in no-wise cast out. Thou may say, 'But how shall I come to the Saviour?' That is indeed a very important and weighty question, and involves all that nearly concerns us. Our dear Lord has said of

Himself, 'I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness;' and blessed forever be His Holy Name, I do believe that He manifests Himself to every sincerely seeking soul. In order that we may become acquainted with the inward appearance of Christ in the heart, it seems necessary that we should pass through certain refining processes; it is necessary that the glory of this world should be stained in our view. The poor soul is often introduced into great distress; doubts and fears perplex the mind; the evil spirit tempts us to doubt our Saviour's power, and even His existence; and should this, my dear child, be thy experience, be not moved thereat. The knowledge of Christ as our Saviour, and a sensible feeling of His love and good presence is, I believe, the pearl of great price, and is fully worth seeking after with all our hearts; and if we find it, we should be like the merchant seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found it, sold all that he had and bought that pearl. If it pleased our Heavenly Father to make us good at a word, He could do it, but then we would be in danger of soon losing it. If, however, we suffer much, are brought into deep mental conflicts, are, as it were, chased by our soul's enemy, and feel as if we were in danger of falling into his hands, then it is that we are brought to look to the dear Saviour. And He allows these conflicts for the very purpose of making us acquainted with Himself. There is no danger that He will leave us in the power of the cruel adversary. He knows well all of our conflicts, and they are absolutely necessary. If we look up to Him in confidence, and ever so feebly implore His heavenly aid, He will, when He sees that we have suffered enough, and that we are brought to feel that we have no help but in Him, arise with healing in His wings. And then we shall know indeed that His countenance is lovely, that we have the pearl of great price, and we shall experience the fulfilling, as I verily believe, of that eternal life our Saviour speaks of when He says: 'This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'

"When I was about thy age, my dear daughter, it pleased my dear Heavenly Father to stand in my path, and to convince me of my great sinfulness and of the need I stood in of His aid and help. And I have earnestly desired that it might please Him to meet with my children and draw them to Himself. Oh! there is nothing would please me better than that my children should become the

Lord's children indeed, take Him for their portion, and make it their first business to seek His face and favor. I believe it is the duty of every one daily to seek the Lord, to wait upon Him in their minds, oftener than the rising sun to endeavor to turn the mind towards Him, pray for the light of His Spirit, look to Him for help to keep us in His fear, and strive to watch over our thoughts and words, as if in His holy presence. The thought presses upon me whether we cannot watch over each other for good. Can we not pray for one another? I often pray for thee, dost thou for me? It is surely a duty, and I believe the Lord hears the prayers of those who fear Him.

Give love to dear mother, and sisters, and brother with a large portion to thyself from thy affectionate father.

J. M. WHITALL."

CHAPTER X.

BUSINESS LIFE.

BY the time we had grown up our father's business affairs had become much more prosperous than they had been during our early childhood, and the story of his experiences in this line is such a teaching one, and contains so many valuable lessons for his grandsons, that I will try to record as clear an idea of it as possible, for their especial benefit.

The first and most essential characteristic of his business life was this—that he made the Lord literally his partner, and did nothing without consulting Him, and seeking to discover His will. He would often wait in silence when opportunity offered, trying to feel what course of action seemed right and best to follow, and he has frequently told us that whenever he waited until the light came and then followed it, he had never been deceived. In the matter of entering into the Dry Goods business, he acted as we have seen, without any clear light, and always felt that he suffered in consequence. And this lesson made him more careful afterward to listen for and obey the voice of his Divine Monitor in all his business transactions. And yet this was com-

bined with a most prompt, and quick habit of action when promptness and quickness were necessary.

There have been many men in the various walks of life who have exemplified the Christian character to the honor of their Master. We read of such among statesmen and philanthropists, and lawyers, and physicians; and it is well that there should be also instances of men who, like our father, in the midst of a business career, among business men, and amid all the vicissitudes, and perplexities, and temptations of a business life, have exemplified the integrity, the courtesy, the energy and the enterprise, which characterized him. Every such business man helps to exalt the calling above the low level of mere money-getting, and clothes it with the dignity of service to the Lord.

The word *upright* in its deepest significance seemed to be peculiarly applicable to him. And he was so exceedingly sensitive on the point of owing money, that while he was in debt he was scrupulous about the expenditure of a single penny which was not an absolute necessity for living, not even allowing himself the indulgence of a plate of ice cream, or the treat of a lecture, or of a journey. One of his favorite proverbs in regard to the use of money was, that the "best investment a man could make of his money was to pay his debts," and no hope of enlarging his profits by any speculation, however promising it might look, could tempt him to swerve from this principle.

His pleasant, genial manner, combined with his perfectly honorable dealings, made him very popular among business men, and "Captain Whitall," as he was very

commonly called in business circles, was always warmly greeted wherever he went.

His own record of his business experiences written after he was seventy years old, will tell the story better than any other could tell it for him. He says :

“In my business relations matters at first moved on slowly. The retail Dry Goods trade was a slim concern for a man accustomed as I had been, to deal with men, and the profits were small. In about one year after commencing the retail trade way seemed to open to enter into the wholesale business with my friend John C. Capp. This was not done without seeking best direction, but suppose I did not seek it earnestly enough, as I have often thought the whole Dry Goods plan was a mistake; and yet it may have been permitted to humble and keep me low. Heretofore in all my conclusions, on asking of the Lord His guidance, He was mercifully pleased to grant my request, but in this Dry Goods affair I appeared to be left to myself. I continued with J. C. Capp for about five years, making no money, only a living. Our losses were heavy, designing men cheating us. In 1835 we parted, J. C. C., going into the manufacturing business, and I went on in the wholesale trade. In the terrible crisis of 1837, I found it out of the question to continue the business, but must give up. On seeking to the Lord for guidance in this matter, He told me when would be the best time. I then, by a written notice, called all my creditors together, and laid every thing open before them, as I was told to do by the Lord as plainly as though I had heard an outward voice. It was unexpected to many, for my credit was good; I had always met all my obligations and could have gone on. But the business was risky; I had tried it for about seven years and made only a living, having in this time lost all my own capital, and at the time of my failure had nothing left. All the means in the business now belonged to my creditors. It was my duty to seek their advice, which I did under Divine direction, and He made way for me where I saw no way. The creditors appointed a committee to examine my books, &c. They reported to a called meeting that I owed \$105,000; that I had in money, merchandize, and apparently good debts about the same amount. They recommended the creditors to

accept 75 cents on the dollar, payable in instalments, beginning in four months, and every two months thereafter an instalment until the whole 75 cents should be paid. This was agreed to by nearly all. I owed no borrowed money, so that there was no trouble with that. It has always appeared to me a very great wrong for business men to go on by borrowing money, when their own resources are exhausted. They borrow from their friends, or buy when they are unable to pay, and thus risk other people's property, and finally wind up, having lost their own, if ever they had anything, also all that they could borrow or otherwise get, before they will submit to the mortification of failing. This is all wrong and a great want of courage. The excellent rules and advices in the Discipline of Friends cannot be improved upon in relation to insolvents. It is also worthy of note that some time before I failed, I heard the gentle caution of the Good Spirit to stop buying goods; this I attended to, and my burden was consequently lighter when the day of trial came.

This arrangement with my creditors took place about the end of the 6th month, 1837. Immediately afterwards I began to realize my assets, and as soon as sufficient was collected to pay one instalment it was done at once, without waiting for the maturity of the note. A kind Providence assisted me, so that in less than twelve months, the twelve instalments were paid, thus clearing me from any legal obligation for old debts. I desire here to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to the Lord, my God, for all His mercies, the least of which I am unworthy of. And why did He hear and help in the day of trial and adversity, but because He is love? Blessed forever and praised be His holy Name."

Although thus legally released from all indebtedness by the payment of seventy-five cents in the dollar, our father's high sense of honor would not permit him to feel satisfied until he had paid the remaining twenty-five cents, and we can remember during all our childhood the economy practised by our parents in order to accomplish this, and the constant sense we had of the prayers that were going up, and the trust in the Lord

that was exercised in reference to it. In 1850 this longed for consummation was reached, and every creditor was paid in full, principal and interest, the remaining twenty-five cents in every dollar. Our father thus records this event:

"In the year 1850 was settled the twenty-five per cent. of my old debts with the interest, amounting altogether to over \$50,000, to the great satisfaction of my late creditors, who sent me a costly pitcher and salver, suitably inscribed. I value this only as an evidence that my creditors appreciated my motives. It is cause of deep gratitude and praise to our Heavenly Father that He gave me the means, and also the mind and will to pay so large an amount. Truly I felt an inexpressible pleasure in sending the cash, principal and interest, to those who had lost by me. During these years of failure, mortification and close trial, we felt it right to deny all luxuries in every direction. I did not feel at liberty to buy ice-cream, &c., nor to go to lectures, nor indeed to spend money unnecessarily in any way. In this my precious wife fully joined me. The fact is she has been to me the very sweetest and best wife that man ever had. She is well worth having been waited six years for."

A Friend living in the far West, whose early life was spent in Philadelphia, hearing that this account was being prepared, writes as follows:

"I hope H. W. S. will mention her father's payment of both principal and interest of his debts, after his business misfortunes in early life, and the notices of it in the Philadelphia Press, as the 'Honest Quaker Merchant.' I remember being very much impressed with it; and now that there is so much of the reverse I think that it might do much good."

We regret exceedingly that none of these newspaper notices were preserved; but although young at the

time, the event made such an indelible impression upon us that the lessons it taught can never be effaced. To be in debt has seemed to us ever since an almost intolerable burden; and to strain every nerve to pay one's debts at the very earliest moment practicable, has looked like an absolute necessity of any upright and honorable living. And I fervently hope that this record of our father's uprightness may have in some small degree at least, the same effect over those who read it, as the life itself had upon those who witnessed it, and may help to raise the standard of morality on the subject of indebtedness, which seems of late to have fallen so lamentably low, even among Christian men and women.

Our father never opened his mouth to speak in a public assembly in the name of his Master until after his debts were all paid, principal and interest. He felt for himself personally that he was called to this course, rightly judging that the Lord could accomplish the work of helping souls by other instrumentalities if He pleased, but that he himself was the only instrumentality which could be used for the payment of his own debts and the support of his own family. And he consequently felt that he must bend all his energies to this point until it was accomplished.

His story thus continues:

"Pretty soon after my failure I came to the conclusion that the Dry Goods trade was not for me, and began to cast about for some other business. At New Year's, 1838, my friends, G. M. H. and W. S., the former having married my sister Sarah, invited me to join them in the manufacture of glass vials, bottles, &c. They had been

in the business a couple of years, and Thomas Booth, who was associated with them, was sick and desirous to sell out. After considering the subject, and asking Divine direction, way opened for me to join them. Our business prospered and I soon found my right niche in it. I recollect when visiting the glass works before joining the concern, being much struck with its efficiency, and of course was pleased. But in looking into the whole arrangements at that time, without knowing anything about it, I was unpleasantly struck with their having a pretty large stock of drugs taken in exchange, and after I joined them way opened to decline that sort of business. I mention this to show that we have a good Guide, who as we look to Him will infallibly lead us aright. As I had a little capital gathered up from the debris of my old business, we were able to get along without borrowing money from scarcely any quarter, which is an immense relief in business. My new partners soon found this out, and henceforward we had no more trouble in that respect. Heavenly Father blessed us together, gave us wisdom and discretion in managing the business; gave us favor with our customers, and a quick perception as to the state of things in competing for the market. My hope and trust was in the Lord, and He never failed me. It was cause then and is now of humble gratitude to God for His merciful care, and guidance and help in our business. Praises be to His holy Name! "Who ever trusted in the Lord and was confounded?" I can truly say I never was. Often when starting from home on business tours, discouragements seemed almost to overwhelm me, the competition was so powerful. Yet through it all, as I kept near my Heavenly Father, I often felt His encouraging Presence, which was truly a great support. In all the trials of my life He has been my help and my stay, and when in seasons of great distress He has been pleased to lift up the light of His blessed countenance upon me, who can describe the joy and peace that followed? If the Lord be for us, who can be against us?

"The business continued to prosper. My beloved sister, Sarah M. Haverstick, died on 23th of 10th mo., 1838, and in a few years G. M. H. was married again, but soon after, losing this wife also, his spirits were so affected that he decided to withdraw from the business, leaving William Scattergood and myself in. W. S. resided at Millville and I at Philadelphia. Somewhere about 1845 W. S. concluded to retire, leaving me alone in the business. I offered my dear brother

Franklin a position in the concern, which he accepted, and went to Millville to take charge of the glass works there. This was an important change. He had a thorough business education, and brought the results of it into his new situation. Our business at Millville had largely increased, and required a skilful head to properly manage the numerous details. My brother fully understood this, and carried out so many wise arrangements that to this day the concern is greatly indebted to him for the order, system and thoroughness which he introduced. Our affairs continued to prosper, with the Divine blessing, although many trials still attended. Often subjects of great doubt as to what was best to be done would arise. In all such cases I had an unfailing Friend to lay the matter before, and ask His direction; and, blessed forever be His name, I always, in one way or another, received the desire of my heart. Sometimes a sense of what ought to be done was given me, and at others the thing came about by Providence; that is, outward events showed the right way. Once, when very much troubled at some men who were endeavoring to evade a plain contract, I dreamed that with a rope I securely tied the whole company. The agent was a particularly tricky man, who appeared in the shape of a serpent, and I secured him by several turns of the rope, so tightly drawn that he was harmless. When I awoke I felt perfectly easy about the contract, and so it proved. These things are recorded to show the great value and safety of trusting in the Lord, and seeking His advice in all important matters. Indeed, when I look back at the mercies, favors, directions, forgivings and protections of our God and Saviour, I am lost in wonder, love and praise—'wonder,' that the Lord should care for one so poor and unworthy; 'love,' because He first loved His poor worm of the dust; 'praise,' because it is His due, and His only.

"In 1847 our business had so increased that we needed a larger warehouse in Philadelphia than the one we occupied in Third st. Although I had not yet paid off the remaining twenty-five per cent. of my old debts, yet I felt at liberty to build a store-house to accommodate our wants. A lot of ground offering on Race st., below Fourth, my brother Franklin and self bought it, and caused to be erected the store now numbered 408 and 410."

A few memoranda from our father's diary during these years have been preserved:

"12th month, 31st, 1841.—This is the last day of the year. Oh, that I may be favored by Divine aid to pass through the coming one, if my life be prolonged, with less sin, and more of dedication of heart to the Lord. It is a favor to have our spirits tendered under a sense of our weakness and sinfulness, and to be able to wrestle for a sanctified heart and for the fear of the Lord. 'The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.' Greatly do I desire to be preserved in this blessed fear."

"1st month, 2d, 1842, *First Day*.—In this morning's meeting, after a time of trial with wandering thoughts, I was favored with a little glimpse of the Beloved of souls. A Friend appeared in testimony, when, to my grief, my thoughts wandered from their centre, and although two other Friends spoke, I did not regain what I had lost. The afternoon meeting was, the forepart of it, a trying season, yet this text was brought to my mind and dwelt with me: 'Revive thy work in the midst of the years.' After a while, our beloved friend, Sarah Hillman, supplicated that 'the Lord would revive His work in the midst of the years, even in the midst of the years of one who had heard the voice of the Lord, but had not obeyed.' Ah, that He may be pleased in His great mercy and compassion to do so! Help me, oh Lord Jesus, or I am lost forever."

"10th month 2d, 1848 —We have removed to our new store and warehouse in Race St., above Fourth. It is my desire that I should not be lifted up nor feel that by our own wisdom or ability we had been able to build such a warehouse. Far be it from me to take to myself any credit in the matter. It is all of pure mercy that I have been helped hitherto so to order our business as to lead to successful results. Praise and thanks are due to that kind Providence who has blessed me in many ways, and who at times has permitted even me, a poor worm of the dust, to hope in His mercy, and to feel the blessed presence of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The narrative continues:—

"Our business continuing to be blessed, I bought a house in Seventh St., above Noble, in which we lived until 1850, when we moved, 12th month, 15th, to a house 1317 Filbert St., which we had built, selling the one in Seventh St."

This house in Filbert st. continued to be his home until his death, and our dear mother still resides there. This is the house the grandchildren all remember, and which is full of so many delightful associations to every one of them, connected with the numberless pleasures and enjoyments provided for them there by the kindest and sweetest grandpa and grandma that ever lived. In grandma's closet there was nearly always cake, and in grandpa's pocket new "quarters" for the "youngsters," as grandpa used to call them. And always there was the heartiest of welcomes and the tenderest of love for all the band, from the oldest to the youngest, from "um tweet," who was the first grandchild, down to "the Boss," and the little pair from Baltimore, called "Us," who were the last. In this house the famous New Years' parties were held, when all the children and grandchildren would gather around the ample family table in the large dining-room, sometimes sitting down as many as thirty-four together, when the grandchildren would all sing a New Year's song of greeting to the grand-parents, and the youngest baby present, after the dinner was removed, would toddle up and down the whole length of the long table from grandpa to grandma, amid the shouts of all the other children. None of us will ever forget these New Years' parties. And whatever changes may come, 1317 Filbert St. will always be a place of sweet and joyous memories. One circumstance connected with the building of this house is worth recording. A friend of mine who lived opposite, named Madgie C., joined with me in preparing a box to be buried under the corner-stone of the house

when it was building. We collected interesting newspaper cuttings and various little books, also some family records, and finally an original poem, of which, I am sorry to say, no copy is extant, and enclosed them in a carefully sealed box. Our father entered into our notion with his usual hearty sympathy, and gave us the pleasure of his dear company in the impressive ceremony of burying our box beneath the corner-stone.

Our father thus notes some of the circumstances of this removal.

“To show the wholesome care exercised by the Society of Friends over their members, I would say here that when I failed, the Northern District Monthly Meeting received my acknowledgment, and continued me a member. When about moving into this new house in Filbert street, an Overseer of that meeting called to inquire about the remainder of my old debts. I showed my check book, in which the balance was ready to be paid off. This of course satisfied him, and when we asked for a Certificate of removal to Western District Monthly Meeting, a minute was made stating that I had honorably paid off all my old debts with the interest.”

In this year of 1850 our parents had been married twenty years, and our father, who was always full of these delicate attentions, wrote a little poem to our mother, which fortunately has been preserved.

“ Ah, Mary, my darling, so sweet, and so precious,
’Tis twenty years now since I gave thee my love.
I have proved thee in trials both many and various,
A true-hearted wife, a sweet gift from above.

“ My heart often tells me I’m very unworthy
To have such a dear one entrusted to me.
I know it, I know it ! But then she’s so lovely,
She makes my own home so delightful to me.

“ May He who in mercy hath joined us together,
Continue His light and His love as till now ;
May He bless thee, dear creature, with heavenly treasure,
With wisdom and truth thy sweet spirit endow.

“ Twenty years is it then we have journeyed together,
Yes ! truly this heart can with confidence say,
Twenty years that are passed seem one long dream of pleasure,
A bright and a beautiful mid-summer's day.

“ Thy children surround and do love thee most dearly,
Thy husband thinks naught in this world is so fair ;
He feels and he knows that he's very unworthy
To have such a sweet wife placed under his care.”

CHAPTER X.

MIDDLE LIFE.

IN the autumn of 1851, soon after our removal to the house in Filbert street, the first break for many years was made in our family circle, by my marriage on 11th mo., 5th, 1851, to Robert Pearsall Smith, son of J. Jay and Rachel Pearsall Smith, of Germantown. Four years afterward my sister Sarah married on 5th mo., 2d, 1855, William H. Nicholson, of "Linden," near Haddonfield, N. J., and on 10th mo., 31st, my sister Mary married Dr. James Carey Thomas, of Baltimore, Md. And in 1856, on the 26th of 11th mo., our only brother, James, married Mary W. Cope, daughter of Marmaduke C. and Sarah W. Cope, opposite to whom we were living. Thus in the short time of five years the whole brood had left the parent nest, and the dear father and mother, who had so lovingly and tenderly cared for us, were alone in their large house. But their interest in us continued just as great as ever, and there was plenty of visiting backward and forward, one or other of the children finding almost daily occasion for a call at the dear old home, or a seat at the hospitable table. And in time the grand-

children also began to enjoy the charms of the same loving welcomes, and seldom allowed the dear grandpa and grandma to have any chance to grow lonely.

He thus notes some of these events in his diary—

“*12th month, 31st, 1855.*—Two years have passed since anything has been written in this memorandum; two years of continued mercy, calling for grateful thanks to a kind Providence, who has not taken His mercies entirely from His poor creature, but has at times been pleased to permit me to feel His excellent Presence, which is better than all hid treasures, and the knowledge of Him which is better than life. Two of our daughters have been married to young men who are Friends, and with whom we are satisfied; and we trust the Divine blessing may rest upon them, for it is that only which maketh truly rich. Our only and well-beloved son is engaged to be married to our dear young friend, Mary W. Cope, a connection which promises, under the blessing of Providence, much satisfaction. May our hearts be humbled in the dust before the Lord, for indeed we can say, ‘goodness and mercy have followed us all our days.’ What can we render unto the Lord for all of His mercies unto us His poor unworthy creatures !”

In 1855, the last daughter of the three had left the beloved home-nest, and we had all begun our independent lives, one at Germantown, one in Jersey, and one in Baltimore. From this time the letters and visits of our precious parents had to supply the place of the happy home intercourse, and most of the records left us of our father’s inner life are to be found in these letters to his absent daughters.

In a letter to my sister Mary and her husband, dated 12th month, 11th, 1855, our father refers to the loneliness of the house without his daughters.

“DEAR JAMES AND MARY.—The prospect of having a nice long visit from both of you looks very pleasant, and we trust you will be

with us as soon as business matters will release the Doctor. We shall want Hannah and family, and William and Sally, and yourselves to stay with us all the time, so that we may have a bumper. You know we like things by wholesale. * * *

At our first 'Reading Meeting,' last 6th day evening, we missed our beloved daughters three. Hannah was not here, having failed to get the invitation. It made me feel a degree of loneliness which is new; and ever since thou left us, dear Mary, at seasons my heart feels very sad to remember that the happy days gone by may not be recalled. We must now 'leave the things that are behind and press forward to those that are before, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.' And earnest are my desires, my darling daughter, that thou and I, and indeed all of us without exception, may bear the impression of 'holiness to the Lord,' that our spirits may be moulded, some gradually, some more quickly, into the image of the Saviour. Let it be the earnest petition of our hearts that He will lay His hand upon us, and not spare anything, until He sees His own likeness in us. I can conceive nothing more lovely or desirable than to be a true and humble disciple of the Lord Jesus. Religion sweetens the disposition, makes us patient, loving, compassionate, willing to take the lowest place, careful to do nothing to the hurt of any; and makes us particularly careful to avoid evil speaking, a fault to which I am too prone."

In 1855, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day, our mother was greeted with one of our father's rhyming love letters, which has been preserved in a letter written to his oldest grand-child, on 10th month, 13th, 1855.

"My dear little grand-daughter, Gulielma Morris Smith. Almost everybody says thou looks very much like thy dear grandmother Whitall, so I will copy for thee a piece of poetry written to her when she had been married twenty-five years.

Twenty-five years, my sweet one, my precious,
Have passed since I called thee my own,
And though trials our pathway have clouded,
Yet happiness great we have known.

The vision revealed from dream-land,
 Its fulfilment we surely have known,
 Our children like olive plants round us,
 In comely proportions have grown.

My wife, like the vine of the valley,
 The sides of my house doth adorn,
 While her husband, so poor and so faltering,
 His thanks humbly now would return,

To the blessed and Heavenly Giver,
 Of all that our hearts hold most dear,
 May His Grace and His Presence be with us,
 To keep and sustain in His fear.

If affliction and sorrow await us,
 May our hearts then be staid upon God,
 For He still is the unfailing refuge,
 Of all who bow under His rod.

My darling, my sweet one, my precious,
 How grateful thy love is to me,
 I know that I'm very unworthy,
 Thy loved one, thy dear one to be.

'Tis precious to think of my darling,
 Adorning my home with her love,
 So gentle, so sweet, and so lovely,
 A gift from my Father above.

Many years ago I dreamed that dear Stephen Grellett, (who died on sixth day, 11th month, 16th, 1855), told me to read the 128th Psalm, as being, in some little degree, applicable to my poor, unworthy self, and in the piece I send thee, allusion is made to this dream.

Now, my dear little grand-daughter, it is very pleasant to be at your house on a visit; and it quite amused me to see Mamma Whitall teaching thee thy letters, and I thought thou said *g o* spelled Pig.

We are expecting to have a nice visit from thee and mamma and papa to-morrow, only Papa Whitall will not be at home, as he expects to visit Haverford to-morrow as one of a committee.

Farewell, my darling, I am thy truly affectionate grandfather,
J. M. WHITALL."

My sister Mary says she recollects perfectly the evening he wrote this rhyme and his great delight in doing it. Our mother had gone out somewhere, and Mary and he were in the parlor alone, and she says he would read the verses out to her with great enjoyment as fast as he wrote them, and she remembers his especial satisfaction in some of the lines which he would read over and over, and exclaim in his naive way, "Poll, that is good and no mistake, I know." For in the utter simplicity of our father's character, he felt just as free to enjoy his own productions as those of any one else, and had no false modesty about expressing this enjoyment. We often used to laugh at him and with him over his speeches to this effect, and it got to be quite a joke among us to say whenever we had occasion to refer to anything he had written, "That's good I know." I can see now the merriment that twinkled in his eyes whenever we said this, and can enjoy again, as I used to enjoy then, the rare simplicity and guilelessness of a character that could afford to be so utterly natural and free. It was not that he rated his rhymes as poems, or thought his letters valuable as essays, but for the purpose for which they were written, to express his love and please his loved ones, he knew they accomplished his object, and enjoyed knowing it.

During the year of 1856, in his loving fashion he sent us all a poem written in the style of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which was published about that time, and with which he was greatly pleased. Though of no especial poetical merit, they gave us great pleasure, and will interest the grandchildren, and I therefore insert them.

"TO DAUGHTER HANNAH :

Hannah darling, our dear daughter,
 'Fearless child,' we still shall call thee;
 Driving in and driving out,
 Spite of wind and spite of weather,
 Rain not heeding, snow not minding,
 Forward on thy journey pressing,
 Leaving mother very tearful,
 Leaving father very anxious.

He who for the sparrow careth,
 He who guides us if we ask Him,
 Will, my precious darling daughter,
 Still sustain thee, still support thee,
 If to Him with single purpose
 With an eye of faith thou lookest.
 To His leadings, to His teachings,
 Safely through life's dangers pressing,
 To the realms of endless peace;
 To the shores of lasting peace;
 Safely with thy Saviour landed
 Thou shalt surely come at last.

Precious child, we dearly love thee,
 Like our own, thy precious children,
 Much we love them, much admire them,
 Greatly miss them when away.
 May cares of life sit lightly on them,
 And richest blessings rest upon them.

When at last their moment cometh
 To pass from earth and friends away
 May the angel of the kingdom
 Ever guide them, ever lead them
 To the gate of Paradise,
 There to meet and join their parents
 In the song that never ceaseth,
 In the land of peace and joy.

1st Month, 26th, 1856."

To my sister Sarah, who had written to him under the name of Sawanissa, he wrote:

" 'Sawanissa' in her wigwam
 By the Linden trees and meadows,
 By the fields across the river,
 In the land of ease and plenty,
 Talks of crying, talks of singing
 To her father, to her mother,
 Chibiabos we shall call her,
 Sweetest singer we shall think her
 In the land of ease and plenty.

We received to-day a letter
 From our daughter, Minnehaha,
 From our darling, Laughing Water,
 In the southern land and pleasant,
 In the land of fruits and flowers,
 Tells of storm, and tells of tempest,
 Of the ice and of the snow,
 How the north wind howls about them,
 How the firelight shines upon them
 In the lodge so warm and cosy.

Sawanissa in her girlhood,
 In the days we still remember,
 In the years not long ago,
 Saw a youth of comely aspect,

Head erect, and brow uplifted,
Who with cunning art and magie,
Talked of love and talked of feeling,
Told of ease and told of plenty,
In the wigwam he was building,
In the fruitful land and pleasant.

Sawanissa, like all women,
Listened to the young man's stories,
Listened to his wiles and cunning,
Loved his talking, loved his wooing.
Leaving home and all its treasures,
Forth she wandered with the stranger,
He was leading, she was following
To his lodge across the water
In the fruitful land and pleasant.

Chibiabos we shall call thee,
Darling singer, darling daughter,
Much we love thee, much we miss thee.
May the Lord in mercy bless thee,
Keep thee in His holy fear ;
By His grace sustain and keep thee
In life's trials, in life's dangers.
And when at last the flower fadeth,
When the passing cloud has vanished
In the regions of the blessed,
In the land of faith and love,
May we meet to part no more.

1st Month, 23d, 1856."

To my sister Mary he wrote :

" Lazy daughter, we shall call thee,
Yenedeezee, Indians say ;
Not to write unto thy father,
Not to write unto thy mother,
Forgetting sister, forgetting brother,
Forgetting all things left behind thee.

But the youth with raven tresses,
Themedeia, the medicine man,
With his pouch of roots and simples,
With his skill and all his science,
With his magic skill and knowledge,
Has beguiled thee, has entranced thee,
So that now our youngest daughter,
When we call, she no more answers.

Peboan, the cloudy father
Of the ice and of the snow-flake,
Walks abroad in all his power,
Fiercely shakes his mantle on us,
Frowning, blows his breath upon us,
Hides the grass and hides the flowers,
Bids the waters flow no longer.

Is old Winter now upon you
In your pleasant southern city,
By the deep and quiet waters?
Does the fear of Shawondassy
Drive him north and keep him northward
In the land of storm and tempest,
In the land of frost and snow?

Write in haste and write in earnest,
Tell us quickly, tell us truly,
All about yourselves and doings.
How the Friends, and how the times are;
If the doctor has a patient
Or if patience has the doctor.

Daughters every one have left us,
Gone each one to cheer a stranger,
To the Northward, to the Eastward,
To the southern land so pleasant,
Leaving parents old and lonely,
Leaving them to mourn their loss.

Much we miss thee, darling daughter,
Greatly miss our Laughing Water ;
Often sigh for Minnehaha.
Much desire that choicest blessings
May attend and fall upon thee,
So that on thy journey passing,
Dangers missing, falls escaping,
Being humble, being lowly,
Like the blessed Saviour meek ;
Trusting in the Lord our Helper,
Looking to His grace for guidance,
May at last the haven enter
Where no trouble ever cometh,
Where the light forever shineth,
Not the sunlight nor the moonlight,
But the glory of the Father,
Doth those happy realms enlighten,
Tears and sorrow gone forever.
May we all our precious daughters,
Meet together round His throne,
There to thank and laud His mercy,
There to celebrate His praises."

Letters from our father would often come to us in this poetical fashion, but only a few have been preserved. They were very precious to us, as the continually recurring tokens of his ever freshly springing love. My sister Sarah writes me the following :

"No man ever came nearer being idolized by his children than did our father. He had such a winsome way, if the epithet is not inappropriate to so strong a man, of showing his love, that it was perfectly irresistible. We girls knew that our father not only loved us more than any other girls—for all fathers love their own the best—but we knew that he had an especial and individual admiration for each one of us ; that he thought we were superior. He had a good opinion of us, and he did not mind showing it. I do not

think this made us conceited, for we knew it was only the result of his partial love; and besides, he never spared reproof when it was needed, and it was needed a great deal; but it made us love him with perfect devotion. We would sometimes, too, hear pleasant and complimentary things that he said about us to other people; and how our hearts did leap, not because of the compliment, but because *he* thought so of us. And after we were married and had left the dear old home, it was a perfect joy to receive the warm welcome that always greeted our return; and also when we bade him farewell, to have him thank us most affectionately for coming, as if we had conferred a favor upon him. He not only possessed in an uncommon degree the overflowing affection of the heart, but he had the still more rare gift of manifesting it, and this clung to him till nearly the last of his life—longer than almost any other characteristic. I remember how stricken in heart I felt the first time I came to the house and received only a kiss, without the usual word-greeting, and how entirely I realized the change that had come over him when he allowed me to leave without his customary words, ‘Much obliged, dear daughter, for this visit,’ and without any messages of love to the absent ones.”

He kept up a very vigorous correspondence with his absent daughters, and many of his dear letters have been preserved, but it would make this account too lengthy to insert them all. One characteristic strongly marked them. No matter how short they were, nor what the special occasion of writing them, he always found a way of saying something on the one subject uppermost in his thoughts. A few extracts will show this.

“*Philadelphia, 3d month, 22d, 1856.*

“DEAR, DARLING DAUGHTER POLLY:—Thy nice, welcome letter of 21st inst., at hand. Daughter Hannah will take this in reply. Nell lodged with us last night. She is a darling, and reminds us of early days when you all were chattering about us, and enlivening

our household. Truly, we are reminded that time flies, and that here we have no continuing city, and that it would be wise to seek one to come, eternal in the Heavens. May we, my precious child, set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, that, let the summons come when it may, we may be ready. That accident on the Camden ferry-boat was truly terrific.

"Mother and self design lodging with William and Sally to-night. We were there 5th day night. All well. How cold the weather continues. We live in hopes of milder, warmer breezes, and that spring-time and harvest will still return. Please give dear love to son James C. T., and tell him to watch over thee, and see that *thou* acts the *Friend* in all things, and that he does also. People have names, and it is not needful to call them Mr. and Mrs."

"Philadelphia, 11th month, 25th, 1856.

"MY PRECIOUS POLLY :—We have had a pleasant visit from Dr. R. H. Thomas. He was acceptably engaged in ministering to very many among us. His lively, earnest faith in the Lord Jesus met a response in many hearts. Dost thou, my dear child, realize what great things the Lord Jesus has done for thee, and is still willing to do? Yes, is still willing and waiting to do for thee and for us all—even to bring us to His Father, and, blessed be His name and grace, to *our* Father. Oh, if we will only *diligently*, earnestly and honestly wait upon Him, He will remember His promises, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and 'If ye ask anything in my name I will do it.' Let us, then, in full assurance of faith in *His* promise, ask for new hearts, sanctified hearts, resigned and humble wills to His holy will. If we do this in sincerity, we shall no doubt make our calling and election sure, through the great mercy of our God, who was 'in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.' 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life.' Here is a great boon offered to those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, even eternal life. Shall we not then believe? If doubts assail, let us only pray the more earnestly to have them removed. I was once tempted to disbelieve in the Lord Jesus, but after earnest prayer to God, my doubts were all removed, and I was favored to settle down in an assurance of His

Divinity, which, through His great mercy, is on the increase. Oh, the joy and peace there is in believing! May thou, my beloved Mary, and dear son, Dr. James, may you both earnestly, perseveringly strive after this blessed assurance. It is not necessary that we should live all our lives in bondage to the fear of death, but, coming boldly to the throne of grace, let us lay hold on eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us unto God, and make us 'kings and priests' unto Him—kings to rule over the lusts of the flesh, and priests to those around us to teach them the right way of the Lord.

"We do want to see you all, and to give darling Minnie Marth a kiss right on her wide-open mouth.

"In much near and dear love, I am your affectionate father,

"J. M. WHITALL."

"Philadelphia, 2d month, 24th, 1857.

"MY DEAR MARY:—Thy letter of yesterday at hand. The baby will cry, and her mother will fuss and be uneasy, as always has been the case, and always will I expect.

"Thou art twenty-one years old this day. The return of our birth-days should remind us of the passing away of all our earthly delights, and we should resolve to live better in future than we have before; and to do this we have but one resort—to seek for help to our alone Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. I may be asked how we can seek Him. I know of no other way than to sit down and wait upon Him; earnestly turn our thoughts towards Him, imploring His pity and help, and endeavor to feel our own nothingness and unworthiness. If we can be favored to attain this humble state, the Lord, our helper, will give us His favor, will lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and we shall feel strengthened with might in the inner man, and be enabled to run the way of His commandments with alacrity.

"Farewell, dear daughter. Love to the Dr. and kiss to Minnie, from thy affectionate father.

"J. M. WHITALL."

In the year 1856 our father bought a lot at Atlantic City, close to the beach, where he built a house which

we called "Storm-tide," because the storm waves dashed up against the fence at the foot of the garden, and here our parents spent the summer for about ten years, and made children and grandchildren always welcome; and our memories are full of many happy recollections of these summers spent all together at this sea-side home. Almost the youngest among us was our father, who was generally ready in those days for a sail, or a row, or a crabbing expedition, and was always the life of our party, no matter who else might be along.

When we first occupied this cottage at Atlantic City, there was no Friends' meeting held in the place. On the first Sabbath morning our parents told us we must all gather in the parlor at ten o'clock and hold a meeting, after the manner of Friends, fully believing in the promise of the dear Saviour, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This promise was wonderfully fulfilled in these meetings, which were held for many years, as long as the family remained at the cottage. Eliza P. Gurney, a beloved friend and a valued minister, of Burlington, N. J., soon after also built a cottage at Atlantic City, and became a constant attendant of the meetings. Her presence and ministry gave great additional interest to them, and they grew so large that the parlor could not contain the company, and seats were placed on the piazzas. The windows, reaching to the floor, were thrown open, and the sound of the waves dashing on the beach could be heard in the solemn stillness of the hour. Strangers of different denominations came to these meetings from week to

week, and many were comforted and fed there. Our father soon felt that in addition to the First-day morning meetings he must hold a meeting on Fifth-day morning also, which he accordingly did, and as there was no other gathering for worship in the day-time in the middle of the week, ministers and members of other denominations would not unfrequently find their way to these meetings, and would be very much impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and moved by the sweetness and power of the ministry. One Sabbath day two gentlemen were sitting upon the beach at ten o'clock; one of them arose hastily, saying, "There is a meeting at Mr. Whitall's cottage this morning, and he invited me to come." His companion said, "You are not going?" "Yes, I am," he replied. He came, and our father kindly seated him near himself. The meeting was a very solemn one, and Eliza P. Gurney preached with great directness and power. The stranger was much interested, and afterwards told his friend whom he left on the beach, that he never before had heard such an impressive sermon. Only a few days afterwards this gentleman, in stepping out of a car in Philadelphia, was injured by the wheels and died very shortly. And we cannot but hope that in that quiet parlor gathering, his soul had received a message from the Lord, which had been instrumental in preparing him for the solemn change.

After spending many summers at Atlantic City in this sea-side cottage, our father bought "The Cedars," and "Storm-tide" was sold. The meetings were then transferred to the residence of E. P. G., and afterward

to the Public School House, and were very large and deeply interesting gatherings. In 1872 a Meeting-house was built and a Friend's meeting established during the summer months, which is still continued.

Some further extracts from the letters written during these years are characteristic:

"Philadelphia, 5th month, 11th, 1858.

I had a touching adventure this noon, dear daughter, which has made me sad ever since. It was raining quite fast as I was going down south Fourth St., when a little girl passed me with flowing ringlets and dressed about as darling Nelly would have been. My heart was immediately attracted, and noticing that she was out in the hard rain alone, I turned back and stopped the child, by asking where she lived? 'With my mamma,' was the reply. Where had she been? 'To school.' Where did her mamma live? 'Gaskell street.' Where was the school? 'Prune street.' I soon saw the little thing was lost, so taking her by the hand, we proceeded first to the school, then to Gaskell street. Her mother was not at home, but stands in a store in Chestnut street; poor thing, my heart yearned over the child, and for her mother, being obliged to leave her little darling for others to care for. Ah! how much of sorrow and grief is there in this fleeting, changing world; then how wise it is while time is afforded, to seek after God. 'Draw nigh unto Him and He will draw nigh unto us.' Let us daily wait upon Him and implore Him to pity our weakness, and for His dear Son's sake give us daily supplies of His Heavenly Grace, that we may walk before Him with acceptance. Then, let the earth be removed and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, we may rely with safety on His Almighty arm of power. That our dear children may all be favored to know this, is my fervent desire.

Hannah and Sarah Smiley have gone to Lancaster to see the Judge in the case of the kidnapping woman. The Governor is disposed to pardon her if the Judge unites in that view.

The rain of to-day prevented our going to 'Storm-tide;' we will go fifth day next, perhaps. With dearest love and kisses to all, I am thy loving father,

J. M. WHITALL."

"Philadelphia, 11th month, 24th, 1858.

DEAREST SALLY.—Thine of several dates came safely to-day and was very welcome. A nice letter also from daughter Polly; she and hers are pretty well. Hannah and Robert are in earnest to work while it is day. May we all do this, for the night cometh.

Dear children, do not let us omit to improve the opportunity given us to secure our soul's salvation, but in earnest look to the Lord Jesus for help. He is our almighty Helper and He sees our need of His aid, and pities our infirmities, and will help us, if we come to Him with full faith in His ability. He is the alone way to the Father; and wonderful indeed is the union of the Father and the Son; far above our capacity to scan or understand it. We only find from experience that when we draw nigh in Spirit to the Lord Jesus, and turn our hearts to Him in earnest, and wait upon Him, that He often in His great mercy and compassion brings us to a feeling sense of the presence of our reconciled Heavenly Father. Oh! what a privilege it is, worth laboring hard after. It is the pearl of great price! Dearest Sally, look for it, pray for it, and give no rest to thy spirit until thou find it. Dear Hannah seems to have in measure found it. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to see my children all walking in the truth.

With many kisses to thy dear lambs, and to thyself, and dear love to son William, I am thy affectionate father,

J. M. WHITALL."

The mention of "Hannah and Robert" in this last letter was in reference to the fact, that about this time both my husband and myself were brought to a knowledge of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and experienced a change of heart through faith in Him. My brother James and my sisters Sarah and Mary not long after experienced the same change also, and our dear parents had the joy of seeing with their own eyes the answer to the daily prayers they had put up for us ever since our birth. Our father always told us that he had never doubt-

ed what the result would be, for he felt sure the Lord, whom he trusted, would not suffer him to be disappointed. He thus alludes to this in one of his letters to his daughter Mary after her conversion.

“I hope we are all thankful to our merciful, kind, Heavenly Father, who has indeed blessed us as a family, and particularly in giving us a good hope through grace, His own precious grace in His dear Son, of eternal life. I always trusted that in His love He would bring my children one after another into His covenant of life and peace; peace with Himself through our Lord Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal.”

Our parents' religious teaching to us had always been of the simplest kind, and they had especially impressed upon us the power and efficacy of prayer. From the earliest time, as soon as we were able to repeat the words after them, they taught us every night before going to sleep to ask our Heavenly Father to take care of us and make us good. My sister Sarah says concerning this, “Our parents in teaching us to pray, put the words into a little form for us, knowing we needed help in forming the petition, and as this is the grand-children's book, it will not be amiss to insert it, ‘Heavenly Father please to keep me while I sleep, and when I wake, make me good, for Jesus' sake.’ This little prayer was the last thing said at night before the farewell kiss was given, and had to be said with great solemnity. So faithfully was this duty impressed upon us, and so effectually were we taught that our dependence was upon our Heavenly Father for all our blessings, that one night when for some reason I was put to bed and left in the dark without having first said my prayer, I felt as if I was cast

alone into a dark, desert world, and was in real childish agony, until by the repetition of my little verse, I felt again sheltered under the wings of Divine love.

“Our father also endeavored to teach us the utmost reverence in the reading of the Bible, as well as in prayer; for although so full of animation and investing so many things with the charm of merriment, he always approached religious subjects with great reverence. As soon as we could read aloud, he taught us that when the Sacred Name was mentioned we must drop our voices to a tone of reverence; and he always felt pained at too frequent or too familiar a repetition of this solemn name in conversation.”

But more effectively than his words even, his life preached to us, for no one could live with him and not see that the spring and source of all he was and all he did was the inward hidden life of God in his soul. And even in the days of our ignorance, when we had no personal or experimental knowledge of this divine life, we still knew it was real, and could as soon have doubted our existence, as to have doubted our father's experience. And we all feel that the prayers of our beloved parents were the blessed instrumentalities that brought about the results in the conversion at last of every one of their children.

The intense reverence of his character in all religious matters was very marked, and contrasted strongly with his carelessness of all forms and ceremonies, no matter how venerable, that were of mere worldly significance. It pained him to hear anything lightly spoken of that seemed to come directly from God's hand. He inva-

riably corrected us for complaining of the weather, or saying it was "bad," and had a strong objection to the expressions, "Good-morning," or "Good-evening," always declaring that *all* days must necessarily be good. Nothing seemed to grieve him more than profane language, or even to hear sacred words used in a free or light manner. When traveling in the cars or elsewhere, he rarely heard swearing without taking the first suitable opportunity, quietly to reprove the person; and at one time, when he could not find a private occasion, his impression of the sin was so strong, that he felt constrained to speak on the subject aloud, in the presence of the whole car full of people, to the entire quieting of the guilty parties. He was once taking the long stage drive from Camden to Millville, which in those days occupied a whole day over the sandy Jersey roads, and was obliged to sit most of the way beside the driver, who was very profane. Our father was much distressed, and prayed earnestly for wisdom to reprove him in such a way as not to displease him, and yet to produce the desired effect. Suddenly there flashed into his mind a story to the point, about a sea-captain and a Quaker, which he had heard many years before, and in the course of conversation he repeated it to the driver. It was in substance as follows: A Friend, wishing to go to England on a religious visit, applied to a certain sea-captain for a passage. The captain entirely refused to take him, although his vessel was the only one at that time sailing for the desired port. Repeated urgings on the part of the Friend produced no effect, and at last he insisted on knowing the reason. "Well," said the captain, "if you must know,

it is because I am sure I cannot manage my crew if you are on board. I have always managed them by swearing, and I know you will not let me swear, and therefore they will do just as they please." "But if I promise never to say a word about thy swearing," said the Friend, "wilt thou not then be willing to take me?" After some demur the captain consented to take him on this condition, and they sailed in company. In a very short time a storm arose, and in the midst the captain came down into the cabin of his passenger and exclaimed excitedly, "There, I knew just how it would be! You won't let me swear, and I can't manage the sailors without it, and now this storm has come up and we shall all be lost, and it will be your fault." "But," remonstrated the Friend, "I have not said a word to thee on the subject, I have kept my promise faithfully, have I not?" "Oh, yes," replied the captain, "you have kept still enough, but I have known all along how wicked you thought it, and somehow I just can't do it, try as I may; and its all of no use, we shall certainly be lost." The Friend then proposed to go on deck with the captain and see what could be done; and when there he called the sailors together, told them what the captain had said, and asked them if they would not agree to obey his orders if he gave them without oaths. The sailors agreed heartily, and the captain from that moment found himself able to control and manage his crew without the slightest difficulty, and without the necessity for a single oath, and declared at the end of the voyage that he had never had so little trouble.

This story was told without comment of any kind,

and the driver listened in silence, but swore no more that day. Years passed, when upon one occasion the same driver came into our father's place of business and asked him if he remembered that day on the stage, telling him that from that hour he had never uttered a single oath, and that shortly after he had become a religious man.

During the last week of his life, when speech was difficult and he rarely spoke, except in reply to a question, he once again was faithful in this service for his dear Master. His nurse, although most gentle and kind in all his ministrations, on one occasion when an unusual difficulty had to be surmounted, made use of a profane expression. Our father roused himself to the effort of reproving him, doing it very kindly, and in a few words, and the reproof was received in the same spirit in which it was given. This little incident, so characteristic of his life-long faithfulness in the performance of duty, and of his staunch devotion to the honor of his Master, was said by those present to be most touching to witness.

During the year 1858 he began to speak occasionally in meetings, and continued to do so until disabled by illness in his latter days. What he had to say was short and to the point, and was always full of comfort and help. He never believed in multiplying words, where a few would do; and his very brevity made his sermons more definite and striking. The one great theme of all he said was the love of God in Christ, and the gifts this love had bestowed upon us. He used to dwell very frequently on the forgiveness of sins, and

that the believer might *know* it, and might now and here enjoy peace with God. One of his favorite texts was 1 John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He made it very clear to his hearers, that this was the statement of an incontrovertible fact, which ought to bring comfort to every sin-burdened heart, and we have often had different members of the meeting he attended, to tell us of the comfort this text and his comments on it had brought them. Another favorite subject was concerning that inward communion with the Lord, in which his own soul rejoiced, and to the enjoyment of which he longed to bring every other. Indeed I think he scarcely ever spoke without referring to this in some way, and it was so plainly a living reality with himself, that hearts could not fail to be made hungry for the same joy. The text with which he used most frequently to enforce this truth was the one we called, from his continual quoting it, "father's text," "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you." It was a real thing with him, this drawing nigh unto God, and finding the divine response on the part of God drawing nigh unto him; and those who knew what a practical part it was of his every day life, did not wonder at his constant repetition of the text, although sometimes we would laugh at him lovingly, and tell him he would have to be called "the man with one text." He was never what would be considered a great preacher, and his labors were mostly confined to his own meeting and his Mission School. But his terse, forcible and very practical exhortations, will

long live in the hearts of those who were so often helped by them.

The only notice of his speaking in meeting that we find in his memoranda, is a few words, under date of 11th month, 4th, 1858. He writes :

“Several times during this last year I have spoken in our religious meetings, believing myself called upon to do so. Oh! that I may be preserved from offering strange fire on the Lord’s altar. This day I am fifty-eight years old, and the ‘issues of life’ have felt very important. Earnest are my desires for a closer walk with my Heavenly Father; and I feel it in my heart to petition Him for a clean heart and a will resigned to all His dispensations. And oh, for true gratitude of soul to Him for all His mercies and continued favors.—Throughout the terrible panic that spread over this land last fall, prostrating many who had weathered other storms, it pleased Divine goodness to help our firm through with very little loss or difficulty. What can we render, or what can we say, except to ask our gracious Lord to accept our poor thanks for the sake of His dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The following extracts are from his letters written during the year 1859:

“*Philadelphia, 1st month, 28th, 1859.*

“MY DARLING DAUGHTER SALLY:— * * * How unexpectedly at last Samuel B. Morris passed away. I attended the large funeral; at the grave Thos. Evans ministered very acceptably. What a call this death is to be also ready, for at such a day or time as ye think not the Son of man cometh. I remembered at the house for my own instruction and comfort, that ‘it is not by works of righteousness that we have done, but of His mercy He saveth us, through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.’ I also remembered for my comfort, that ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* on Him should not perish but should have everlasting life.’ This belief on the Son of God is proved by an inward application of the heart to

the Lord Jesus, asking Him to save us, waiting upon Him, and if I may so say, giving Him no rest until He hears us. It is my experience, my dear Sally, that if we go to the Lord Jesus in real earnest, draw nigh to Him in our hearts and minds, and not let any discouraging thoughts prevent us from waiting upon and looking toward Him, we shall not have to wait long. He will reveal His blessed presence to our souls, He will bring us to the throne of grace, and we shall feel that our sins are pardoned for His sake, and shall know and feel that we are, through His mercy, the children of God, His Spirit bearing witness within us that we are His children. Mayest thou, my precious child, strive after this. It is within thy reach. The Lord will draw nigh to them that seek Him. Farewell, darling; with dear love to all, I am thy affectionate father,

J. M. WHITALL."

"Philadelphia, 2d month, 26th, 1859.

"DEAREST SALLY,—We received a nice letter from thee yesterday, with an addition by dear John Whitall. We attended the funeral yesterday of cousin Susan Whitall, whose very sudden removal startled us greatly. Truly we have many warnings to 'make our calling and election sure,' while we have opportunity, while we have our senses, and are not overwhelmed by the afflictions of the body, as was the case with cousin Susan. She was almost insensible from the first, and never revived.

"I was much struck with that passage in Romans viii. 1, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit,' This attainment may look very difficult, and indeed it would be but for the great love and pity of our Heavenly Father who has appointed a means by which we may come with boldness to His mercy-seat and ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit, through His dear Son our Saviour, Jesus Christ. 'If any man sin,' says the Apostle, 'we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous.' If we commit sin in thought, word, or deed, and are convicted of it by the Holy Spirit, our only way is to go to Jesus, covered as we may be with confusion and shame for our weakness and sin—tell Him that we need His help and intercession, and earnestly ask Him to intercede for us and help us by His power to resist temptation in

future. Oh, let us do this, having no confidence in ourselves, no dependence upon our own good works, but only on the mercy of God through his Son Christ Jesus. For 'He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved,' John iii. 16-17. Blessed and encouraging language from our dear Saviour. If we do this we shall find to our joy a deliverance from the power of temptation; we shall know for ourselves that the Lord Jesus is our door into the kingdom of heaven; and if we are faithful daily to wait upon Him, to draw nigh to Him and ask Him to abide in us that we may abide in Him, and ask Him to give us his Holy Spirit according to His promise, (John xv. 26), an ability will be known to walk acceptably before our Heavenly Father; the fear of death will be removed, and we shall go on our way rejoicing in the mercy and favor of God. This, my precious Sally, is quite within the reach of us all. Then let us aim at it, trusting in the promises given to us in the holy Scriptures; and thus daily drawing nigh to the Fountain of purity, our hearts will become changed—be purified; we shall be renewed by the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ.

"Love to William and thyself from thy very affectionate father,
"JOHN M. WHITALL."

"Philadelphia, 3d month, 9th, 1859.

"MY DEAR MARY:—Thy nice, long letter was received to-day. We like to have all the particulars of the kitchen, in and out, and all about darling Minnie Marth, and would like to see her—doing mischief. We do feel as if we loved you all very dearly. Dear Sally in town at the dentist's to-day. She and Hannah look towards going to Baltimore next 4th day; look out for them then.

"We had a sweet letter from Sally, telling us of the great favor of having found her Saviour. That is a blessed experience beyond all price, and all comes of the great mercy of our compassionate Heavenly Father, who would have all to repent, and return and live. Blessed be His holy name, He has appointed a means by which we may, even in this life, have a foretaste of the joys of Eter-

nity. Our Lord Jesus declared that 'this is life eternal to know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' And, praised be His name, if we draw nigh to Him with full purpose of heart, He will draw nigh to us; He will reveal Himself to us and bring us to the Father; we shall know the Father through His beloved Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; we shall have a taste of eternal life. 'And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son,' 1 John v. 11. Do not let us stop short, my dear daughter, until we know and understand this. Thou may be ready to ask—how can I obtain this great favor? I answer, we must be diligent daily to wait upon the Lord; twice every day make it a special business to draw nigh to Him, through and in the name of the Lord Jesus. My precious child, this is the way. The Lord Jesus says He is the 'door;' He is the 'way.' 'No man cometh to the Father but by Him.' If by sinning in any way, we feel condemned—guilty before God, our only resource is the Lord Jesus. We must go to Him 'just as we are, without one plea, but that His precious blood was shed for us, for me,' and plead that; humbling ourselves before the Lord, depending only on His pardoning grace, for the sake of His dear Son. Oh, if we do this, though our sins be as scarlet, they shall become white as wool; we shall feel ourselves forgiven and at peace. Blessed be the name of the Lord for providing such a way for the escape of His poor, lost creatures from eternal death. May we all make good use of the time allotted to us. Be sure, my precious child, not to omit drawing nigh to God and He will surely draw nigh to thee. Farewell. Love to thy dear husband and darling Minnie.

"Affectionately, thy father,

J. M. WHITALL."

During the fall of 1860, our father waited on Eliza Barclay, of England, and Eliza P. Gurney, of Burlington, New Jersey, on a visit to the Friends of South Carolina, and several interesting letters describing their journey are preserved. Among other characteristic things he says, after describing the poor fare to be found in the neighborhoods they visited: "Some of

our Friends can hardly eat the food, and E. B. has lost flesh, but for my part, 'stand up to the rack fodder or no fodder,' is my motto in these parts, and I do very well, never was in better health."

Greensboro, 11th Month, 9th, 1860.

* * * "Now my precious children, I want you to be diligent in your day to lay up treasures in heaven, that at the last day you may appear before the just Judge with joy and not with grief. I know of no better way to do this, than to be daily and oftener than the day, diligent to wait upon the Lord. If we do this He will draw nigh to us and keep us from falling, for He is able to do this great thing for us, and is worthy to be waited upon, served and obeyed by us all. Please bear me on your hearts before the Lord. At times I present you and your little ones before my God. Oh, who can set forth His loving-kindness? Truly it passeth words to express.

Farewell, dear Ones,

J. M. W."

He gives a pleasant picture to our mother of their party at their stopping-place in Greensboro:

11th Month, 10, 1860.

"Nothing to do, dearest, this morning but to sit down and write to thee. By F. T. King, who left at 3 A. M., I sent a letter to be mailed from Baltimore, which thou may get 2d day. Dr. Beesley is improving, and we hope in a day or two he will be quite well and strong. Eliza P. Gurney is looking toward a meeting at the Female College First Day evening; we shall sally forth directly to look it up. I am sitting before a good fire in this hotel parlor. E. Barclay writing on my left and Dr. Beesley on my right. H. W. Beesley sewing in her chamber, and dear E. P. G. in hers. Our landlord has just told me that the telegraph informs that at Charleston a conflict had commenced between the United States officers and the citizens, in relation to the public arms and stores of ammunition, &c., &c. We hope there is a mistake in this matter. The

Lord is our refuge and only hope, and a present help in time of trouble. May we be found to rest ourselves here ! ”

In this passage we have a notice of the first threatenings of the civil war which was shortly to convulse the United States, and was to result in the emancipation of four million of slaves in one day by the Proclamation of Emancipation, issued by the President on 9th mo., 22d, 1862, and taking effect 1st mo., 1st, 1863. But this was as yet far off and undreamed of, by even the most enthusiastic advocates of universal liberty. And meanwhile the beginning of the struggle was viewed with deepest concern by all peace-loving citizens.

Further notices of the progress of the struggle are found in our father's letters.

“ Philadelphia, 1st month, 31st, 1861.

“ MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—Thy last letter informed us that thy Doctor was in bed with a bad cold. We trust that by this time he is about again as usual.—Do please write and tell us—and about the dear children and thyself. We like to get letters very often from thee, for we are tenderly interested in thy welfare every way. Almost daily thy affghan adds to my comfort, and whenever put on, I try to get the right side out, for darling Minnie told me that there was a difference, that mamma intended one side to be out and the other in. Dear little lamb, she often comes up before me as a very sweet child. And little Jack, too, with his broad face and pleasant smile, going with me to see Grandma in the morning. Dear fellow, tell him Grandpa remembers the ‘Bear.’ Many kisses to them both.

“ Dear mother and self went on to N. Y. to see Eliza Barclay and party off. They started yesterday under very favorable circumstances, having fine weather, and all being in good health. We returned home last evening.

“ These are trying times for men in business. No one can tell who will or will not pay his debts. We are hoping for an improve-

ment, however, but must in the mean time put our trust in a merciful overruling Providence, who can and does bring good from seeming evil.

"It is easy to preach and hard to practice, but that we may be enabled to do the latter, in child-like dependence on our Heavenly Father, we must draw nigh to Him, with earnest hearts, feeling our deep need of His sustaining grace. If favored to do this, He will doubtless help us, for we are assured that He careth for His believing dependent creatures. 'Casting *all* your care upon him, for he careth for you.' 1 Peter v. 7. Blessed are they, who can lay hold in humble faith, upon the precious promises, given to us, of the superintending care, the merciful compassion of our God—who in giving His dear Son, gave us an earnest of His love. 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also, freely give us all things?'

"J. M. WHITALL."

"Philadelphia, 5th month, 15th, 1861.

"MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER MARY:—Thee and thine come so freshly before me, that to hold a little converse with thee seems a necessity. How is my darling Min.? She often occupies my thoughts. She was very sweet and lovely when I was at your house. What a good hard squeeze, and how many kisses she would get if within my reach at this time. Please give them to her for me. And little Jack, or big Jack, whichever he is—I do want to see him prodigiously. He fairly captured my heart when last in Baltimore, he was so good and sweet. I praised him highly to grandmother, and thought, and still think him beautiful, and as fine a grandson as we have. Dear fellow, kiss him for me, and tell him grandfather loves him dearly.

"Does your uncle G. C. yet see through the secession movement? I do not feel certain of Virginia—her interests are so with the Slave Cotton States, that there is a strong probability that she will eventually join them; and would it not be better that she should? The slave interest and the free are so very different, can it be possible they will ever permanently harmonize?—that is the difficulty which must some time or other break up the Union, and why not now? But whether this event takes place at this time or in the future it is

important for us individually that *our* work should keep up with the day, for we are told that 'the night cometh when no man can work.' I know of no better way to see to this, than to follow the advice of the Apostle, 'Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you.' Yes, this is the secret to all virtue, strength and spiritual advancement, because if the Lord draws nigh to us, (which He infallibly will if we are honest and earnest in drawing nigh unto Him), He will give us to love Him, and increase our desires to serve Him with a pure, honest, humble heart. He will give us faith in His dear Son, and pardon our sins for His sake—and this will He daily give us to feel, which is better than all the world can bestow. May this experience, dear daughter, be thine and also thy dear husband's, is the sincere wish and prayer of thy affectionate father.

"J. M. WHITALL.

"Love to all hands."

The secession of the Southern States referred to in the above letter, took place in 1861, with results that are a matter of history, and need not be referred to here. Our father's sympathies were always most emphatically on the side of freedom, and through all the war, he watched with the deepest interest to see what would be its effect on the curse of slavery. I remember one dream he had during the course of it, that seemed to make an indelible impression on his mind. He thus records this in his *Reminiscences* :

"In the year 1863, when the rebel army under the command of General Lee were approaching Harrisburg, Pa., there was great trepidation among many of the citizens of Philadelphia, lest this city should be taken. Great quantities of merchandize and gold and silver plate, &c., were sent north to be out of the reach of the invaders. We had gone for the summer to Atlantic City, and our town house was shut up. About the first of seventh month while the enemy were approaching the Susquehanna River, I dreamed that the same cloud which stood between the Israelites and the Eryp-

tians at the crossing of the Red Sea, now appeared between the rebel host and the city of Philadelphia. The impression on my mind as to the safety of the city was so strong that I told my wife and our friend Eliza P. Gurney that I felt sure Lee would never come to Philadelphia, unless it was as a prisoner. The Lord discomfited him at Gettysburg on the 4th of 7th month, when a battle of three days' duration was fought between him and the Union troops under General Meade."

I think from this time our father had no doubt as to the final success of the North, and the ultimate deliverance of the slaves from bondage; and no one rejoiced more than he did on the day when the President issued the Proclamation of Emancipation to the four millions of slaves in the United States. His admiration and love for Abraham Lincoln was very great, and his loyalty to the Republican party in politics was always from this time unmoved. He would not so much as listen to anything said against them, and found it very hard to believe that a party whose President had done such a glorious deed for a down-trodden race, could do anything wrong or mean afterwards.

This year of 1861 was a very exciting year to our whole country. The strength of the southern army was greatly exaggerated, and grave fears at first filled many hearts. In a joint letter from our parents written to my sister Sarah, our mother says:

"We do feel in so much concern and sorrow of heart at the state of things around us, and at the intelligence just received from John S. Hilles, who, alas! knows it to be true, that all the bridges are burned and destroyed between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, and the telegraph wires cut. We do seem mournfully cut off from all intercourse with poor dearest Mary. G. Cheston received a

telegram this morning from Baltimore, at eight o'clock, which said, 'All well and things quiet,' but it appears since that the rebels were going up the road destroying bridges, &c. I thought you had better know how things really were, that we might feel together and suffer together. What an inexpressible comfort that dear Mary knows where to go for refuge; and that she can look to her Heavenly Father as a loving child, and feel assured of His tender mercy and care, even though it may be amid the fires. My heart yearns towards her, and yet I cannot say that I really feel uneasy or distressed about her; there is a calm trust that she will be cared for."

To this my father adds:

"I am writing to precious Polly, and will trust to the letter reaching her, though the prospect looks slim. 'The righteous have a strong Tower into which he runneth and is safe.' Let us, dear Sally, seek a more full and decided acquaintance with this strong tower. 'Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace.'"

The danger to Baltimore, to which this letter refers, seemed so threatening, that our sister Mary and her family finally fled to Philadelphia for refuge. She has sent me the following account:

"During all this anxious time the faith of our parents never failed, and they wrote us such cheering letters, so filled with trust in the Lord, as to be of the greatest comfort to us. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed'; had been the promise of God which they had given us when we were married, and they repeated it now with the assurance that 'faithful was He who had promised.'"

"It was just after the 19th of 4th mo., 1861, when the Massachusetts troops were attacked in the streets of Baltimore, and the city was placed under martial law,

and serious apprehensions were felt that the vicinity of Baltimore would become the battle-field of the nation. The bridges between Baltimore and Philadelphia were finally burned, and the telegraph wires cut, so that there was no communication, and reports were circulated through the streets of Philadelphia that Baltimore was in flames, and that no one could leave the city. Our parents were not a whit discouraged by this gloomy state of things, and our father over and over expressed his conviction that 'all was well with Poll,' and that before long the whole Baltimore family would be safe in Filbert Street. Meanwhile we in Baltimore were passing through a scene of great excitement, and there was quite an exodus from the city of all who could find any place of refuge. Our hearts longed for the shelter and safety of the dear old home, and we finally packed up hastily and started for Philadelphia. The burning of the bridges had cut off all railway communication, and we were thus compelled to take a roundabout and tedious journey, going by steamboat to Perryville, and from there by a slow train to Philadelphia. We were detained many hours on the way, and at last arrived at the dear Filbert Street home about midnight, a tired but thankful party. Our father was expecting us, and the moment he heard the ring at the door he sprang out of bed, exclaiming, 'There they are,' and raising the window called out to the weary travellers, 'I'll let you in, we are expecting you,' and then ran down to open the door, and in a few minutes our hearts were comforted by our darling parents' most loving welcome."

The threatened danger to Baltimore passed off happily without any really serious results, and our sister and her family were soon able to return to their home there.

In the year 1861 our father had a severe illness, which at one time seemed likely to terminate fatally. My sister Sarah was the only one of the daughters who was able to assist in the nursing, and she has given me the following account :

“My mother wrote me of my father’s illness, and I at once went into the city to see him. When I entered his room and sat down by his bed, he looked so sweet and peaceful and so ready to be translated, that I was not surprised when he told me he thought it doubtful whether he would recover—indeed, that he believed he would not. But he said he was entirely resigned to the will of the Lord, either to go and be received, through the mercy of his dear Saviour, into Heaven, or to stay and battle with life longer. He said he was not afraid of death, for he trusted entirely in Christ, and believed that all his sins had been forgiven for Jesus’ sake, and that he felt nothing but peace. He then spoke of the imperfections of his life, and said he had often transgressed, lately more particularly in thought; but that he believed he was, through great mercy, washed and made clean. It seemed that he could not repeat too often that his trust was entirely in the Lord, and reiterated, ‘all dependence upon myself has been taken away, and I trust entirely to the love and mercy of my dear Saviour.’

“On 7th day morning a joyous solemnity seemed to

hover over him. He did not smile, but a look of ineffable peace rested upon his dear face. I felt as in the presence of holy things. After sitting by him a little while, he told me that a few mornings before, as he was lying still, holding communion with his Heavenly Father, that, clear and distinct, almost like a voice, he had heard these words, 'Heavenly host, behold a soul which I have redeemed.' It came to him with so much sweetness and power as to bring him in spirit into the actual presence of unseen glories, and there he seemed to linger and be as one who had entirely done with the affairs of this life.

"It was at this time he spoke to me so earnestly about the duty and privilege of holding communion with the Lord, which has been noticed in another place. He spoke also of the comfort dear mother was to him, and said he felt it such a favor that she had been spared to nurse him, and he enlarged, as he often did, upon her excellencies and superiority, and said she had been such a 'sweet companion' to him, and that she was an 'uncommon woman;' and then words seemed to fail him to express all he wanted to say, and he said emphatically, she is '*just mother.*'

"He then spoke most affectionately to me, and said it was such a comfort to see me, his 'dear daughter, seeking heavenly things, endeavoring to walk in the way of holiness,' and said I must teach Whitall and Bessie early to love their Heavenly Father. He spoke most warmly of William, too, and said how much he had always esteemed him, and received him entirely as his son, and confided in him, and that he hoped the good feeling and love would always continue!

“During this sickness he seemed to lose his hold on earthly interests, and although expressing himself as entirely resigned to the will of the Lord, yet he spoke very often of being tired of life. He seemed sometimes almost oppressed by the feeling, and as if a mighty weight of sadness settled upon him in view of it. It would to him then have been a boon to take flight from earth and revel in the presence of his beloved Saviour; and even when he was manifestly getting better, he seemed unable to come in spirit back to life. One day, after he had recovered so far as to sit up and be about his room, he wrote the following lines, and laid them on the table where mother and I could see them:—

Tired and weary, Life's journey o'er,
I reach the dark waters, I linger no more;
I wait for my Pilot, I trust in His word;
The Lord sitteth King, sitteth King of the flood!
He strengthens my spirit, He gives me His peace,
All fears fly away and anxieties cease.
In the fountain He washed me, He made me all clean;
He gave me to trust Him, to love Him supreme.
He clothed me with beauty, His image impressed;
His righteousness shields me, in His robe I am dressed.
No works do I boast of, no works of my own;
In Jesus, my Saviour, in His love alone,
I boldly press forward to join the bright throng
Who are waiting to welcome and teach me their song.

“We felt so glad and happy to have him getting well that we could hardly enter into his feelings, and tried to cheer him with thoughts of more years spent in the service of his Master, and endeavored to win from him an acquiescence in the joy of it. But he only smiled,

and appeared to keep his thoughts fixed on that far-off, happy land he had so surely thought he was about to enter."

Returning strength, however, brought back his old interests, and from that time on to the day of the attack, which at one stroke took from him the spring of his power, he was foremost in the battle for the right, and strong to do what he saw to be the will of God.

"Philadelphia, 5th month, 17th, 1862.

"DEAREST POLLY, JR.:—Mumps, mumps, mumps, is the word hereaway. Sally Harlan took them at school, and had them three weeks ago. Franky went to Linden yesterday with his Grandmother, and he with blue-eyed Johnny and Sally H., had some rare fun, as mother told thee. Well to-day Franky has the mumps, and no mistake. Now for Johnny and Tim Tom, with the chits at Linden, guess we shall have a mumpy time. The heat of to-day makes us think of Atlantic. I must go down and fix up the flower beds—haven't been there since last summer but once, with E. P. G.

"I have been to the Alms House with Elizabeth Comstock and companion. They had good service, and the visited were much pleased, and I hope benefited. Yesterday they went to Pennsylvania Hospital, in one of the sick wards a sick soldier attracted their attention, and called forth a prayer at his bedside, with which he expressed much satisfaction. Last night he passed from time to eternity. It was a little singular he had no friends or connections, and left in the steward's hand 180 dollars. He was from Ireland.

"It seems long since holding communion in this way with thee, dear Polly, but often have you been the companion of my thoughts. Dear little Harry, I do want to give him a right hard kiss, and John M. Whitall Thomas, too, even if he has not yet got a new heart; but he must pray his heavenly Father to give him a new heart, and clean heart, and to make him a good boy—tell him to be right earnest in praying for this, and he will get a new heart. And darling Minnie, Oh, how I love her. She is one of the very sweetest, dearest grandchildren we have, and she prays to Heavenly Jesus for

a new heart, and to be kept from doing wrong, and that she may be a great help to her dear father and mother. Oh, it is so nice to be good and feel at peace with heavenly Father, and that He loves us, and we love Him, and we so desire to please Him. I would say to her father and mother, that if they will be in right earnest to seek Heavenly Father, He will be found of them, and honor them with His presence, and bless them with His saving grace, and keep them from sin on the right hand and on the left hand, and be a guide to them in this life, and when they leave this world, He will for His dear Son's sake, admit them to the joys of His heavenly kingdom. Oh, that we may all be diligent, and not permit the days to pass, without oftener than the morning, drawing nigh in prayer, fervent, earnest prayer to our Gracious God, who has given us a proof of His desire to save us in the gift of His beloved Son, to die for our sins, 'the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God.' Then let us put on courage, and come to the throne of grace in full assurance that we shall be accepted in the Beloved, and although we may feel weak and poor, and it is needful we should, that 'we may have the sentence of death in ourselves, and learn not to trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead,' yet may we trust in the blessed promise, 'I will in no wise cast out him that cometh to me.'

"Dear love to Margaret Cheston, who we rejoice to believe is getting better, and to G. C. and other dear friends. With many kisses to the darling children, I am your affectionate father,

J. M. W.

"*First Day Morning, 18th.*—Blue-eyed Johnny has the mumps. This morning he came running in, shouting for joy that he had the mumps, and could therefore play with Franky.—So we go."

"*Philadelphia, 6th month, 12th, 1863.*

"PRECIOUS POLLY:—There thou art away down there so far from us! Why did thou go? A pretty question to ask, thou wilt say to a daughter of mother Eve.—Curiosity brought me of course, if nothing better. But seriously, thou seems very far away, and our hearts often go out towards thee and thine, with tender feeling and desires for your welfare every way. It is related of Stephen

Girard that seeing a poor man in distress or trouble of some kind along the street, and the lookers on pitying him—Girard walked up and said, ‘How much do you pity him, I pity him five dollars,’ and handed over; so I say I pity thee twenty-five dollars, and thy good husband will please draw upon me at sight for that amount.

“Mother is telling thee all the family news, so I will quit by sending many kisses to the dear children, right on their ‘wide open’ mouths. We hope to have a good long visit from you all at home. Still with near affection, thy father. Love to the Doctor, &c., &c.

“J. M. W.”

CHAPTER XI.

MISSION WORK.

DURING the year 1862, our mother instituted a sort of mission among the poor in Bedford street, a place where the very offscouring of the city congregated, and I joined her in the work. The "baby" referred to in the following letter came from this mission, as also the two little boys. There was much that deeply interested our father in this work, and it ultimately resulted in his very interesting mission school among the colored people, to the account of which we shall come soon.

"Philadelphia, 3d month, 22d, 1862.

"PRECIOUS POLLY:—We want thee to come on soon as possible. Enclosed is ten dollars to bear thy expenses. We feel as if the time has been very long since we had a visit. The other day, going home to dinner, Henry, the coachman, met me, and said he had brought a baby home. Mother was in Burlington, and Hannah and Alice had the use of the horse 'Charley.' Well, thinks I, what next? I was puzzled, and asked Henry if he was going to nurse the baby? He turned up his whites. 'A baby! and what is to be done with it,' I thought. On going in found baby up stairs in the nursery; Hannah, Alice and M. C. Whitall fussing over it. I had a mind to be considerably tried, but took to reading 'Phipps' Original and Present State of Man,' which, by-the-by, is a good composition. Pretty soon found they intended sending it to the Home of the Friendless.

I proposed that they should go there (at Chestnut Hill) right after dinner ; so Charley posted off. I waited to see them loaded up, only too glad to get the baby off my hands, knowing that one crop of babies is enough for mother, unless their own mothers are along. I don't believe there are any other two women in Philadelphia who would have taken hold of a baby under the circumstances. Perhaps H. has written to thee about it. She is a rouser, and will tell thee lots of curious adventures.

"Dear love to Minnie, and tell her to bring her book to read to me and Jack and Harry Parry—give them kisses; and love to the Doctor, who I hope will come with thee, if he can spare the time. Write and say when thou art coming; we will meet you with furniture car for trunks. Affectionately, thy father,

J. M. WHITALL."

"P. S.—While reading this to mother, in came Hannah, with two boys, nine and five, whose drunken mother she has just left at the Alms House. Now what shall we do with these two boys? I do believe Hannah and mother are puzzled. They are down in the kitchen, and blue-eyed Johnny from next door is there, looking at the boys, who are right bright. But 'the poor ye have always with you.'"

To this our mother adds :

"Five o'clock. We have got the children washed and *combed!* and clean clothes on, and they look real nice. But I have not time to say anything; but do come right away, and send word when we may hope to see you. There is a long history about these boys, but nothing more now."

On the 28th of 3d month, 1863, our father wrote to our mother :

"Sixty years old to-day, dearest. Hope thou art as wise as one should be at that age. It don't seem to make any difference to me; for added years bring not wisdom, I fear. * * * This sad rebellion! I cannot help hoping it is on its last legs. The North feel confident and the South desperate. My trust is in the Lord. If He

has decreed the death of slavery, all the powers of evil cannot prevent it, which consideration has been a great stay to my mind throughout this terrible war."

The next letter was written to my sister Sarah and myself, when we were visiting our sister Mary in Baltimore, leaving our children at home; and the little "Mary Ella" referred to, my sister Sarah's two years old daughter, was evidently staying at her grandpa's.

"5th month, 14th, 1863.

PRECIOUS DAUGHTERS:—I asked Mary Ella if she would not like to send love to her mamma? She said, very coolly, 'No!' 'Love to Bessie?' 'No!' 'Love to Minnie?' 'No!' 'Love to Johnny?' 'No!' 'Love to Hadge-padge?' 'No!' 'Love to Bonny Boy?' 'No!' and she stuck to 'No!' all through.

"We have a teachers' meeting here this evening. They are useful and encouraging. Our school in Shippen St. increases in scholars and interest, and we hope the blessing of our Lord attends. We have not a doubt but that He sent us to labor in that field. Oh, if we can only so fulfil our mission as to gain souls to Jesus and glorify Him. We may then hope to enjoy the light of His countenance; and truly His favor is better than life, and the knowledge of Him than hid treasure."

The school here referred to was an object of deepest interest to our father from this time on until he was too feeble to continue it. During the winter of 1862 our mother in the course of her work among the poor people in the lower part of the city, had felt the great need there was of religious instruction for the adult colored people of that section, especially as just at this time there were a great many fugitives from the South, "contrabands of war," as we called them then. She proposed to our father to open a First-day School for

the adults only, and as he had always been deeply interested in the colored race, and had years before felt impressed that he would one day hold such a position in relation to them, he consented, although he felt at first very diffident as to its success. The school was opened first in the church called "Little John Wesley," in Shippen street, and the scholars began to crowd in. In a very short time this church was found to be too small, and the school was moved to a mission church in St. Mary's street, between Sixth and Seventh, owned by George H. Stuart, and kindly rented by him to our father for the use of his school.

In a letter to his daughter Sarah he thus speaks of his interest in this school:

"We enjoyed our school-room last First day; 158 present, and we had an interesting time. The scholars seemed appreciative and very attentive. It is marvellous to myself how at last I should have got into the position which years ago felt comfortable and desirable—to be a teacher to the colored people. Perhaps I never before was quite ready. If Heavenly Father will please make use of so poor an instrument to bring souls to Jesus great would be my joy. Earnest are my desires to love Him more and serve Him better."

The whole expenses of the school were borne by our father, and he alone was responsible for its management. But he was aided by a large corps of faithful teachers, and for several years our mother assisted him in the superintendence of the weekly sessions of the school. The colored people called her the "Head Woman," and the name pleased our father so much that he adopted it in his playful moments, and would often come into the house and call up stairs in his happy voice, "Where's the sweetest Head Woman in all the world?"

The school was attended largely at first by "contrabands," as they were called, from the Southern States, and their eagerness to learn made it a great pleasure to teach them. But there were also many of the poorest colored people from the neighborhood, which is the most wretched in the city. The interest and enjoyment of all classes was very great from the first, and the number present generally averaged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred.

A mother's meeting was sometimes carried on in connection with the school, where the women attended, and spent three hours making up clothing, which was afterwards sold to them at a very low price. At these meetings some one always read aloud an interesting book or tract. At other times there were distributions of free coal made to the most worthy, from the fund of the Grandom estate, of which our father was one of the managers. Every scholar was also given one dollar in money whenever they had attended the school twenty-four times.

One of our most devoted teachers, M. M., very soon after the opening of the school began to feel called of the Lord to devote her whole time to visiting the scholars in their homes, and laboring with them privately and personally. As she had no property of her own, it was a trial of faith thus to devote herself to the Lord's work, without any assured means of support; but the call was so plain, that she felt she dared not disregard it, and she has often told us since, that from the hour when she thus gave herself up to obey the Lord in this, she has never wanted in any necessary thing, although

she has made her wants known to none but the Lord alone. From this time on she tried to visit every scholar as often as possible, and was greatly blessed in her ministrations to them, both temporal and spiritual. We all feel that the great success of the gospel work among the scholars was largely owing to her services, and our father valued her very highly as one of his most important aids. The Annual Reports were made up mostly from her memoranda. As it will interest the grandchildren to know something about the work in which their beloved grandpa was so deeply interested, I will insert some extracts from the yearly Reports which were presented to the Conference of the Friends' First Day School Association of Philadelphia and its vicinity.

In 1864 the Annual Report contains the following:

"In our last annual report it was stated that our school was located on Shippen St., below Eighth. We had then only recently commenced our work, and soon found that the room was quite too small to accommodate the numerous applicants for admission, and a commodious one being offered in St. Mary's Street, between Sixth and Seventh, it was rented for the purpose, where our number now averages one hundred and sixty. The small congregation who assemble in the chapel in Shippen Street, seemed greatly to regret our leaving, believing that the school not only had a tendency to increase their numbers, but was also working a change in the neighborhood; and certainly a more respectful recognition of the day was observable. The following letter received from the trustees of the chapel is an evidence of their grateful feelings:—

"*To Mr. and Mrs. Whitall, the Sabbath-school Teachers, and the rest of the Friends:*

"We, the members of 'the John Wesley' African Methodist Episco-

pal Church, feel grateful and very thankful to you for the unmerited and almost boundless benevolence in paying our ground-rent, which we saw no way to do, and assisting our poor and those of the neighborhood, and organizing, supporting and teaching the Sabbath-school, etc. We have been and are astonished at such munificent kindness—and to who? to the most obscure, smallest church in the city or suburbs. We cannot express our feelings; the thought is too large for utterance. May the blessing of Him who said, ‘Come hither, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom; for I was hungry, thirsty and naked, and you clothed, and fed and comforted me;’ and Oh! may the Father of the spirits of all men bestow upon you and yours the blessings, with every necessary comfort, including everlasting rest and peace, is our prayer.

“Yours, respectfully,

JAMES DAVIS, *Elder,*

JOHN CLINER, *Sec’y,*

JOHN FLAMER,

DANIEL H. CARTER, his X mark.”

“One instance, among many of a similar character it may be interesting to notice, as showing the advantage of extending the hand of kindness and interest to even the most degraded. A man of very ragged and unsightly appearance came, at the opening of the school, from a cellar near by, where two families lived, with one of whom he was a boarder; it was hardly believed he would come the second time, but he has not once been absent, and his whole appearance is so improved that he could scarcely be recognized as the same person. When inquired of if he could read, the reply was, ‘he thought he could spell a little;’ but upon getting a book in his hand, the instruction received in former days seemed to come back, and he now reads very well, and repeats every week several verses from the Bible to his teacher, and highly appreciates the privileges of the school. And when we remember how many of this class are in our very midst, who never go into a place of worship, have none to read to them, are without a Bible or even a tract in their comfortless dwellings, we may well recur to the command given, ‘Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.’

“Few of the teachers have time to do much visiting, but there are

some who labor successfully in this exceedingly important part of our undertaking. One of our teachers endeavors to visit every scholar, and while the sad scenes of suffering and wretchedness which must be witnessed, make it an arduous task, yet she is often cheered by the warm welcome and interest manifested to hear a 'little Bible reading,' several of the families gathering into one little room for the purpose; and there have been seasons when the visitor and visited have been refreshed together, and made to feel that we are all one in Christ. 'Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom, which he hath promised to them that love him?'"

1867.—"One of our women who was induced to come to the school through the invitation of an acquaintance, soon became very much interested, and acknowledged that previously she had been living without hope and without God in the world, but that at the school she had been taught to see her condition as a great sinner, and to feel her need of a Saviour. Many things in the Scriptures were then made plain and clear to her, and she believed she had experienced the new birth which was so frequently spoken of there as being necessary.

"Another aged scholar, in the midst of poverty and sickness, after speaking in a touching manner of her life of toil and trial, said she had so much to be thankful for now in her old age. 'Why, honey,' she said, 'look what de Lord has done for me and my people. He has given us our freedom, and He has set my soul at liberty; and then, honey, look at the blessed school I go to, where I have learned so much, and have such a kind teacher, and the blessed words I hear there, too. Oh, dat school, it has been great gain to me! I have many things here in my heart dat I have heerd there, and dey comes right to me in de night when I can't sleep, and I can't tell you how much good it does me."

1869.—"A family who came from the South during the war in a most destitute condition were brought to the school by their neighbors and were diligent attenders, and to use their own words, 'the instruction received there has been meat and drink to our souls.' They soon got to living quite comfortably, and in reply to the inquiry how it was brought about, said, 'It is all from the Lord. He gave us grace in our hearts at de school, and dat has lifted us out of

de gutter. Mr. Whitall told us dat if we would pray earnestly to de Lord, He would help us; we did pray, and He heard our prayers, and it is because of His mercy dat you sees us so well to-day.'

"M. P., one of our scholars, gave our Visitor the following interesting account of her experience. She said:

"I have longed to see you, to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul, and how it was brought about. I hope you can stay a good while, I have so much to tell you. You know, before I came to the school, I had heard a great deal about it, and I thought I would go and see it. The first time I went I thought it was about the best place I ever was in, so quiet—the Bible explained in such a way I could understand it. I had often read it myself, but never paid attention to what I read until I heard it explained at school. Every Sunday when I came home I used to say to my mother, 'Oh, mother, I wish you were able to go to the school; I never thought there was so much in the Bible I could understand before.' It was in October, 1867, at the opening of the school, that the Superintendent gave out the words, 'Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you;' he explained it, my heart was touched, and I felt that I was a sinner, and asked 'Can it be possible that the Saviour would open unto *me*?' I left the school with a burdened heart. I tried to stifle conscience to get rid of my feelings, but I could not; the words sounded in my ears, 'knock and it shall be opened unto you.' I commenced praying to the Lord to have mercy on me. I went on in this way until the first of the year. I then entered into solemn covenant with the Lord, promising to be His, if He *would* receive me. The first Thursday in the year I was at the wash-tub, praying to the Lord to receive me, when these words. '*this is Jesus,*' came to me with such power that I dropped my washing and sat down on a chair. 'I am Jesus!! why don't you believe?' was repeated and my burden was gone! I cried out, 'It is the Lord'—the precious blood *has been* applied to my poor soul. Now do you wonder I love the school; it has been such a blessing to me, I recommend it to all my friends—and I can tell you more—three persons date their awakening and conversion from mine. I must tell you one thing more and then I will stop—I was in a *great strait*; my husband was out of employment, I was sick, my aged mother and an orphan child were depending upon us for support, there was not a piece of coal in the

cellar, I prayed to the Lord to open a way for us. You came down the next day and told mother you would send her half a ton of widow's coal. A little while after we were again in a *terrible strait*; I was not able to sit up, my husband still out of employment; but I said to mother, 'The Lord is all-sufficient, do not fear.' I raised my heart to Him, believing some way would open. Two days afterwards, at half-past seven, a knock was heard at the door; a lady I had worked for sent a man to inquire about me; he brought an envelope; I opened it and found *five dollars* in it; this lady thought I would need it. I felt it was the Lord, and Him alone—He inclined the heart of this lady to send it. He answered my prayer and fulfilled my petitions."

1870.—"The St. Mary's Street Mission School for Colored Adults continues to be large and interesting. The average attendance during the past winter has been one hundred and eighty, with twenty-two teachers. The scholars, among whom are many aged men and women, show a deep interest in the school, and some of them come from long distances in order to be present. Their eagerness to learn to read, and their appreciation of the simple and clear expositions of Scriptural truth given by the Superintendent and others, are very encouraging and gratifying. Many of them seem to feel that on account of this valuable teaching, the school is more blessed to them than even their own places of worship. The Lord Jesus Christ as a present and all-sufficient Saviour, both from the guilt and from the power of sin, is our weekly lesson, and we rejoice to believe that the blessed understanding of a life of faith in Him, hid so often from the wise and prudent, is revealed by the Holy Spirit to many of these ignorant and humble ones. There is something so peculiarly receptive and child-like in the faith of the colored race, that our scholars are often a lesson to their teachers.

"Since our last report some of the scholars have passed away to their eternal home, giving good evidence that they have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus. One of these, named Sarah Cooper, had been a regular attendant at the school for about three years, and never missed unless prevented by sickness, although the distance she had to walk was over two miles. The remark having been made to her one stormy First-day evening, 'Why, Sarah, did you venture out this stormy day?' She replied, 'Oh, yes, and I was

more than paid for going. 'The gospel I hear there is marrow and fatness to my soul. I feast on it all the week.' She was confined to her bed for twenty months, unable to leave it without assistance, and was most of the time alone, as her daughter was obliged to go out to work. But when asked how she passed away the time when thus alone, she replied, with much feeling, 'I am never *alone*; I am happy in a Saviour's love, blessed be His holy name. I lie here and pray for all my friends and for my blessed school; and one word after another that Mr. Whitall has said comes into my mind and comforts me so much. I can't tell you what good it does me.'

"Charles Brassy was a member of the school for about two years. He had resisted for a year the urgent solicitations of his wife to attend with her; but when once he began to go, he was rarely absent, and esteemed it a great privilege. He said to one of the teachers that he never went without receiving fresh supplies of spiritual strength. When confined at home with a suffering disease, the faithful Visitor for the school had many deeply interesting interviews with him. At one time, when a small present of money was given to him, he exclaimed 'Bless de Lord, while I was calling Thou didst answer me!' and then added, 'How many times has Mr. Whitall told us to make our wants known to the Lord, and, if we were faithful, He would answer our prayers. I cannot tell you how often his words have comforted me. I will never see him again, but I want you to tell him that.' At another time he told her that he felt the school had done and was doing a great amount of good among his people, and he often spoke of the happy hours he had enjoyed there in reading the Bible and listening to the explanations given, and in communion with his dear Saviour.

"Calling upon one of the most regular attendants, who had been absent a few weeks, our Visitor found her sick. The poor woman said that during part of her sickness she was unable to raise a hand to help herself, and that one day found her without a morsel of food in the house, and no money to buy any. 'But,' she said, 'I cried, Lord, be pleased to look on me, a poor creature, and send me some bread or something to eat; and, honey, look at that little trunk; by eight in the evening it was full of bread. Now, can't I trust the Lord? Praise his name! I know He hears prayer. Don't Mr. Whitall tell us every week to trust the Lord, and it is true, we can trust Him.'

"In another family a young man was found to have been awakened and converted through the teachings he had received at the school. His mother said, that night and morning he always prayed a little prayer which the Superintendent had tried to impress upon the minds of the scholars week after week: 'Lord Jesus, convert my soul! Lord Jesus, make me like Thyself!' urging them to make it their daily prayer. This young man had thus prayed, and the result has been that God has converted his soul, and for a long while now he has maintained a steady, consistent Christian walk. His mother added that he was a great comfort to her, and helped her in every way.

"One old scholar of eighty, who is very regular in her attendance at the school, was found when visited in her home to be poor indeed as regards this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of an eternal inheritance. Upon being asked how she was prospering, she replied, 'Oh, honey, I find the Lord all-sufficient. He fills my heart with his love; He keeps me day by day, and never leaves me to suffer. Often when I get up in the morning everything looks dark; but I ask the Lord to send relief, and, honey, He sends it. Don't Mr. Whitall tell us to ask the Lord for what we want, and, if we are faithful, He will hear our cry? and I know it is so. He always hears my prayers, bless His Name! I will trust Him. He sent you here to-day to read His blessed Book to me. Praise His Holy Name!'

"This Visitor has often small sums of money given to her to bestow upon any especially needy and deserving cases she may meet with, and it is very precious to note how often her aid is afforded at just the time when some poor child of God has been crying to her Father for help. On one occasion during the winter she felt impressed to send some coal to one of the scholars, a poor Christian woman; and upon calling to see her a day or two afterward with the impression that she must also hand her some money, as she entered her poor room the woman exclaimed, with tears streaming down her cheeks, 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul! I *knew* He would not let me perish with hunger. He has sent you here to-day in answer to prayer, for I have nothing to eat and no money.' She further told the visitor that for two days previous to receiving the coal, she had been praying to the Lord to incline the heart of some one to send her some;

and she added, 'I felt sure that I would get it, and when it came I was overwhelmed with gratitude, and exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that while I was calling Thou didst answer!"'

"On another occasion, while conversing with one of the scholars—a woman who appeared to be in comfortable circumstances—the Visitor felt impressed that she needed help; and although she did not make her situation known, could not leave without handing her something. Upon her next visit the poor woman spoke in a very feeling manner of God's care over her during the past year, although her daughter had been confined to her bed most of that time, and her own health had been very poor. 'But, through it all,' she added, 'I have not suffered for anything. Many times I have realized the blessed truth of what I so often hear from Mr. Whitall, that if we take our troubles to the Lord, He will hear us and make a way for us. And don't you recollect the last visit you paid me? Well, that day I was without one cent, but I fell on my knees and asked God to send me some relief. In the afternoon you came, but I did not expect you to give me anything, for you thought I was comfortable; but before leaving you gave me a dollar. So you see how the Lord answers prayer.'"

"In 1871 the Report notices 250 on the roll-list with an average attendance of 175, and goes on to say :

"There is much cause for gratitude in the evidences of a work of grace in the hearts of many of the scholars; and the superintendent and teachers are greatly cheered by the close attention that is given to the exercises of the school, and by the delight with which many of them seem to drink in the blessed truths of the gospel of Christ which are set before them from week to week. It is our earnest desire that the aim of our school shall be to hold up before the eyes of these poor and needy ones, the Lord Jesus as a perfect supply for all their needs, both spiritual and temporal; and we rejoice to believe that many are thus led to cast all their sins and all their burdens at His feet, and to trust Him as their all-sufficient Saviour. Never does the gospel seem more precious than when it is being thus proclaimed to the poor and lowly of this earth, to whom it is indeed glad tidings of great joy; and never does the protecting

care and loving-kindness of our Father in Heaven seem sweeter than when pointing so many aching, anxious hearts to cast all their cares upon Him. We rejoice also to believe that the fruits of the Spirit are brought forth in many of those who have found peace in believing, and that they do truly long to serve Him faithfully, who has done so much for them.

"The same faithful Visitor, who gave us such deeply interesting accounts of her work last year, has still continued her labors, and from her notes we will glean a few of the most interesting particulars.

"Upon one of her visits to a certain street, she found one of the scholars sick and very poor. Asking her what she needed, the reply was, with much emotion, 'I want nothing but my Saviour; I have been praying for pardon ever since I began to attend the school. Won't you pray for me, and ask your friends to pray, for I am afraid I will be lost?' Prayer was offered, and a portion of scripture read suited to her condition. Weeks passed; the faithful Visitor spent many hours with this poor penitent in conversation, reading and prayer, but apparently all in vain. She refused to be comforted. Her distress was bordering on despair. Her constant cry was, 'I am lost; there is no mercy for me, but I shall perish crying for mercy.' One morning, however, as the Visitor entered the poor little room, the sick woman exclaimed, 'Oh, I have such good news for you. Jesus has washed my sins all away and made me clean. *You* told me He would, but I said, not such a sinner as me. But, praise His blessed Name! He has washed my sins in His precious blood. And now I want to tell you about that blessed morning. When I waked up I thought I was lost. I could not eat any breakfast, I was so wretched; but I said, if I go to hell, I'll go praying. I heard read at school about praying in the closet, so I went into the closet to pray, and I felt worse. Then I ran into the yard and threw myself down and prayed, but no hope. Then I went up to my own room again and threw myself on the floor and cried, Lord, what must I do? In a moment it seemed as if I heard a blessed voice say, "Do nothing; I did all for thee," and then it seemed as if I could see the Saviour with the blood streaming from His side, and it seemed as if He looked down upon me with a smile and said, "All this for thee." At that moment I knew I was for-

given, and I was so happy I praised the Lord with all my heart, and wanted to run into the street and tell everyone I met that I had found the Saviour. I wanted to bring everybody to Him.' The Christian life and walk of this woman since has proved the reality of the change she thus vividly described.

"Calling upon another of the scholars who had been very sick, and who had no means of support except her own daily labor, the Visitor said, 'I hope you have not suffered for food since I was here last?' 'Oh, no,' replied the poor woman, 'God takes care of me. When you were here last week you gave me some money, you remember. Well, at dat time I was without a cent, and had nothing to eat. Early dat mornin' I gave my last money, a ten cent note, to a little boy to buy me a bucket of coal. Then I remembered what Mr. Whitall tells us in de school, to take all our cares to Jesus and He will help us, and I said to de Lord, 'Lord, Thou knowest I am without food and without the money to buy any, please send some one to help me.' Dat was all I said, and I knowed He would answer my prayer. And when you came in before you gave me anything, I just raised my heart to God and said, "I thank dee, Lord, dat while I was calling Thou didst answer," for I knowed He had sent you.'

"Among all the scholars there seems to be a very grateful appreciation of the benefits they derive from the school. One old man said, 'I have been trying to serve the Lord for many years, and have been in a good many places, but, child, I never was in a place where the good Book was made so plain to me. Oh, it's a blessed place to go to.'

"Another of the scholars, lamenting her being detained at home by sickness from the school, added with great earnestness, 'But it is food to my soul when I do go. I believe the Lord raised up that school to instruct us poor creatures. What we have heard there has been blessed to so many of us.'

"Another, who had lost her husband a few weeks before, said, 'How often I thank God that my husband was led to go to the school; the impressions made on his mind there never left him until he was enabled to read his title clear to mansions in the skies.'

1873.—"The teachers of the various classes report a great desire on the part of their scholars to learn to read; a desire so characteristic of

this race everywhere over our country at the present time; and great pains are taken to lead them on as rapidly as a short lesson once a week will permit. The improvement in many cases is very satisfactory.

"The principal object of our school, however, is to direct our scholars to the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour to save them; their Shepherd to care for them and lead them; and their King to rule them. Realizing that every need of men of all conditions, and especially of a class so poor and helpless as these are, can be supplied only by Christ, and that in Him they can be *more* than supplied, we desire above everything else to turn their eyes and their thoughts to the One who 'can speak to their condition,' and who never casts out any that come to Him. In plain and simple language, we seek to present the glad tidings of the forgiveness of sins through the cleansing power of His precious blood to those who have been brought by the blessed Holy Spirit to know themselves to be sinners. And to those who have thus, by faith in the Lord Jesus, been born again into the family and household of God, we endeavor to point out the need of practical holiness, and to exhort them to seek to know for themselves an entire conformity to the will of God in all things, teaching them that *as* they have received Christ *so* they must walk in Him, by a daily and hourly faith in His power to save from sinning.

"Our Visitor says, that on resuming her visits after the summer recess of the school, it is very gratifying to hear from the scholars so many testimonies to the blessing which during the summer's intermission, had followed the teaching of the previous winter. One of them greeted her with, 'Why, honey, is this you, and have you all got back again to us poor creatures? Why, I am so glad I could shout. But I must tell you that what I heerd in de winter has bin feedin' me all de summer; and when dis pore old body was laid on de bed of sickness, de words dat Mr. Whitall has so often told us about de Lord's care over us, and that if we asked Him He *would* keep us, came to me; and didn't it fill my soul with joy! And I would cry out loud, "Bless de Lord for giving him to us!" So you see, honey, it does us good in summer too.'

"Another scholar said to her, 'Oh! we are so glad to see you all in the flesh again, for we miss the blessed words we hear in the

school. But we do not forget them in the summer. One word after another comes into my mind, and my old man's too, and we talk over them, and they comfort and help us on our pilgrim journey; and we pray to the Lord to bring you all back again to us poor creatures.'

1875.—“The St. Mary's Street School has been very prosperous, during the past year. The average attendance has been about 175, and the interest of the scholars has been unabated. Our sessions are often precious times of very near access to the Lord, and of a sweet sense of His realized presence; and the scholars seem to value the instructions received there as among their chief means of enlightenment and strengthening.

“Our Visitor in going among them from house to house, hears many testimonies concerning the blessings received at the school, which are very comforting to those engaged in it, and cause us to hope that the dear Master is with us, and that His Spirit leads us. During one of her visits to a poor woman, who had been greatly tried with poverty and suffering, and who had been a constant attender at our school, the woman told her that she had been a Christian for many years, but that until she came to the school she had never realized much joy and peace; but added, ‘the blessed truths I have learned at the school, about trusting the Lord for everything, have brought me into a far brighter experience, and now I do trust Him, and although I have been in tight places this hard winter, I have not suffered. I have just gone to the Lord and asked Him to send relief, and, praise be to His Name, He always has; and I am as happy with poverty, trusting in Jesus, as I could be if I had money enough to get all the good things of earth.’

“Another one, under circumstances of great trial, was enabled to bear it all with a calm trust and peace that seemed indeed to pass all understanding. When spoken to about it, she said, ‘Oh, how I praise God for that school! What a blessing it has been to me. I have learned there how to trust the dear Saviour. I know we are taught in the blessed Book to trust Him; but in the school every word is made so plain that we can understand it better than when we read it ourselves. It is there that I have learned how to cast my burdens on the Lord, and He does sustain me.’

“Several of our scholars have passed away during the past year,

rejoicing in the Lord. Among them was William Thomas who had united with our school when in 1863 it was first started in Bainbridge Street. He had been regular in his attendance from that time, and valued it as one of his greatest religious privileges. On one occasion he said, 'I loved that school more than I can tell; what I heard there has helped me on my journey home, and not only me, but many others who have crossed the Jordan, and a host of others who are on their way. Often when I have been listening to instructions there, it has been all I could do to keep from shouting. But I knew Mr. Whitall would make me keep it in, so I would wait until I got home, and then I would have a good time!'

"The disease from which this aged saint was suffering was cancer of the mouth, which often made it impossible for him to speak, or even to eat anything. Once, when a little better, he said concerning this, 'I am so happy all the time, I hardly know how to contain myself; the Saviour is so precious to me. How glad I am that I gave my heart to Him when I had health and strength; and now I ask Him to help me bear with patience all He sees fit to lay upon me, and blessed be His name He does it. And sometimes when my mouth is so bad that I can't eat, I just ask Him to take the hungry feeling away, and it is taken away, and I feast on His goodness to me.'

"Our Visitor had frequent interviews with this afflicted saint, and found him suffering at times intense agony, but through it all his joy in the Lord was overwhelming, and seemed to outweigh every pain. And in his life and death it seemed granted to him to prove in a very special manner, the reality of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as able to deliver out of trial, and to keep the soul in perfect peace, and even in a joy unspeakable and full of glory, in the midst of earth's darkest hours. Well may we wonder and adore the grace which can so turn hard things into easy and bitter things into sweet, as to make darkened and sorrowful lives like these, full of brightness. And with thankful hearts we are constrained to join in the Apostle's shout of triumph, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"A 'mother's meeting' has been held weekly during the winter, where some of our women have met with their kind friend our Visitor, for counsel and sympathy, and for such help in material for clothing

as she has been able to afford them. Several hundred yards of muslin and flannel, and calico have been sold at these meetings at half-price, and many struggling lives have been brightened by this weekly cheer. Our Visitor says concerning these meetings, 'They were commenced in the eleventh month, and have been mostly well attended. They have always been times of religious refreshment, when we have been sensible of the presence of the dear Saviour in our midst, and have realized that He met with us to bless our feeble efforts put forth in His name. We have relied on His promise that what is sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and we leave the results in His hands. It has been very encouraging in these meetings to hear the constant testimony from the poor care-worn mothers present, to the blessing and help received at the school. The secret of a life of full trust seems to be easily learned by this simple-hearted race, and the seed sown brings forth an abundant harvest.

"Temporal help is afforded, as the funds contributed for this purpose enable, and it is done with so much wisdom and care on the part of our Visitor, as to make it a very timely help to many a case deserving of need. She has distributed in this way during the past winter about two hundred dollars, which was entrusted to her by generous Christian friends for the purpose, and she says words would fail to tell the blessed comfort and relief she has been privileged to bring into many a sorrowing heart and home. In many instances the little gift has come in direct answer to prayer, and has been the Lord's messenger of love and care to His needy, trusting disciples.

"One woman who had been a member of the school for eight years and who deemed it a precious privilege, has passed away during the past year, and said on her dying bed, 'That school has been the greatest blessing to me. From the teaching there I have learned to cast all my cares on the Lord and to trust Him fully. I take my troubles to Jesus, and blessed be His name, He gives me strength to bear them. Before I went to this school, even after I had professed to love the Saviour, I used to try and carry my burdens myself; but there I was taught to take them to my Saviour, and I find I am as strong again.' This dear Christian passed away in the triumphs of faith, amid agonizing bodily suffering, her last words being, 'Bless the Lord! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!'

"Upon one occasion, one who had been for many years a member of our school, but who was about to go to the Colored Home for Old Women, was found on her knees. As she rose she said, 'Yes, I wanted more strength, and I was asking God to give it to me; for, honey, Satan thought he would rob me of my peace; but I know where to go to drive him back. I am so glad you came to-day, for you may never see poor old Lydia again. And how I will miss you all; I loved my school so much. I am afraid I will never hear the superintendent, or the lady, or my dear teacher talk again. It used to do me so much good, and I often felt like shouting; but you know we had to be quiet there. But bid them farewell for me, and tell them that poor old Lydia said if she got to heaven first—as one and another comes from the school, won't I be glad to see them; and *then* we'll *all* have a glorious shout!'

"Another one who has passed away was a member of our school from the very beginning, and had had her eyes opened by the teachings she heard there, to see in Jesus a perfect Saviour. Through seasons of intense suffering she was enabled to be more than conqueror through faith in Him. On one occasion, when asked if her faith held out, she replied, triumphantly, 'Oh yes, and not only holds out, but grows stronger and stronger; and my prospect of heaven grows brighter, and my Saviour becomes more and more precious. I have been having to-day a foretaste of heaven, a glimpse of the glory so soon to be revealed to me. And I was with you in spirit in the school, and it seemed as if I could hear the superintendent explaining the Scriptures, and entreating us to give our hearts to the Saviour; and I prayed that the teachings there might be as blessed to others as they had been to me.'"

The year 1876 was the last year that our father was able to superintend the school. In the summer of 1874 he had a slight stroke of paralysis, and from that time grew more and more feeble every year. But his interest in his school was so great that he continued his attendance there until long after a less energetic man would have given it entirely up. It was my privilege to wait on

him backwards and forwards during those last winters, and very sweet is the remembrance of it now. It was a most touching and teaching sight to the loving eyes of the scholars, as they saw him, week after week, walk with his feeble steps up to the head of the school; and the lessons of unfailing trust in the Lord came with tenfold emphasis, because uttered by slow and often trembling lips. It was the last of all his public duties to be laid down; and long after our dear mother's tender anxieties would have kept him away, he continued this one most beloved mission. He and I would often have a little fun together over his missteps and threatened falls, his first word always being, "Well, Han, what would the sweetest head-woman in the world say to that?" and then he would make me promise not to tell her, laughing and saying, "We know how to keep our own secrets, don't we?" But I generally found that pretty soon after we would get home, out it would come, and our father would heartily enjoy in his own way her expressions of fright and her earnest warnings.

The report for this last year abounded in deeply interesting incidents:—

"The average attendance for the past year has been 200. The exercises are as follows: The school is opened by the scholars repeating in concert a text which was given them the preceding week. This text is then explained and commented on by the Superintendent or his Assistant. A chapter from the Bible is read and explained, and a season of silent prayer follows, sometimes closing with vocal prayer from one of the teachers or scholars, as they may feel led of the Spirit. The text for the following week is given out, and the different classes then take up their lessons until

the time for closing, when a narrative tract is read, and the school is dismissed.

"We are still favored with the valuable help of our faithful and devoted Visitor, who might almost be called the 'mother' of our school, so deeply interested is she in the welfare of each individual scholar, and so constantly do they all appeal to her in their spiritual and temporal difficulties and enjoyments.

"In consequence of indisposition, she has been able to go out but little during the winter, but even from her sick-room she has exercised her loving care over the scholars, and, by the aid of willing messengers, has been able to minister to their necessities, as she has had the means so to do. She has also been well enough at times to receive visits from many of them, and says these have often been times of sweet spiritual communion and blessing.

"From her notes the following extracts are made concerning these visits: 'My heart has often been cheered and encouraged this winter in listening to the testimony of the scholars concerning the spiritual benefits they receive at the school. They seem to look upon it as their chief means of grace, and often have said to me that they would rather miss anything else than this. And when, at times, we have had in my sick-chamber a little season of prayer together, it has been very touching to hear their pleadings for our beloved Superintendent's restoration to health, and for his daughter, that many years may be added to her life, and that father, and daughter, and teachers, may all have many stars in their crowns of rejoicing, in the day when the Lord shall make up His jewels.'

"She adds, that, in many instances, the scholars have testified to having found the teaching at the school to be just the supply for their own special needs. 'Upon one occasion,' she writes, 'T. C. told me that the Sabbath before, she had gone there bowed down under a weight of sorrow and discouragement, but that what she heard there about the love of God, and His tender, watchful care over His people, had lifted her right up, and she had gone away peaceful and happy.' Another scholar, named M. H., called to see me one day, immediately after leaving the school. She was in great poverty and outward distress, having been unable to obtain work, and had not had a mouthful of food to eat for twenty-four hours; but she said, 'I had such a rich spiritual feast at the school that I do not

mind it at all, and I did not even think about being hungry;' and, she added, 'I only wish all of my color could go there, it has done me so much good. Them precious texts are explained so nice that I can understand all about them, and they are such a comfort.'

"Many of the scholars, adds this Visitor in her report, seem just to live on what they learn there from week to week, and they are often willing to suffer great pecuniary loss rather than miss attending, many of them making it a stipulation in engaging a place at service, that they shall be allowed to go to the school regularly.

"E. T. united with the school when it was first started, and was very regular in her attendance, frequently telling me she would rather go without her dinner than miss the instruction she received there. She told me she had been converted in early years, but that she had learned more in the school of the duty and privilege of trusting the Lord, and of entire consecration to Him, than anywhere else. And truly her consecration *was* entire, and it might, indeed, be said of her, that her life *was* hid with Christ in God. Her domestic trials were of no ordinary character, but it was wonderful to see her forbearance, her meekness and her resignation to the Divine will. She often said to me, 'The Saviour gives me strength to bear all He sees fit to lay upon me.'

"Calling to see her one day, when she had been for a long time unable to go out to work on account of the long-continued illness of her husband, I found her cheerful and happy in the midst of all her outward trials, and we spent a truly precious hour together communing of the things of God. She spoke much of the sustaining grace that was granted her, and said, 'Oh how fully I have realized the truth we hear in the school, that them who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded, and I never can tell what blessed times I do have there!' After a very interesting interview, I left her, without her having in any way alluded to her poverty, but when I had gone about a square from her house, it was impressed on my mind that I must go back and give her some money. As I entered her poor room, I said, 'Esther, I have come back to bring you some money;' the tears came into her eyes, and she said, 'I have no food in the house and not a cent in the world to buy any, but I told my Heavenly Father all about it, and asked Him to send some one to bring me help, and I *knew* He would; praise the Lord!'

"In a few weeks after this visit, she was taken with her last sickness. I went at once to see her, and found her much prostrated, but, with almost superhuman strength, she sat up in bed, and, I think, I have never before or since listened to such a testimony to the victorious grace of God, given to a poor, helpless sinner. She was full of gratitude for all the blessings she had received at the school, and said that no words could ever express it.

"E. V. had been a member of the school many years. She had been converted before she joined it, but her Christian life had not been trustful nor happy until she learned there how to cast her care on the Lord and to commit her ways unto Him. She said to the Visitor at one time, 'I used to have a very bad temper, which was a dreadful trouble to me, and I couldn't do nothin' with it. But one Sunday, soon after I jined the school, Mr. Whitall spoke about people givin' way to their tempers, and so losin' their joy and peace, and I knew he meant me. And then he told us to go to the Lord Jesus and ask Him to overcome our tempers for us, and He would do it. Or whatever way we was tempted, he said, just to go right to Jesus, and if we asked Him in faith to help us He would be sure to do it. So I just tried it, and He did help me wonderful, and it's amazin' how He has conquered my temper for me.' At another time she said she was so thankful she had learned at the school what faith was—that it was just 'believin' the Lord;' and that she had been taught how to give herself wholly to Him, and added, 'But I never can tell you how much I have learned there, nor what a blessing it has been to me to be told to look to my Saviour, and not to myself. In our churches we don't understand much that is said, but in the school everything is made so plain that it seems we can't help understanding it.'

"Another scholar named Susan H. has been sick for six months, and she often said, that almost her only regret in being sick was that she could not attend her school, and added, at one time, 'Oh, Miss Mary, I miss it more than I can tell you. I have often gone there feeling so much discouraged that I was most ready to faint by the way, but I have heard there some blessed text or explanation of the Bible that went right to my heart; and it has seemed to me, sometimes, as if they must have known just what was in my heart, and meant it all for me.' She spoke of one text as having been

especially blessed to her, it was this: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee,' saying it was explained in such a way that she could understand it, and adding, 'So I just *did* take my burdens to Him, and I *was* helped all the way through.'

"She was subject to fits of fearful oppression, but bore them with great patience, and said to me at one time, 'If I should pass away in one of these spells, you may know it is all well with me, for I am trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ and in His precious blood, and I know all my wants will be supplied until I reach the shining shore.'

"M. M., who died at the advanced age of 90, joined the school about fourteen years ago, and nothing but sickness ever prevented her from being present. No matter how stormy the day, she was always found in her place. She supported herself by picking up coal, and chips, and rags in the street, or by doing any little work she could get, and though so old, never asked for any assistance until about two years before her death.

"Our Visitor writes, that once when calling upon her, in company with two of the teachers, she received them all with great delight, saying, 'I loves to see any one that is so kind as to come to that blessed school to talk to us; why, honeys,' she added, 'when dey tells dere about de blessed Saviour, and how He cares for us and loves us, I gets so happy dat I hardly knows whether I am in de body or out of it, and I can't hardly keep myself in. I feels like I must run out into de street and shout, 'cause you knows Mr. Whitall won't let us shout in de school.'

"'My last visit to this aged saint,' reports our faithful Visitor, 'was paid early in the morning, and her first salutation, as I entered her little room was, "May the Lord bless you, honey, for coming to see poor old Miriam." Then at once she said, 'But that was wrong for me to say *poor*, when I have such a rich Father, who has taken care of me for so long, and has never let me want.' Finding her very feeble at this time, I said, 'Miriam, I would like to see you in the Home for Aged Women, for you are too old to take care of yourself. I am afraid you will fall on the stove and be burned if you stay here alone.' She looked at me with the utmost surprise and said, 'No, honey! *I* has more fith dan dat! My blessed Master, who has taken care of me for so many years, is not gwine to

let me fall into de fire now ! Haven't we been told often enough at de school dat if we trusts in de Lord we shall have nothin' to fear, and I means to trust Him to de end. Dey may find old Miriam dead some time, but what will it matter ? De blessed Lord will take me right out of dis pore ole room up to one of de mansions He has prepared for His people, and it will be all right.' These were the last words I heard her say, and shortly after old Miriam was found dead, as she had said, and none could doubt that it was indeed 'all right' with her.

One of our men scholars thus wrote to the Superintendent: "I was invited to attend the school, by Miss Mary, and the third Sunday I felt for the first time in my life the need of a Saviour, while hearing the text explained. It was, 1 Cor. iii. 1. 'For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' I thank the Lord that now I have received the new birth, and I hope the school may be a blessing to others, as it has been to me and mine." Another man writes: "I feel so much benefited by attendin' the Sabbath-school. I feel the tex bein so beautifully explained has bin the first step to my conversion. I can say of a truth I am a changed man." Still another writes: "My first impressions of religion I received in the school. Well do I remember many precious texts I have heard pronounced there and explained. And not only do I remember these precious texts, but they have been the means, in the hands of God, of bringing me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ."

It was at the close of this school year at the end of 6th mo., 1876, that our father found himself compelled by his rapidly increasing feebleness to give up the care of the school. But the work was not on this account stopped, as he handed it over to one of the teachers who felt desirous of carrying it on. The next year, after his death, the scholars held a memorial service, which was thus reported in the "*Christian Recorder*."

MEMORIAL MEETING.

"On Sunday afternoon, October 21st, 1877, at the suggestion of the scholars, there was held at the St. Mary Street Adult Mission, on St. Mary St., below 7th, a Memorial Service for the late John M. Whitall—the founder, and for nearly fifteen years the superintendent of the school. After the opening exercises, Jacob M. Young, one of the older scholars, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the school as conveying their sense of the worth to the school, to the neighborhood, and to the community, of our departed friend and superintendent John M. Whitall,—to-wit:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, since the summer vacation, to remove from his field of labor and usefulness, the honored founder of this Mission, John M. Whitall, whose constant presenee for many years from Sabbath to Sabbath, has afforded hope and cheer almost innumerable times to many of the poorest of the poor, therefore

Resolved, That this school while sadly feeling his loss, would unite on this occasion in humbly bearing testimony to his daily acts of benevolence and sympathy for the lowly and to his oft repeated words of counsel and advice which can never be forgotten.

Resolved, That while a goodly number of those who have been amongst the favored classes, have sympathized with the oppressed and the destitute, the number who have unweariedly labored in their midst, going about doing good continually, as was the custom of our lamented friend and benefactor, John M. Whitall, has been very few. Indeed it may be said his like has never been known as a worker in this neighborhood.

Resolved, That while this school will never again be led by their old leader, we have cause for rejoicing that we are not to be left comfortless or without teachers and friends."

Our father's interest in the Bible School work was not confined to his own school. Every movement in this direction found in him a hearty support, and every worker received his warmest sympathy and encouragement. Whoever else might be absent from the

meetings of the annual Bible School Conferences, our father was always present, cheering and encouraging the workers, and throwing the weight of his influence on the side of the work. Several of the teachers of country schools have told me that his words of interest and approval at these annual Conferences have strengthened them through all the work of the next year; and one writes, "The practical aid and encouragement he extended to my school and to all timid teachers, is vividly remembered by many of us, and we feel that his presence in the Conferences can never be filled." It is difficult to estimate the amount of good accomplished by him in his labors in this field of Bible school work, but we who witnessed his faithfulness, and his earnestness, and who heard the continual testimonies to the help and blessings realized through his teachings, could not but be deeply impressed by it. I have often felt that this was his especial life work, and his interest in it was so deep that, as we have seen, he could not be induced to give it up until long after we all thought he was far too feeble to make the exertion of attending it."

CHAPTER XII.

ADVANCING YEARS.

THE account of our father's Mission School has been carried down to its close in order to present a continuous narrative. We must now, therefore, go back some years.

In 1864, a change was made in the summer home of our parents. We children had begun to think that we would like a variety from the sea-side house, and winning our mother over to our views, we persuaded our ever indulgent father to sell the house at Atlantic City, and purchase a place called "The Cedars," situated in New Jersey, about six miles from Philadelphia, and about one mile from "Linden," the home of our sister Sarah and her family. Our father always looked upon this place with peculiar interest, because he believed he was peculiarly guided in the purchase of it. As his custom was, he asked the Lord to direct him in the matter, and was answered, he believed, by an impression that if he could obtain the property for a certain specified sum of money, he might safely buy it. This sum was less than the owner of the property declared was the least he would take, and we

all tried to move our father from his position. But believing he had heard the Lord's voice in the matter, he was immovable, and in a very little while the owner agreed to his terms. "The Cedars" was from this time the summer home of our parents until our father's death, and the summer resort of children and grandchildren in large parties for weeks at a time. A bowling alley on the lawn was altered into a little cottage for the accommodation of the children. Our father named it "The Barracks," and there my sister Mary and I spent many happy summers of free and easy housekeeping together. It was a great delight to us all to gather thus every summer at the home of our beloved parents; and "to go to the Cedars," became the crowning point in the year to the grand-children, as one after another grew old enough to enjoy it. The place contained over one hundred acres, besides the house and private grounds, and was a genuine Jersey farm, with its orchard, and watermelon patch, and hay fields, and corn-fields, with cows to milk, and horses to ride to pasture, and farm wagons starting off to market at two o'clock in the night, and all the untold delights of farm life, which were ever fresh pleasures to children from the city. There was a beautiful piece of woods down at the end of a shady lane, with a stream running through it, and two ponds large enough to sail a boat on; and there were endless joys to be found in the daily drives to the village of Haddonfield, about a mile and a half off, to get the mail, and to do the family errands. Then there were the unfailing love and kindness of grandpa and grandma in the large, airy house, and the

supply of good things in grandma's pantry that seemed almost as unfailing as her love. So inseparably was the thought of "The Cedars" connected with the thought of something good to eat, that the very name would seem to call up a smile of satisfaction, and I remember once when I was driving with my children along the road towards the dear old place, on our way to make a visit of several weeks, my Mary, catching a sight of the house-top through the trees, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, it looks very *cakey*!" I do not believe there were ever happier children anywhere, than roamed the lawn, and woods, and fields of "The Cedars" during all those lovely family summers. The meeting together of the cousins from all their various homes was of itself most delightful, and the sources of enjoyment in boating, swimming, blackberrying, riding on horseback, driving, climbing trees, building dams, paddling, going to the mill, and pic-nicking in the woods, were almost endless. Our dear father especially enjoyed it all, and always felt that it was a most successful purchase, although he never found it very profitable in a pecuniary point of view. The farm was a source of almost constant outlay, but upon each fresh evidence of this he would console himself with a joke he had greatly enjoyed out of a magazine article on the deceitfulness of farming as a money-making business. "Ah, but then," he would say, with a quizzical look—"you know it is such a *very* productif farm?"

In one of his letters he says concerning it:

"My having a farm, is like the man who had an elephant given

to him, and did not know what to do with it. Only I have leased mine to a good farmer, who is to give me half of the produce. James says it will take all the profits of my glass business to pay my farm losses! Hope he may be mistaken."

After a few years he bought another house at Atlantic City for an additional summer retreat, and in this house, called "Idlemere," he died. He thought, I believe, quite as much of providing for his daughters and their families in summer, as he did for our mother and himself, and two or three times offered to buy us a house at the Water Gap or at Newport, if we would all agree in saying we wanted one. I cannot imagine how a father *could* be lovelier to his married daughters than our father was to us.

In the early part of the year in which "The Cedars" was bought, Minnie, the eldest little grand-daughter in Baltimore, met with a most distressing accident. Her dress caught fire at the stove, and in her efforts to put out the flames without alarming her mother, she was terribly burned. A long and distressing illness followed, and even after the immediate danger had passed, her recovery was so slow that it was eight months before she was able to stand.

The tenderest feelings of the dear grandfather were drawn out for the little suffering girl, who had spent several summers at Atlantic City, the brightest, merriest spirit of the house. A peculiar intimacy had existed between the grandfather and grandchild, and he used to say he could not resist her winning ways from the time when she first began to walk alone, and would slip her hand into his, and, looking up into his

face with a coaxing smile, would say, "Is oo going down to dee beach, ganpa?" and would lead him off in triumph. The little grand-daughter always felt that grandpa belonged to her, and would draw her footstool close to his knee during the meetings held in the parlor at Atlantic City, and help grandpa have a good meeting by driving the flies off his feet, which were exposed to their attacks by his low shoes and thin stockings. The many months during which this dear grandchild suffered from the burn were marked by constant acts of the loving solicitude of the dear grandparents. Letters, presents and sympathizing visits told of the tenderest affection; and when at last the little sick girl was brought on to the Cedars, on a crib mattress laid in a basket, and finally got strong enough to hold the reins and drive grandpa's black horses herself, no one rejoiced more than the dear grandfather. His enjoyment of his grandchildren was a delightful feature in his character. "The more the merrier," he would always say, and would gather so many around him, that his capacious houses at the Cedars could scarcely hold them.

The following letter was written to the sufferer before she was able to go to "The Cedars":

"Philadelphia, 4th month, 26th, 1864.

MY PRECIOUS DARLING MINNIE: Thou art very often in my thoughts, and my heart yearns over thee in thy sufferings and the many tedious hours thou hast to pass lying in one position on thy bed, and gladly would I share the sufferings with thee if I could. Our hearts often go out in prayer on thy behalf to our kind and merciful Saviour, that He will give thee patience, and enable thee

to bear the pains and weariness incident to thy condition. Precious child, look up thyself with hope and trust to the Lord Jesus, who died for thee and for us all; ask Him to pity and help thee, give thee grace to bear all thy trials, and, when it pleases Him, make thee well again. He can do it. He did bring to life a little girl that was dead, very much to the joy of her parents and friends. Now darling, ask the dear, compassionate Shepherd to pity thee, and help thee to bear all His will, and to make thee well. Oh, how we should rejoice to have thee well again, running about and cheering us with thy happy face. Grandmother and self were at 'The Cedars' to-day. We want thy dear father and mother to bring thee on there; a change of air would do thee good, and thy dear mother also. We hope to get moved next week—are cleaning up--have engaged cottage furniture, matting, &c.

"Now, farewell, precious darling. May our Heavenly Father bless thee and keep thee; make thee like His dear Son Jesus, patient, gentle, mild, and willing to bear all His will. And may He, if consistent with His holy will, make thee well, is the earnest prayer of thy affectionate grandfather,

JOHN M. WHITALL.

"Love to father, mother, aunt Julia, John, Henry and Bond."

The same year, our father, believing he had accumulated as much money as was right, and feeling that the wear and tear of business was likely to tell seriously upon his nerves, concluded to retire, and records it as follows, two years afterwards:—

"1st month, 1865, found me a free man from all mercantile pursuits, and now, two and a half years having since passed, I can acknowledge that no school-boy ever more enjoyed his vacation than I have my release from what for twenty-seven years in the glass manufacture had closely occupied my mind; and now, 7th month, 14th, 1867, I would humbly and reverently return to the Lord my God the thanks and praises that are His due. Who can recount His many tender mercies to those who love and trust Him!"

This release from business left him at liberty to enter

more actively into different public works. In 1851 he had been elected a manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, which position he held until 1867, when he resigned it on account of other important duties occupying his time. In 1861 he was appointed by the Judges of the District Court a Guardian of the Poor for Philadelphia, for three years, which appointment was renewed in 1864 and 1867, and on the 19th of 8th month, 1867, he was elected President of the Board of Guardians, which responsible position so fully occupied his time for many years, that he was obliged to resign from the Pennsylvania Hospital. This he did with many regrets, as he had greatly enjoyed the association of over sixteen years duration with the managers of this institution, who were all gentlemen of high character; and he records with great pleasure that during all the sixteen years of their working together, there had not occurred the least shade of difference unpleasant in its nature.

In 1866 his old friend, Dr. David Jayne, died and left him one of five Executors and Trustees to a large estate. This trust he fulfilled most faithfully up to the time of his being laid aside from active work, going down to the Executors' office daily. It was a source of great interest to him, and in connection with his position as President of the Board of Guardians and his large adult First Day school, and the various meeting interests that came to him as overseer of Twelfth Street Meeting, &c., occupied his time very fully and pleasantly. He also during the next few years wrote several tracts on the subject of the true Christian life, and especially on the interior life of Divine union,

which was always his best-loved theme, because it was his own deep heart-experience. These tracts are all in the Appendix. I remember vividly the deep interest he took in writing these tracts, and the peaceful delight he had in them after they were printed. For he felt that the Lord had called him to the work, and that they were in His hands to be used by Him as He pleased. He would sometimes hear of good having been done by them, and this always gave him great joy.

Some further extracts from the letters written during these years will be interesting.

"Philadelphia, 6th month, 14, 1863.

"DEAREST SALLY:—Mother started to Atlantic this A. M., taking Henry and two girls. I have business which keeps me till to-morrow, P. M.

"The prospect of cool sea breezes looks pleasant, and we hope soon to have thee and thine to enjoy it with us.

"Cousin S. T. H. and baby are bright and well this morning—dear mother leaving with a much easier mind now the matter is over, and if we were not such poor unworthy creatures, should call it a particular Providence, happening just as it did. We have many favors to be thankful for, and sometimes fears attend lest we are not enough grateful; we should be poor lost worms but for the mercy of our God who sent His dear Son to make a way for us to return to Himself. In fact He came Himself, for the Apostle says, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself' Therefore we have strong confidence when we pray for mercy and for the pardon of our sins for the sake of Jesus that we shall be heard. Oh! the mercy and goodness of God! Let us all be in earnest to draw nigh to Him daily and He will surely draw nigh to us.

"With dear love to all, I am thy affectionate father,

J. M. WHITALL."

"3d Month, 4, 1865.

"DEAREST:—It is no use to order a slim dinner, for the uncertainties of this world make such an undertaking very hazardous. Charlotte set the dinner table for two, but only six sat down! But we had plenty. * * * * Sally Hilles returned from Linden, and reports 'Wildfire' awake from ten to two. William had charge of her. She would not go to sleep, wants whacking! I was in hopes Hannah would come up this week and bring 'Um tweet,' that she and Sally might compare babies. Yesterday morning Saidee was noticed on her knees with her hand over her eyes. Sarah asked her what she was doing, and she replied, 'Praying for some cake.' Her Aunt M. sent her some out that same afternoon without knowing of her prayer. * * * We have so kind and good a Father in Heaven who knows us all and our needs, that we may all trust and love Him, and to the best of our poor abilities serve Him. Oh, if we will but draw nigh to Him in spirit, breathe after Him, and tell Him we want to love Him more and serve Him better, He will for the sake of His beloved Son hear us, and lift up the light of His countenance upon us; and we shall run the race set before us with alacrity, and enjoy a peace and assurance which no man can interfere with, neither can take away. In the various difficulties which we meet with, there is no comfort comparable to the love of the Saviour. Let us think of Him as present with us, and turn our thoughts upon Him, and although we see Him not, He is certainly with us according to His blessed promise, 'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.' He has promised to manifest Himself to us, let us then wait upon Him, and look for and expect this manifestation.'"

"Atlantic City, 8th Month, 21, 1866.

"SWEETEST WIFE IN ALL THE LAND:—Am still enjoying my release from the cares of business. Hope we are grateful to our merciful Heavenly Father for all of His many and continued favors; one of the most touching is that He has provided for us, darling, in our old age, with sufficient of this world's goods, so that we are not obliged to struggle for a living. May we with humble hearts render to Him the tribute of thanksgiving and praise, unworthy though we be.

“Do tell the doctor of the success of our efforts under the blessing of Providence in stopping the spread of cholera in the different wards of the Alms-house by building fires to improve the ventilation. We now have heat for two hours every day in every part of that large establishment. And we have proved beyond a doubt that ventilation from the *ceiling* will not remove the *cause* of cholera, but that ventilation from the *floor* will certainly mitigate or entirely remove it, as we proved in the lunatic department, where when thou left we were continually having cases. I found last sixth day that there was no ventilation from the floor there, but only from the ceiling. On seventh day the ventilation from the ceiling was altered to the floor, when at once the cases of cholera ceased. There were no cases reported this morning.

Hannah wants to add zest to this poor epistle, so with love to the dearest woman and most precious wife, and all hands besides,

I am thine,

J. M. W.”

The subject of ventilation referred to in this letter was one of deep interest to our father. In the prosecution of his duties as President of the Board of Guardians, he watched over all the details of the management of the Almshouse, and was thus led to devote a great deal of attention to the important subject of ventilation. He discovered by a series of practical experiments extending over several years, that impure air being heavier than pure air, always falls to the floor, and that therefore the flues to draw it away must be opened, not at the ceiling, but at the floor. He found that in all epidemics the wards which were ventilated thus from the floor would be free of disease, while those ventilated from the ceiling would suffer greatly from its ravages. I remember in one instance he told us of a very striking proof of this theory, which it seemed to me placed its truth beyond a shadow of doubt. During

the prevalence of the cholera there was one ward in which the ventilation was through several pipe-holes at a distance of about three feet from the floor. There were beds about the same height in this ward, and also some trundle beds which were of course only about one foot from the floor. The inmates who slept in the beds on a level with the ventilation all without exception escaped the disease, while those in the trundle beds, below the ventilation, were all attacked with it. Our father as soon as practicable had holes knocked into the chimneys close to the floor, and from that time there was no more sickness. He found also that after changing the ventilation in the nurseries, the health of the children was greatly improved.

The following history of this work was prepared by an officer of the Almshouse, and I insert it because our father always felt that this discovery of the true theory of ventilation was one of the most important and interesting events of his life, and because his grandchildren cannot fail to value the story of his success in the matter.

“JNO. M. WHITALL, ESQ., *President of the Board of the Guardians of the Poor*—*Honored Sir* :—Knowing the interest you take, and the active part you have taken in the introduction of the present system of ventilation in this institution, and also that through your instrumentality the same has reached its present perfection—conferring untold blessings, not alone on the inmates of this institution, but also of kindred institutions, who have adopted your method of ventilation since, I thought you would like to have a resume of the history and its results since its adaptation up to the present date.

“In 1862, a Committee on Heating and Ventilation was appointed to improve, if practicable, the Heating and Ventilation of the Hos-

pital and of the Insane Department of the Almshouse—consisting of Messrs. Jno. M. Whitall, Henry Haines, and Samuel Fields. In 1865, the following report in reference to Ventilation was made to the Board by this Committee.

“When your Committee was appointed, all parts of the Almshouse were imperfectly ventilated, the Insane and Hospital Departments by connections with a large chimney in each, but which we found nearly or quite useless for the purposes intended, and the alterations necessary to be made in removing the boilers from the buildings required the plan of ventilation to be entirely changed; in other departments there was no ventilation except by the door or windows, with the exception of an occasional fire-place in some of the wards.

“As the warm air was introduced into the different apartments by our improvements, an independent flue for ventilation was erected in each, extending through the roof, and thus the egress of foul air could not be interfered with by connection with other wards. This has been found to be a very important condition. In the flues in the Hospital, openings near the ceilings and near the floor were made with a register in each. In using them, it was discovered, that if the floor openings were closed, and the ceiling register opened, the wards became foul and the temperature lower. On the contrary, by closing the apertures near the ceiling and opening the registers near the floor, the thermometer at once indicated increased warmth, and the wards were directly cleared of all offensive odor. This experiment having been fully tested, and always with the same results, the use of the upper ventilator was entirely dispensed with. In all other parts of the Almshouse the same general plan has been followed. In those wards, which are heated by direct radiation from steam-pipes or stoves, openings near the floor have been made into flues extending through the roof, so that the Nurseries, Out-wards, etc., are at all times free from any unpleasant effluvium.

“In the ‘Journal of the Franklin Institute,’ January Number, 1867, the following appears—a result of Professor Morton’s visit to the Hospital:

“We there see, that the ventilation being secured by special flues, opening from the lower part of the various rooms, and in each case independent, all offensive odor is avoided, the average health of the

inmates decidedly improved, and in the case of the cholera, and fever, a marked check was given to the spread of the disease, and a speedy recovery effected in those attacked.

"The philosophy of this method and its relative efficiency is, we think, easily explained. The warm air driven into the rooms by the heating apparatus, is, of course, pure; it equally, of course, rises on entering the apartment, and fills its upper portion. If it be there allowed to escape by a ventilator near the ceiling, it passes out again without having much effect upon the mass of air in the room, which remains stagnant, unchanged, and becomes, by the use of the inmates, very impure. If, however, the only outlet be at the floor, it is the impure colder air, which has been longest in the room, which goes out, the fresh, warm air gradually taking its place, and thus a regular and complete displacement and circulation is effected, by which means a warmer temperature is secured with an equal supply of hot air, and the various advantages already enumerated are obtained.

"Dr. R. M. Girvin in his Medical Report of 1867 says:

"The success of this improvement is so marked, that it threatens to revolutionize the preconceived idea of ventilation, and date a new era in this most important subject. Certain it is, that at no previous date was the Hospital in such perfect condition as at present.

"The Cholera

Made its first appearance July 26th, 1866. The total number of patients treated were 104; the number of deaths, 71; and number of recoveries, 33—giving an average of 68.26 as the per centage of mortality. Of the above number of cases only 12 cases originated in the Hospital proper; 12 in the Men's Out-wards, and not a single case in the Children's Asylum or Women's Out-wards; 42 cases originated in the Insane Department; and 38 were brought from the street.

"That we should have enjoyed such immunity from the ravages of this terrible disease, is clearly ascribable to the excellent hygienic condition of the Hospital, which condition was induced not only by the most rigid attention to cleanliness, but by the daily introduction for two hours of heat. First, as the great means of ventilation, and second, to break up, if possible, any atmospheric influence tending to generate disease.

"Typhoid and Typhus Fever

Visited the House as an epidemic in 1868. 41 typhoid and 64 typhus fever cases were treated, and of the above number 4 died of typhoid and 21 died of typhus fever; giving an average of 23.79 as the per centage of mortality.

"Erysipelas,

The terror of all Surgeons, has gradually disappeared from the Hospital Records, and will soon be, as far as this institution is concerned, a thing of the past. Prior to the present mode of heating and ventilating the different Wards, every winter found the Surgical Wards crowded with cases of Erysipelas. No operation could be performed without being followed by Erysipelas—and in most cases proved in consequence fatal. How different a state of affairs exists now. No cases of Erysipelas have originated in the wards for the past five years, with the exception of two cases in the Women's Surgical, and one case in the Men's Surgical. All patients suffering from Erysipelas—admitted with the disease—readily recover; the disease not spreading as of old.

"The same may be said of Hospital Gangrene.

"Are not these results gratifying? A member of the Medical Staff at the close of his lectures before the class of 1869, said:—

"The efficiency of our present system of ventilation is established beyond cavil, and with the improvement in the sewerage, during the year, has added much to the healthfulness and comfort of the House.

"During the year 1870, the Hospital was taxed to its utmost by the epidemic of relapsing fever—during the year 458 persons were treated; 63 died, and given as the average per centage of mortality, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$.

"Small Pox had become epidemic throughout the length and breadth of the city of Philadelphia, in the early part of the autumn of 1871. The first case of Small Pox made its appearance on the 18th of October, on a patient, four days after he had been out on liberty, and up to the present day we have had 99 cases of Small-Pox, of which number only eleven are to be credited to the House, whereas, the rest (88) came from the city, already suffering from the disease. What better testimony do we need to establish the immense

benefits we derive from our present system of heating and ventilating, and what feelings of pleasure does it create within you, to know, that all this was accomplished through your energy and under your instruction and direction.

"Sincerely thanking you for the many words of encouragement you have, from time to time, bestowed upon me, I shall endeavor, in the future, as in the past, to deserve the confidence placed in me by my superiors.

"I have the honor to remain yours, very respectfully,

FRED. JOHNSON.

May 7th, 1872."

Besides attending very carefully to the temporal interests of the Alms House, our father was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the inmates, and spent a great deal of time visiting them in their wards, and trying to give them help and comfort.

We are very sorry no records have been preserved of this part of his work, except in one instance. In a book published in Philadelphia in 1873, called "Sparks Among the Ashes," there occurs the following account of a case, in which his ministrations were used by the Lord to help a soul out of darkness into the light:

"For long months of wearisome pain and anguish, an aged colored woman sometimes sat, but more frequently lay, in a bed in one of the surgical wards of the Alms House. * * * Her afflictions were intense; her bodily suffering being much increased by the sense of guilt which oppressed her soul. The president of the Board of Guardians, John M. Whittall, whose noble heart has long been enlisted in the cause of Christian charity, came into the ward to see and sympathize with this sufferer. He soon learned that she was in deep concern about her spiritual condition; he told her the simple story of the cross, and instructed her in the way of salvation by faith in the blessed Jesus. While he thus pointed her to the Lamb of God, her whole soul seemed to be filled with the love

of Christ, and her hope became as clear as the morning. She rejoiced in the assurance of pardon, and her peace was perfect.

"A few days after her conversion, I found this man of God, who had been the happy instrument of her salvation, again sitting at her bedside, speaking words of comfort to her, to cheer her in her deep afflictions. She was in the most excruciating agony of body, but her soul was happy in the love of Christ. While some of us around her bed sang, 'There is rest for the weary,' and other words of sacred song, she gave evidence of a triumphant hope in Him who 'hath power on earth to forgive sins,' and whose blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

After commending the dying woman to my special care, Mr. Whitall bade Mary a final farewell, saying to her, 'When we next meet, it will be before the throne.' Will not this woman be a star in the crown of him who led her to Jesus? And will they not both be jewels in the glorious crown of Him who is 'King of kings and Lord of Lords.' "

The last entry in our father's diary was made on 4th month, 27th, 1867, and was as follows:

"Many years have been added to those gone before since this poor journal has been written in; but during all this time many blessings and mercies have been mine from the all-bountiful Hand. The Lord has been pleased to bless my poor efforts to accumulate sufficient of this world's treasure, so that we can live comfortably without my following any mercantile business, which is felt to be a rich blessing indeed, and calls for humble gratitude of soul to our kind Heavenly Father; and I desire at this time to record my earnest longings that the tribute of gratitude and praise be offered by me and be acceptable to God our Saviour for all His continued mercies and blessings, of which I feel myself entirely unworthy.' "

"TO A FRIEND:—In relation to a more inward acquaintance with our Heavenly Father, I find it my place to call the attention of my friends to the fact that if we draw nigh to God He will draw nigh to us, and that what may be known of Him to us individually is revealed within, and that there we are to look for and know the

Lord for ourselves, and then shall we have bread in our own houses and shall understand the meaning of our Lord, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall ye say, Lo here! or Lo there! for the kingdom of God is within you.' "

"Philadelphia, 2d Month, 15, 1867.

"MY DEAREST:—Thine of yesterday at hand, telling us that dear Mary was better, for which we are thankful, and hope and trust she may soon be relieved from her trouble; but in this life we must expect trouble according to the legacy of our dear Lord, 'In this world ye shall have tribulation,' and He also mercifully adds, 'but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' This is a blessed thought, and ought to comfort us in all our anxious fears and cares. We are assured that in all our afflictions He is afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saves us. Let us then trust in the mercy and love of our Heavenly Father who so loved the world as to take flesh and die for our sins, and may we seek after a daily knowing that our sins are indeed pardoned for the sake of Jesus.

"Oh, it is the privilege of the humble believer to feel all this and to walk among men attending to the duties of life, meanwhile having no fear of death, come when it may. Is not this a glorious experience? And yet the child of God may know it, live in it, walk in it, having no confidence in self, only in the love, grace, and mercy of our God.

"About forty at C. Yarnall's last evening, who had excellent service. It interested us all very much; it certainly was a success. Dearest love to darling Pollys both, and the residue, from thy affectionate husband,
J. M. W."

In the year 1868, our cousin Alice C. Whittall, the youngest child of our uncle Franklin, died of consumption, after an illness of over a year. Several of his letters refer to this.

"Philadelphia, 5th Month, 1, 1868.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER:—We often think and talk about you, and if you lived within reach without troubling you, should fre-

quently call to see dear Cousin Alice. Our daughters had a sweet visit last week, and were rejoiced at having paid it. Please give her our dear love. She is, I suppose, nearing her heavenly home under the care of the Good Shepherd, who will never leave nor forsake the sheep and lambs of His fold. And although she may not at all times be sensible of His loving presence, yet His faithful promise stands, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

"In love and sympathy I am thy affectionate brother,

"J. M. WHITALL."

A day or two after writing this letter our father went to "Tweedelle," the name of his brother's home, near Norristown, and our cousin Carrie thus records this visit:

"Shortly before dear Alice's death Uncle John came and spent several hours with her, and I remember after he left she said 'Dear uncle's visit has done me so much good. It was a real spiritual tonic, just what I needed. Heaven sometimes seems shadowy and distant, but when dear Uncle John sat there talking about it and about my going there, just as naturally and joyously as if I was only going to Europe, and was rather to be envied than to be mourned over or pitied, it made my heart bound with joyful anticipation.'"

Her going Home took place on 5th mo., 6th, 1868, and on the 7th our father wrote to her parents as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—My heart truly sympathizes with you all in the loss of dear, sweet cousin Alice. Our loss, but her eternal gain. Oh, what a dear Heavenly Father we have to give us an unfailing evidence that He has taken our beloved ones to His own presence and joys. What more can we ask, excepting the grace to love Him more and serve Him better. Ah, 'He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth

on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Our precious Alice believed on Him and is saved. Let us, if our faith is weak, ask of the Lord to increase it. If we are in earnest, He will hear our feeble prayers and help us. Our hearts are drawn out in dear love to you all—father, mother, and beloved sisters.

"With dearest love, your affectionate brother,

"J. M. W."

The life of this beloved cousin was written by her sister Carrie and her cousin S. W. N., and published in this country and in England, under the title of "On the Rock," and has been much blessed of the Lord.

The next letter I shall insert was one so characteristic of our dear father, with its mixture of earnest religious thought and natural gleams of humor, that I shall copy it entire. It was written to our mother who was at Baltimore.

"The Cedars, 6th month, 13th, 1868.

"DEAREST:—Sally, Bess, Madge, and Walter met me at Cuthbert's, and tea'd with me; William too busy; all well here. Anderson bought us thirty nice shad. Strawberries for tea and good. The girls, Walter, and self go to meeting in Philadelphia to-morrow, nothing preventing.

"Dr. Shoemaker, E. P. Gurney's brother-in-law, died on the 11th, I think. Have not heard from her nephew. James and family come to Cedars next 5th day, not 7th, it will suit them better; so don't fail to be here to receive them. Is it not nice here? tell the chits to come and see. First-day morning, bright and clear, after a royal night under the protecting care of our loving Heavenly Father, who, if we approach Him with humble hearts, will lift up the light of His countenance upon us, which if we are favored with, is better than all earthly treasures. Oh, the joy and peace in believing in, seeking after, waiting for, and enjoying the *internal* revelations of our God. It is the path of safety, of peace, of holiness, for, if our Father reveals Himself to us, what more can we ask. In His Pres-

ence is fulness of joy. Let us then, beloved, be in earnest, be diligent, be watchful. If in these things we are faithful, we shall never fail. 'For the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.'

"You may say, why waste paper telling us what we already so well know, and filling a sheet too with Scripture!! Better stop and tell us how things are at the Cedars. Walter went home 4th day night and came back 7th day, time enough to meet me. When the cat's away, the mice will play. Carrie at *my* suggestion found the gold studs. I like the collar rig vastly, it is like getting into port after a long and tedious voyage. The fact is I have been at sea about shirt collars as long as the children of Israel were in the wilderness! On the other page is Whitall's work last evening. Minnie may look at it and excel it too. Lots of love to all hands. If thou sees dear Margaret Cheston, give her my warm love; tell her not to be discouraged but trust in the Lord, who has cared for her all her life long and He will not now forsake her, but will, as she draws nigh to Him, as I have no doubt she often does, open to her view joys unspeakable and full of glory.

Farewell, thy affectionate,

J. M. W."

During the spring and summer of 1868, he passed through great trial on account of his eyes. He entirely lost the sight of one, and was imminently threatened with the loss of the other. To a man of his active temperament, and at that time vigorous physique, the prospect of blindness must have been almost appalling. Yet he was never heard to utter one word of regret or complaint, and even when inconveniences and sometimes accidents came suddenly upon him in consequence of his imperfect sight, his spirit never seemed to be the least disturbed. He could not measure distances accurately, and would put out his hand to grasp an object, and find he was quite far from it, and once or twice he

thought he was putting a pitcher of water on the table, and instead, just approached the edge, and the pitcher fell to the floor. Many other inconveniences resulted also, but he took all these things most serenely and patiently, with a sweet acquiescence in the will of his Heavenly Father, that was a truly touching example to his children. He thus refers to the subject in a letter to his brother Franklin, which he dictated to his son:

"The Cedars," 7th month, 20th, 1868.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER:—It has been long since I have seen thee or had any communication with thee—too long to satisfy the feelings of love and interest which I have toward thee and thine. Since the loss of our beloved Alice, I have often visited you in thought, and should certainly have been up to see you, but my own infirmities have prevented my going in that direction, being obliged to visit Baltimore several times recently to consult an oculist in regard to my failing sight; and I am sorry to say without much apparent benefit as yet; though I am in hopes of a happy result. In consequence of the weakness of my eyes, I have been obliged to cease reading and writing altogether; but of what consequence is all this, provided, as my outward man faileth, my inward man is renewed day by day: which I am sure will be the case, if only diligent in seeking after and waiting upon the Lord. What a happy thing it is that we are not left in this world without an assurance that if we do our duty, the Lord will not be slack on His part to fulfil His promise, that they that seek shall find.

"With near and dear affection to sister Alice and thyself, and your children and grand-children, and hoping to have a visit from you some time when it will suit you, I am thy affectionate brother,

J. M. WHITALL."

We were all, of course, deeply concerned about the prospect of his blindness, and as the attentions of the Baltimore physician did not seem likely to be success-

ful, no resource was left us but to carry our trouble to the same Burden Bearer whom he had always taught us to trust. His daughter Sarah especially felt the necessity for this, and her heart was greatly drawn out in prayer almost continuously for several days. She finally received an assurance, as she believed from the Lord, that the disease would be arrested, and she very soon had the joy of finding that it was so, and that one eye in fact had quite recovered its sight. He was able to use this eye until his health failed in 1874, with but little inconvenience; and very few who saw him so busily engaged in active pursuits, and so diligently reading his Bible and other books, would have suspected that he had but half the power of sight natural to man. His writing was as clear and firm as that of many a much younger man, and his vigor in every respect, up to the time of his first stroke of paralysis in the summer of 1874, was remarkable. We often used to say that our father was the youngest man in the family, and his very coming into our circle, I remember, would seem to bring with it an infusion of healthy, vigorous life, that made us all feel younger and more energetic. It was hard to believe that he was as old as the fast-ageing century, and that he had reached and was passing by the allotted three score years and ten, when the failure of the bodily powers is generally so sure to come.

In 1870, the fortieth anniversary of our parents' happy married life was commemorated by the following poem, addressed to them by a cousin in Burlington, New Jersey, who happened to dine with them on that day in company with several members of the family.

TO CAPT. JOHN M. WHITALL,

*On the Fortieth Anniversary of his *Wedding-Day.*

'T is forty years this day, and it don't seem long to me
 That a noble, frank sea-captain was suited to a T.
 And for better and for best, (for he found no worse about it,)
 He chose his *Mate*, a virtuous crown, with love and faith un-
 doubted.

Experience on the treacherous deep had made our Captain wary,
 And with right Catholic taste no name would do for him but
 Mary ;

The name had prestige, and while grace and graces all concur,
 Her husband's heart confidingly and safely trusts in her.
 He took his *Queen* and reigned as long as Solomon or David,*
 And neither of those kings was half as wise or well beha-ved,
 Nor understood the priceless worth of the connubial tie,
 The blessed spell of peace and love in life-long unity.
 And with his full cup running o'er, this day I shrewdly guess he
 Would rather be his father's son than the crowned son of Jesse.
 In ocean's swell or peaceful calm our Captain's bark has glided
 Safely toward port, for at the helm the Heavenly Pilot guided.
 'T was out at sea he found Him first, walking upon the surges,
 To Him through life for pilotage, his prayer in faith he urges.
 Would any know the lot of him whose heart on Christ reposes ?
 Read second chapter, seventh verse, of the fifth book of Moses.†
 This happy pair for forty years led in the wilderness,‡
 Offered their sacrifice to Him who hath the power to bless ; §
 Who fed them all these forty years with bread direct from heaven, ||
 And whatsoe'er they asked in faith, in faithfulness has given.

* 2 *Sam.* v. 4 ; 2 *Kings* xi. 42.

† For the Lord thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy hand ;
 he knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness : these forty years
 the Lord thy God hath been with thee, thou hast lacked nothing.—*Deut.*
 ii 7.

Eleventh month, 5th, 1870.

‡ *Amos* ii. 10.

§ *Amos* iii. 15.

|| *Exod.* xvi. 35.

This day of thankful retrospect their children rise to bless them,
 And bairnies' bairns, a lovely throng, spring eager to caress them.
 Happy to have their quiver full; albeit at the gate,
 To need their filial defence, no enemies await.
 With earth so bright, and heaven in sight, secure in love's requital,
 I know not e'er so blest a pair as M. and J. M. Whitall.
 Here's to their long and useful lives, exempt from all that vexes,
 And anniversaries like this at least for four more X's.

W. J. A."

Only a few of our father's letters of these latter years have been preserved. On 10th month, 15th, 1872, he wrote to me at Clifton Springs, N. Y., where we had gone for my husband's health :—

"DEAREST HANNAH AND ALL HANDS: Thy letter from Niagara arrived. We did want so much to hear from you, and were much pleased that you had so good a time, and all in such good case. It must have amused grandma Smith to see thee crawling on all-fours after kitty. I almost wonder you did not let her run.

* * * * *

"It is a great trial to us your being away so far in case of sickness; but we hope it is all for the best, and that our good Lord will bless the occasion to the invalid. Whether you go or stay, let us realize that there is no real joy but in the smiles of our Saviour, and if favored with these, it is no matter where we are, for, 'with a God to guide the way, it is equal joy to go or stay.' Therefore, do not fail to seek His favor; and I know of no more certain way than to daily wait upon Him in the spirit of our minds, looking for His appearing there, which He undoubtedly *will do* as we patiently persevere and humbly look to Him. Sooner shall the sun forget to rise, than that the Lord will fail to draw nigh and comfort the waiting soul. Oh, the joys of God's salvation! May we be in earnest to enjoy them. They are not far from us, but nigh, very nigh the humble soul. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

* * * * *

"Dear love to all hands, particularly to Rachel P. Smith and cousin Lizzie, whose bright and cheerful spirit one enjoys.

"Affectionately, thy father, J. M. W."

"Philadelphia, 11th month, 13th, 1872.

"DARLING HANNAH: Mother dear has gone to Woodbury to attend Salem quarterly meeting to-morrow, so that I am all alone, as is Sally, as William went to Haddonfield for meeting—only she has the 'Boss' and Madge and Bess to fall back upon. Since you must be away, we do enjoy having Sally & Co. next door.

"Last First-day we had quite a large school. The pupils seemed much interested. We miss thee very much, and a colored man has to take thy class. On Second-day evening we had a teachers' meeting—most of the teachers present. Sally led the Bible class very nicely, and it was an instructive occasion. It is a good thing often to meet together, like those who feared the Lord and spoke to one another, concerning whom it is declared that the 'Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon His name, and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts.'

"——— has been spending the evening with me. Thou may remember we took him into meeting some time since. He enjoys attending our meetings for business; he says they are so different from any business meetings he ever attended among other religious societies—the absence of all discussion about money matters being very striking.

"Poor ——! we had not heard of his indisposition. Do, if way opens for it, encourage him to hope in God, and He can lighten his load; and I firmly believe He will do it as he draws nigh to Him in humble faith, trusting in His mercy and infinite love. If he can persevere in this blessed exercise he will surely receive help from Him who dwelleth in the high and holy place, and who also dwells with the humble and contrite in heart, to revive the heart of the humble, and to revive the spirit of the contrite ones.

"Give dear love to Robert and all the children, and write very soon that you all are thriving in the best things, as well as in health.

"Thy affectionate father, J. M. W."

"Philadelphia, 10th month, 26th, 1872.

"PRECIOUS POLLY: Dear mother arrived at home with improved health, and went right to work gathering folks to help on with the 'precious quiet.' E. S., &c., to dinner, two days—a tea-party for her last night; H. B., &c., the second time; and so it will be, and no doubt we shall have plenty of precious quiet.

"You must have had a good Yearly meeting according to report. We miss such occasions of meeting the brethren; suppose it is good for us, for we need to have trials of faith and patience. But what a favor it is that the Lord giveth His beloved peace. What is wanted is a steady adherence to Him, and to dwell in His secret place, so that we may abide under the shadow of the Almighty. If we seek Him, He will be found of us, and we shall know Him to be at our right hand, and that we shall not be moved.

"Farewell. With dear love to the Dr., and all, I am thy affectionate father,
J. M. W."

He often wrote little letters to the grandchildren, which were always a great delight to them; but only a few have been preserved. The following one was written in 1873 to my daughter Mary, when we were spending part of the summer in his Atlantic City house:—

"Philadelphia, 6th month, 27th, 1873.

"MY PRECIOUS BAY: It was very kind and thoughtful in thee to write to thy grandfather, who is very much obliged to thee. On the railroad I saw Fanny Potts, who asked after thee, and wanted to know why thou hast not answered the letter she wrote to thee. I let her see thy letter to me, which she enjoyed very much. Her mother is some better, but still in bed. Thy grandmother came up all right this morning, and we were amused at her being left by the cars last evening. Our cousins had not come, so it made no difference.

"Tell thy dear mother that Le Bar Jayne sent his thanks to her for preparing the account of dear Frankie.* He was reading it, and he found it very interesting and instructive.

* "Frank; or, The Record of a Happy Life." By H. W. S.

"The three Thomas' boys are coming next Second-day. Walter will meet them at the railroad at 1.30 P. M., and bring all over to the Cedars—trunk and all; and next Seventh-day Uncle James, Aunt Mary and all the children, and the pony, and Margaret, are coming to the Cedars; guess we shall have a nice time, only we shall miss you all so much. We are so glad that matters are so comfortable for you at Atlantic City. Guess you will be looking that way next year. Kitty seems to miss thee very much; she comes to me and rubs herself against me and speaks to me; but the little birds don't like pussy much, but make considerable fuss.

"Your clothes-basket went down this morning by express, which you have received, no doubt, before this.

"Give dear love to Mother, S. Harlan, Bessie, Madge, Logan, Alice, Ray and to thy own dear self, from thy grandfather.

"Affectionately,

J. M. WHITALL."

It will be seen in the course of this narrative, that I have avoided any reference to the questions which were such fruitful causes of difference among the Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for a period of about thirty years before our father's death. I have thought no good purpose would be served by reviving these issues, and so stirring up the dying embers of party strife. His heart, however, was deeply interested in everything that affected the welfare of his beloved Society, and he took a decided stand on what he believed to be the side of truth and justice. But through it all, he preserved the spirit of love, and was able, we believe, to keep every root of bitterness out of his heart, looking always prayerfully and hopefully forward to a time, when the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the differing parties, would unite them all together in the oneness of Divine life and love.

During 1874, the last letters from our father's pen were mostly written to me during a visit we paid to England that year, and they were all written during the early part of the year, as in this summer he had his first attack of paralysis, and his dear hand, as he so often said, "lost its cunning" and was never able to write again. One letter was written on 2d mo., 19th, of this year, to our mother, which contains nothing of interest except its lover-like ending, which I will quote for the grandchildren, to show them what an admiring lover their grandpa continued to be to the end of his days. It is as follows: "Dear love and lots of it to the Doctor and all beside, from thy loving husband, who has for a wife the very sweetest woman in this world, and he is not the only one that knows it! Thine in love, J. M. W."

"Philadelphia, 2d Month, 19, 1874.

"DEAREST HANNAH:—Mother is at Baltimore and I propose going for her early next week.

"I visited the steamer *Indiana* and talked with Captain Sumner who seemed pleased with the Smith family. The ship sailed again yesterday for England.

"I go to Atlantic to-morrow, (D. V.) I want to see about painting the house, &c., and to get the cistern ready before the spring rains are over, good fresh water is so necessary. Will you be here next summer to drink any of it? I expect not for two or three summers. Those who live will see. It matters not however if we are but in our right place, where our Heavenly Father places us and blesses us. But wherever we are, we must not neglect to seek a close communion with our God and Saviour by waiting upon Him in the silence of all flesh at least twice in the day, so as to derive strength and help to walk in His holy presence and to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, that we may abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. I feel

certain that unless we watch and pray according to the command of the Lord Jesus, we are in great danger. But why should I write thus to my dear children? Are you not engaged largely in teaching others the way of life and salvation? But I want you to be careful not to neglect your own salvation."

"2d Month, 27, 1874.

"DEAR HANNAH—Have just come in from a walk looking after some of the members of our meeting who are not often visited, believing as I do that, as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.

"I had a very pleasant visit at Baltimore. The children are well, and little Nell is charming; she has lost the very bashful way she had and is really very sweet and winning. The baby, little Frank, pushes a chair before him across the room and is very sweet and intelligent. Margaret and Gracie are darlings, as well as Jack, a great tall boy, who looks down upon short folks. When I gave him a fifty cent note he said he had in his pocket-book \$2.50; this was a surprise, as I thought him broke, as is usual with boys of his age.

"Tell Bay to write to us, we quite want a letter from her pen telling how she gets along with saying 'Thy Grace' to the Duchess of M——, and how she likes English life and ways. Logan can also add a few lines giving us his views. We saw at Baltimore the valentines sent by Alice and Ray to Gracie and Margaret, which with their letters were very acceptable."

The visiting our father refers to in this letter was one of his ways of quiet service for his Master, which comforted and cheered many a sad and weary heart. He seemed to have entered largely into the spirit of our Lord's meaning where He exhorts His disciples to seek out the poor and lame, and halt and blind for their hospitalities and ministrations, and delighted in surprising those who were in especial need, particularly where hidden, with visits of sympathy and unexpected gifts. One of our friends writes to us:

“Never shall I forget the gift of a very complete standing writing desk sent to me anonymously, when long continued sickness in the family had depressed all my powers both mental and physical; and to this day I can almost feel again the cheer it brought. As I received it I said at once, ‘No one but John M. Whitall could have done this.’ And when I taxed him with it he could not deny it. But most truly did he desire his alms to be done in secret. When in Venice I visited the American Consul. He seemed worn with service, and I said, ‘Thou must often wish to be back in America.’ ‘For one thing I do,’ he replied, ‘and that is, to thank Captain Whitall for his words of cheer and his practical assistance at a time of business difficulty.’ And, as the tears flowed over his cheeks at the recollection of the kindness bestowed upon him, I saw how much he felt had been given in the name of the Lord.”

The last letter our father ever wrote appears to have been the following :

“Philadelphia, 3d Month, 8th, 1874, First Day.

“DEAREST HANNAH:—The dear ‘Head Woman’ went down to our school to-day, Caroline Talbot going along. The scholars greatly enjoyed their company; mother had not been at the school for several years. We had a large company present. Thy class had no teacher to-day, but it often has.

“I cannot describe how much we miss you all, and how ardently we desire your return. I received dear Bay’s nice letter, which I now thank her for. I have now got the Atlantic City house all fixed up and in working order, so that any of you may go down whenever you please and enjoy the sea air and shore. The addition to the cottage will make it quite commodious, so that two families can occupy it jointly and comfortably. But I am afraid there will be no Hannah to enjoy it.

“If preachers do not bring their hearers to an acquaintance with their Lord and Saviour, it appears to me they spend their breath for very little purpose. Job says, ‘Acquaint thyself with Him and be at peace,’ and I believe this knowledge is the true and only source of real peace and happiness.

"I am so blind that I can hardly see the lines. With dear love
to Robert and the children and thy own dear self,

"I am thy affectionate father,

'J. M. WHITALL.'"

No letters after this have been found, and we suppose the difficulty of seeing made him feel disinclined to write, although his health did not begin to fail until about the middle of the year, after he and our mother had gone over to their summer home at "The Cedars."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST THREE YEARS.

As I was in Europe at the time our father's health began to fail, my sister Sarah has supplied the following account :

“ Our dear father had seemed all through the spring and early summer of 1874 to be somewhat broken in health. He suffered with gout in one of his feet, and would sometimes fall asleep at unusual times, when sitting in the family circle, and had seemed in many ways less inclined for exertion. His eyesight also was much affected. In the latter part of the 7th month he went with our mother to spend a few weeks at their cottage at Atlantic City, and while there would very frequently go up to Philadelphia for the day, and return in the evening. Upon one of these occasions he went to sleep in the cars soon after leaving Camden in the afternoon, and slept soundly until he reached Egg Harbor. He was very much surprised on awaking to find that he had slept so long, and soon discovered that his right leg and foot were numb, as he supposed, with sleep. He was able, however, to walk from the depot in Atlantic City to his cottage, but he never for all the

remaining three years of his life entirely lost this sensation of numbness. Without speaking of it to him, some of us feared this might be a precursor of paralysis, and it was a great relief to me when in a few days our mother and himself came back to stay at "The Cedars," although neither of them thought at all of his being out of health. In about a week after their return, he was taken with a slight attack of indigestion, and remained in bed all the morning, and our mother sent for me. He slept a great deal, which seemed unnatural; but he roused so easily and seemed so entirely himself, that I thought perhaps it was the effect of some opiate administered by the doctor. He went down to dinner, and also to tea, but did not seem quite like himself, and the next day when he arose found that he could not shave himself. His speech also became affected, and it was evident to us all that he had had a slight stroke of paralysis. He was aware himself that some change had passed over him, and once, in the evening, when he could not get the right word to express what he wanted, but used one quite inappropriate, he smiled and said, "It is difficult for me to get hold of the right words now." Afterwards, when I was alone in the room with him, he asked me what the doctors said was the matter with him. I told him they thought he had had a slight attack of paralysis, but believed he would soon be much better. He replied, "that is just what I thought was the matter." At this time he lost the power to write his name. "My right hand has forgotten its cunning," he would say, cheerfully, as he labored patiently, like a

little child, to learn how to do it again. He succeeded in a few weeks, so that he was quite able to do it for all necessary purposes of signing, but he never again undertook anything more than this in the way of writing. During those first days of our anxiety, as well as always afterward, his own spirit seemed entirely unmoved. He used his powers to their full extent, and what was beyond them he quietly and patiently resigned into other hands, or left undone, and never one murmur or regret escaped his lips.

“In a few weeks he recovered so much from this attack as to be able to go with our mother down to Atlantic City again for a short stay, and I accompanied them. He seemed to strengthen rapidly in his favorite sea breezes, and it was with much anxiety we saw him begin to resume his old habits, and go out everywhere alone. I was obliged to leave before they were ready to return to “The Cedars,” and he waited on me to the cars with all his old kindness and courtesy, insisting on seeing me safely seated, while all the time I was in a fever of anxiety about him, especially when, his duty to me done, and wanting to cross the track, he climbed up on the end of a car and jumped down the other side. No accident happened, however, and for the next year he seemed almost as vigorous and hearty as ever, except an occasional slowness of motion or of speech.”

Upon my return from Europe, I saw but little change in him, and we thought perhaps he would be spared any recurrence of his trouble. But in the summer of 1875,

while at "Idlemere," he had another much more severe attack, when he was seriously ill for several days, and the whole of one side was paralyzed. The severity of this attack passed off in the course of a few weeks, and our parents were able to return to "The Cedars," and in course of time to their city home.

But from this time, his life was more or less an invalid one. He recovered his health sufficiently during the winter of 1875-6 to carry on his duties at his Mission school in St. Mary's Street, and also was able to go down daily to the office of the Executors of the Jayne estate, in Chestnut Street, near Sixth, and sign the necessary checks, and consult with the agent there. But the old energy and vigor were gone, and he needed a stronger arm to lean on whenever he went out. It was my privilege during these last years of his life to wait on him a great deal, both to the office and to his school; and the sweet, merry, happy walks and rides we had together will always be among the dearest memories of my life. He had certain jokes about the names on the signs we rode past in the street-cars, which he often repeated, and always seemed to enjoy afresh, as he would look at me with the old twinkle of fun, and bring out in his dear, slow voice, made slow by the effects of his disease, the same pun or pleasantry that we had enjoyed together the day before. There are corners and places on the route to and from his house and Sixth and Chestnut Streets, that I can never pass without a smile and a spring of inward happiness, because of these recollections. Our dear mother was very much afraid to have him go out, even with my

help, on account of the lameness and slowness of his movements, caused by paralysis; and one of the things he especially enjoyed was the anticipation of her looks and words of alarm when he should tell her of some narrow escape he had had, or some threatened fall. He would always say, as soon as we had recovered ourselves, "Now, Han, thee must be sure not to tell the sweetest wife in all the world," or something similar. And then when I would promise, he would begin to laugh, and pretty soon would say, "But I guess we will tell her, too, and see how frightened she will be." And when we would at last safely reach home, and I would be leaving him to go into my own house, he would say with evidently a vivid anticipation of enjoyment, "Thee must come up stairs first and see what the dear 'head-woman' has to say to us."

These things seem nothing to write, and they were nothing; but there was an indescribable charm about them that somehow makes every little incident of the kind a perfect delight to remember. I suppose it was because the old genial nature shone through it all. The spirit and heart were prisoned in an enfeebled body, and weakened powers of every kind; but they were unimpaired themselves, and we never felt it was our *father* who was sick and weak, but only the body in which he lived. Month by month, and week by week, he seemed to grow in gentleness and sweetness, and in a lovely and loving acquiescence in his gradually increasing infirmities and weaknesses. And it was a most touching lesson to us all to see the strong man, who had been used to lead and command, and so capable of it also,

now meekly and uncomplainingly taking the place of a child, and consenting without a murmur, and apparently without any suffering from it, to be led, and guided, and cared for. His life-long principle of submission to the will of his Heavenly Father came into practical exercise now, and helped him, I am sure, into the perfect peace of all these last invalid years. He acquiesced in all the arrangements we made for him with scarcely a question or even the expression of a preference, and never failed to express his thanks for any attention paid him, even the most trifling. For two or three years some one or other of us used to go in and read out to him every evening, when not otherwise engaged, and he never failed, while able, to say at the end, "Thank thee, darling, for coming in to see us to-night." For the most part, however, he said but little during these last years, always replying quaintly when we would ask him why he did not talk, that he only "thought the more." And through it all, his mind, though working much more slowly, remained unimpaired, and his memory, when his interest on any subject was fairly aroused, seemed as good as ever. Especially was this true with regard to the Bible, or to any subject connected with the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and to the last he could tell us where any text was to be found, if only we could succeed in making him understand what it was we wanted; and a reference to the Lord and His love would always call up a faint smile and a look of intelligent comprehension, when all other things failed to attract his attention.

For many, many years, the dear, hospitable family

home in Filbert Street had received all the children and grand-children, from the oldest to the youngest, as welcome guests to a grand dinner-party on every New Year's day. Sometimes as many as thirty-four would sit down at the long table, and the youngest baby who could walk would crown the entertainment, by toddling up and down on the table-cloth, after the dinner had been removed, from grandma to grandpa, and back again, between the anxious mothers and laughing fathers, and would receive an orange from dear grandma's hands as the reward of the successful performance. The day would be spent in happy family intercourse, with mutual admirations by the different parents of our various children, and loving praises from grandpa and grandma for all. But the most precious part of these yearly gatherings was in the evening. Then the dear grand-parents took their seats at one end of the large parlors, and children and grand-children surrounding them, all would sit down together to wait upon the Lord, and to ask His blessing. We realized at these times with our beloved father the fulfillment of his so often quoted text, "Draw nigh unto God and He will draw nigh unto you;" and, under the overshadowing power and presence of the Holy Spirit, there was liberty for every one to pray or to speak, as they felt called. Our father rarely said much; but a few words, accompanied by his devout manner, revealed to even the youngest of the group that he felt himself and his family to be in the presence of the Lord. These little meetings were occasions long to be remembered. So deeply had our father impressed upon his

descendants the belief that the way to prosper in everything was to seek the protecting care and guidance of our Heavenly Father, that we all used to feel sure a blessing could not fail to rest upon each one of us, parents, children, and grandchildren through the ensuing year, because of this hallowed entrance upon it.

The last three years of this happy family gathering, the grandchildren, who had grown older now, introduced a new feature. They united their money and bought some little gift for grandpa and grandma, and presented it all together, singing with it a presentation New Year's song. They would all come in a train into the parlor where we would be gathered around the dear grandparents, the little ones first and then the older ones, and standing in tiers according to their sizes, they would sing their song, with hearts and voices full of fondest love.

The first of these songs was written for the New Year's day of 1875, and was sung with the presentation of a warm fur robe for the carriage, which the four youngest grandchildren, Frankie Whitall, Willie Nicholson, and Nellie and Frankie Thomas carried in front of the group. It was written by one of the sons-in-law, and, like those of the succeeding years, was founded upon words and tunes familiar to the grandchildren, that it might be easily sung. It was as follows :

We're a band of cousins, we're a band of cousins,
We're a band of cousins, and we greet thee, grandpa dear.
We're a band of cousins, we're a band of cousins,
We're a band of cousins, and we wish a glad New Year!

Sallie, Whittall, Minnie, Bessie,
 Johnny Whittall, Johnny Thomas,
 Tom and Harry, Bond and Saidee, Madgie N. and Madgie C.
 Mary, Logan, Gracie, Alice,
 Daisy, Rachel, Helen, Willie,
 And two more to swell the chorus, Frank-a-lin and Frankie T.

CHORUS:—We're a band of cousins, &c.

Now we think our dearest grandpa
 Is the very best of grandpas,
 And we count ourselves the grander for a grandpa such as he;
 So we here present a token,
 Of the precious love we bear him,
 And are sure he will accept it from his grand posterity.

CHORUS:—We're a band of cousins, &c.

Many be the future New Years
 That permit us thus to greet thee,
 Full of years and full of honors, old age touch thee tenderly;
 But when time shall be no longer,
 And we're gathered to our fathers,
 May our ties be all the stronger in the heavenly land to be.

CHORUS:—We're a band of cousins, &c.

Here the chilling blasts of winter,
 Make us prize a furry cover;
 That they visit thee less roughly, we provide the gift we bring.
 But to us a home is promised
 Where we'll need no such provision.
 Saint John saw it in his vision of the city of our King.

CHORUS:—We're a band of cousins, &c.

In 1876 the gift consisted of some beautiful flowers for the conservatory, and the song this year was written by one of the grand-daughters.

We all are here,
Grandparents dear,
Our warmest thanks to render ;
As well we may,
This happy day,
For love so true and tender.
For love so true, for love so true, for love so true and tender.

The banquet rare,
Is spread with care,
Rich blessings hang above us.
Our hearts are light,
With you in sight,
To know how well you love us.
To know how well, to know how well, to know how well you love us.

These blossoms sweet,
Are emblems meet,
Of prayers that you have given ;
Like fragrance rare,
Upon the air,
Their incense floats to heaven.
Their incense floats, their incense floats, their incense floats to
heaven.

Though life may bear
Us from your care,
Temptations us surrounding,
These prayers will bring
A harvesting
Almighty love abounding.
Almighty love, Almighty love, Almighty love abounding.

Though we may roam,
Far, far from home,
The lessons gained beside you,
Of heavenly love,
Will point above
To Jesus who doth guide you.
To Jesus who, to Jesus who, to Jesus who doth guide you.

And oh ! at last,
 When life is past,
 May we unite for ever,
 Upon that shore,
 Where death no more
 Our loving hearts shall sever.
 Our loving hearts, our loving hearts, our loving hearts shall sever.

New Year's day of 1877 was the last of these happy family gatherings in the dear old home. The gifts for this year were flowers again, and a warm pair of fur gloves for dear grandpa's chilly hands. This song was written, as was the first, by one of the uncles.

Holding once more our New Year's convention,
 In this old spot of happiest mention,
 Hailing the day, obeying the call,
 Gaily we gather, one and all.

CHORUS.—Glad again to greet thee, our grandpa ;
 Glad again to greet thee, our grandma ;
 Hailing the day, obeying the call,
 Gaily we gather, one and all.

Revellers abroad are quaffing their potion ;
 Merry are others, after their notion ;
 None have such joy, obeying the call,
 Glad as we cousins, one and all.

CHORUS.—Glad again, &c.

Pour forth our hearts an honest libation ;
 None are so free from any privation ;
 Blest on all hands, obeying the call,
 Gather we hither, one and all.

CHORUS.—Glad again, &c.

Such on this earth our happy condition,
 May we not gain its fitting fruition—
 After it fades, at Jesus' sweet call,
 Gather in heaven, one and all.

CHORUS.—Glad again, &c.

Gather there, with grandpa and grandma,
 Gather there, ascribing Hosanna!
 Hailing the day obeying the call,
 Gather in Heaven, one and all.

There were but few dry eyes in the room as this last song was sung. We could not but believe that before another year should come round, that dear grandpa, so evidently waiting to be gathered to his heavenly home, would be among us no more, and although we were assured the change would be to him all gain, yet for us, what a vacant place would be left!

We had found that sweet hymns of faith and hope often comforted and refreshed his spirit during the last few years of his life. He would listen attentively, with closed eyes, while the tears rolled down his serene face, as some of his grandchildren together sung them gently to him. This last evening the "Ninety and Nine," and "Precious Promise God hath given," which were both great favorites of his, were sung to him. First the tears fell, then came sobs, which he could not entirely repress, as he listened to the story of his Saviour's love and faithfulness. As the last verse was sung,

"When the shades of night are falling,
 And the hour has come to die,—
 Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
 I will guide thee with mine eye,"—

we were all deeply moved. We felt that the gates of heaven were ajar, and that our precious father was indeed leaving us, at the call so long listened for, and that his spirit had already entered upon some of the joys of unseen things.

This was his last New Year's on earth, and he was so feeble even then, that he was scarcely able to enter into the spirit of the occasion ; but in his sweet, quiet, patient way, he seemed to enjoy the flow of family talk, and the merriment of the grandchildren, and was the beloved and honored centre of the happy group.

Daily, more and more, his strength failed and he became during the spring of 1877 very helpless in many ways, and evidently drawing near the end. Once when his daughter Sarah was sitting with him, he made an effort to rise from his chair. As she assisted him, she said, "Father, where does thee want to go?" He replied, "I want to go *up*," and walked feebly to the window, where he stood for some time, looking heavenward. He seemed during all these latter months like one who had nothing more to do on earth but to die. He had fulfilled his duties in all the relations of life, more perfectly than most men are able to, and had gone to the limit of his capacity for doing, and now, with a completed life, he was only waiting for the laying off of the garment of flesh, that his freed spirit might take its flight to its eternal home. We seemed already to have to call him back from somewhere if we wanted him. And yet, every now and then, the old sweet playfulness would gleam out for a moment, and he

would repeat slowly and with difficulty one of the dear old cheery speeches. One day he made us all laugh with his unexpected humor, when we thought him too ill to take much notice of anything. He had been sleeping heavily in his chair, and was suddenly awakened by some one leaving the room. A remark was made about his receiving kisses from his grand-daughters. Immediately he opened his eyes, and noticing two of his grown-up grandchildren in the room, one a grandson and the other a grand-daughter, said to his grandson, with all the old curves of fun coming back to his face for the moment, "Tom, I will make thee my proxy for kissing the girls after this," and evidently enjoyed Tom's blushes and embarrassment. At other times, rousing himself to unwonted exertion when some member of his family was leaving him, he would, in his old affectionate manner, bestow a parting greeting; and in several cases, these loving words individually addressed, proved to be last farewells. The last time he ever spoke to his daughter Sarah was upon one of these occasions, when, after she had kissed him, as his eyes followed her to the door of the room, he said, "Farewell, dear daughter," and so to his son James and some others of his family; and although but little matters to record, yet they linger with sacred sweetness in the memory.

He much enjoyed at this time to hear reading, either from the Bible or from the writings of Fenelon, and although a casual observer would have thought he was not in the least listening, yet the inner man was alive to spiritual things. Once when one of his daughters was reading to him from Fenelon—that copy he so valued

as being the gift of his mother to his elder brother in his youth—she thought it hardly worth while to continue, as it seemed as if his thoughts were far away, when, to her great surprise, he interrupted her to remark upon a sentence she had just read in regard to the *theory* of holiness without the *practice*—speaking of it as something to be deprecated.

These times are very precious in our memory ; there is not much of incident to relate about them, but there is much to be remembered. Children and grandchildren have engraven upon their minds the picture of this beloved one, as he sat patiently in his large chair, his placid countenance lighting up with a loving smile in response to their affectionate greetings. And no less vivid is the impression of the sweetness of his spirit—once so strong to lean upon—now in trustful and child-like confidence, yielding submissively to the wishes and suggestions of others.

In the latter part of the 5th month, our mother and the physician thought perhaps it might be a benefit to him to go to the sea-shore, and, with some difficulty, he was taken to their Atlantic City cottage. His cheerful patience through the fatiguing exertion involved in the journey was remarkable. He laughed at his own seeming awkwardness in getting into the carriage, and by his sweet and playful submission to all inconveniences, made what might have been a very trying occasion, something very pleasant to be remembered. But he was too ill to be benefited by any change of air, and visibly drooped from day to day. He used to walk, with assistance, out upon the second-story veran-

dah, and sit in the warm sun, and seemed to enjoy the fresh air, or would go to the window and stand looking for a long while upon the sea. We were always very cheerful while with him, engaging in conversation, which we had reason to believe he was cognizant of, although he took no part in it, and generally looked as if his thoughts were far away. Several times, however, we were surprised at the readiness with which he replied to a question in matters that one would have supposed had entirely passed from his mind. Once, when the conversation turned upon Fenelon's tutorship of one of the young French princes, none of those speaking remembered his name, and our mother addressing him, said, "what was it, father?" He replied without taking a moment of thought, "the Duke of Burgundy," thus manifesting that he had followed the conversation. At another time, our mother quoted a line of one of Rutherford's hymns, but having forgotten it, could not give the next line, when, with all his old promptness and energy, he quoted the two following additional lines necessary to make the quotation complete:

"E'en Anworth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ."

At another time, during the last week or two of his stay on earth, one of his children quoted to him one of his favorite texts, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and asked him if he was not now realizing the truth of this blessed promise. With a look of loving trust and thanksgiving, he simply answered "Yes."

The difficulty of speaking prevented further expression ; but it was not needed. He had not waited until then to testify to his Saviour's love and mercy, and we felt indeed, that all such questions were almost superfluous, after the more than fifty years of such unwavering trust and loyalty.

We all made frequent trips to Atlantic City, but he did not take much notice of our coming or going, and on the 11th of the 6th month, the doctor informed those of the family who were with him, that the rest had better be telegraphed for, as he could not last long.

His daughter Sarah writes : "When we arrived, our precious father was too near the opening gates of heaven for any earthly call to awaken a response. We watched beside him hour after hour as his spirit freed itself from earth, and the sweetness and solemnity that pervaded the room made it seem indeed like the very entrance to immortal bliss. We knew he had been long waiting for his 'Pilot' to bear him through the 'dark water,' as he wrote in 1860 ; and now that the time had come, although our hearts were sore with grief, yet we rejoiced with him that so soon he would join that 'bright throng ;' and we felt sure that the lines he had then written :

No works do I boast of, no worth of my own ;
In Jesus, my Saviour, in His name alone,
I boldly press forward to join the bright throng,

would have been the expression of his feelings if he had possessed the power of thought and utterance. Towards

midnight his breathing grew softer and softer, and not a sound disturbed the stillness but the gentle breaking of the surf upon the beach, heard through the open window. At a few minutes past midnight, early in the morning of 6th month, 12th, 1877, as gently as a little child falling asleep in loving arms, did the spirit of our precious father pass from earth to heaven, and as we reverently believe, receive the glad welcome, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' "

The earthly tabernacle of our beloved father was committed to the earth on the 15th of 6th mo., 1877. It was thought best to have the gathering of friends in the Twelfth Street meeting-house, as his dwelling-house had been closed for the summer, and also in order that the scholars from his St. Mary's Street Mission school might have an opportunity of attending. It was a large and very solemn meeting, and the testimonies of many present, as to the blessings received through the ministrations of our father, were full of the deepest interest to the loved ones he had left behind. It hardly seemed like a sorrowful occasion, so aware were we all of the triumphant entry that had been granted him into the presence of the Lord, whom he had for so many years trusted and sought to follow. Even through our tears we could rejoice in his joy, and could praise the grace that had redeemed our loved one from all evil.

The sacred duty of carrying their grandpa's coffin devolved upon his six oldest grandsons. Many hearts were touched at the sight, and many prayers ascended that his mantle of holy love and faith might fall upon

his descendants. He was buried in Friends' South-Western Burial-ground, in a lot he had himself purchased as the family resting-place.

It is not the Friends' way to erect costly monuments to their dead. And we trust that our father's monument will be found in the noble, and true, and Christ-like lives of his grandchildren, for whom his heart yearned so tenderly, and who cannot, we feel, do better than to walk in his footsteps, and follow him as he followed Christ.

APPENDIX.

TRACTS WRITTEN BY OUR FATHER.

DUTY AND ADVANTAGE OF WAITING UPON GOD.

Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.—Psalm xxvii. 14.

As in all ages the righteous have been concerned to wait upon, pray unto, and draw nigh unto God, it is believed that some little hints as to the best course to be followed in such an important matter might aid the Christian traveler heavenward, and induce him to persevere and not be discouraged.

The Lord Jesus Himself, by the parable of the unjust Judge, invites believers to “pray always, and not to faint,” (Luke xviii. 1-8). And many other passages of Scripture might be quoted to the same purport. If, dear reader, thou art desirous to make progress Zionwards, observe the following practice, and thou shalt doubtless make rapid steps on thy journey, and will be ready, through the mercy and goodness of thy Heavenly Father, at any time, to pass from the fleeting scenes of time to the realities of Eternity.

In the morning, while the body and mind are fresh, be careful to set apart at least half-an-hour for reading the Scriptures and silent waiting upon God, endeavoring, as in His presence, to think reverently of Him. Dismiss all other thoughts, and if they will intrude, turn away from them and fix thy attention wholly upon Him, longing in thy inmost soul for the lifting up of the light of His countenance upon thee. Oh, if thou art favored thus to introvert thy thoughts and fix them upon God, under a sense of thy own poverty and weakness, He will, for the sake of His only beloved Son, for His mercy's sake, and for thy poor soul's sake, draw nigh unto thee. Thou shalt know Him for thyself, as thy reconciled

Heavenly Father; thou wilt be enabled to petition Him for pardon in the name of Jesus—for preservation from evil and all that may offend, and thy mind will be enabled to trust in His Providence, and rely upon His power and protecting care for the events which may follow. At the close of the day, before retiring to rest, let me beseech thee, dear reader, to observe again a season of reading the Scripture and silent retirement of soul and waiting upon God. If faithful to this exercise, and diligent, thou shalt know a lying down in peace and safety, and there shall be none to make thee afraid; “thy peace shall be as a river.” For if God be for thee, who then can be against thee? May we all be in earnest and of good courage to draw nigh to our Heavenly Father; if “He spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, how shall He not with him freely give us all things?” even grace to walk acceptably before Him in humility and singleness of heart, restraining us from evil, by His good Spirit guiding our feet in the paths of safety and holiness; and if we commit sin, forgiving us for His dear Son’s sake, on repentance and amendment. Oh! the wisdom and safety of waiting upon God. Surely if we once enjoy this high privilege, we shall not be willing to let the pleasures or cares of this life prevent us from this indispensable duty and necessity, but will “with patience run the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.” (Heb. xii. 1.) Be of good courage, humble seeker after God. He knoweth all thy need; not a sparrow falleth without His knowledge; even the very hairs of thy head are all numbered; therefore be in earnest, be diligent in drawing nigh unto Him, and He will surely draw nigh unto thee. “And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.” (Gal. vi. 9).

“Christians, cast on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly;
Know, He is the living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever open door
In your hours of utmost need;
All your hearts before Him pour;
He will send you help with speed.”

THE INWARD REVELATION OF THE KING- DOM OF GOD.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—Luke xvii. 20, 21.

For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Rom. xiv. 17.

For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power —1 Cor. iv. 20.

DEAR Christian reader, did it ever occur to thee that it is possible for thee to know thy Heavenly Father to reveal Himself to thee by an inward sense of His blessed presence, so that thou may talk with Him as to a personal friend; may tell Him all thy trials, difficulties and needs; may ask Him for the desires of thy heart, as thou would ask one able to grant thy requests? I say, dost thou believe all this possible and within thy reach? Let me assure thee it is, and very much more also, if thou wilt diligently seek after it. But thou may say these things are too high for such a one as I to attain to—they have been known only by a favored few, as the Prophets, Apostles and such like; but for common folk in this life there is no such experience in store. Beloved reader, thou art mistaken. “God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation him that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.” Dost thou believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? art thou born again? dost thou fear the Lord and work righteousness? If so, thou art accepted of Him, and may look for Him, where only thou can find Him, in His kingdom which He Himself declares is within. Didst thou ever look for and seek Him in thy heart; for it is there He reveals Himself, and there only canst thou find Him? “For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in

them." (2 Cor. vi. 16, and John xiv. 17.) Now, as the Scriptures assure us that in God we "live, move and have our being," and that we are His temple, is it not a matter of necessity, if we wish to find the Lord, that we should seek for Him in that place wherein He dwells? Some may say, How can I look for Him? how can I find Him? Scripture answers, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you;" "Seek and ye shall find;" "Those that seek me early shall find me," &c. It may be said to those who are in earnest to know the Lord, Be diligent in prayer. Our Saviour spake a parable to the intent that men should always pray and not faint; and the "Lord will be sought unto." We must wait upon Him through all the distractions of our wandering thoughts; we must not be discouraged, but, to the best of our ability, concentrate our thoughts upon God, seek Him with our whole heart, plead with Him to lift up the light of His countenance upon us, expecting this blessing, and that He will reveal Himself to us. If He tarry, wait in patience, realizing that we are before Him, and that in order to know Him, He must manifest Himself to our hearts, giving us an inward sense of His blessed presence and making us feel that He is our reconciled Heavenly Father.

The Apostle declares that we are reconciled to God by the death of His Son. So we are; and if we seek and find the Lord as above described, we shall know this great truth for ourselves, and shall go on our way rejoicing, feeling that through redeeming love we are delivered from the bondage of corruption, and are translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. And then shall we know that this kingdom is indeed within; that it is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; neither is it in word but in power.

HAVE FAITH IN JESUS.

Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?—2 Cor. xiii. 5.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.—John xiv. 23.

DEAR READER—Did ever the value and serious import of these passages of Scripture occur to thee? According to them, we are the temple of the living God. He promises to abide with us, to walk in us, and to be a present helper in every needful time. The Lord Jesus declared, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Seeing this is the case, what can the poor sinner do who is seeking after God, and feels the need of the pardon of his sins? What, I say, can he do better than to lay his case before the Lord Jesus, who, according to His promise, is ever present with us, who knows our need and is our advocate with the Father, and who has declared, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out?"

Dear reader—Dost thou desire to be perfect, and to walk closely with thy God? Have faith in Jesus; believe in Him as hearing all thy petitions, and as having all power in heaven and earth. Depend upon it, if thou go to Him as to a present Saviour, thou shalt find to thy inexpressible joy, that Jesus is indeed near at hand. He not only delivers us from the guilt of sin, but also from its power. If we are tempted to do wrong in any way, the Lord Jesus will give us power to resist it, if we apply to Him. If evil thoughts oppress us, and we turn to Jesus, He will scatter them. We have sorrow and trouble—one glance of His presence and our burden is lightened. Our hearts are dead and cold to religion, and we feel poor and good for nothing; let us in faith remember the declaration of our Lord, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and we shall be comforted. While in this world, we are in a militant state, and according to the injunction of our Lord,

we must watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. Often during the day we should turn to our present Saviour, and ask Him to keep us from evil, and to make us holy.

Believer, Does the world seem a blank to thee, and life a burden? Listen to the voice of Jesus speaking to thy soul. He says, I came to seek and to save that which was lost; I gave my life a ransom for many; I shed my blood as an atonement for the sins of all mankind; I am the Lamb of God; I suffered and endured agony on the cross, and cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" all this I suffered and endured for thy sake, and canst thou not bear with patience these small trials of flesh and spirit? Every branch in me that beareth fruit, my Father purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit. I make this world a place of trial to thee that thou mayest set thy affections on things above, where I am seated, thy advocate with the Father. This life feels a burden to thee, that thou mayest the more earnestly seek that eternal life which is hid with me in God. If thou had not these trials of faith and patience, thou might set thy affections on things below, and thus fall short of making thy calling and election sure. As my delight is with the sons of men, and I would have none of them to be lost, all the afflictions I send upon them are for their refinement. If thou wilt seek the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof, I will add unto thee all things needful for this life, and for that which is to come. If thou shouldst meet with troubles and trials, come to me: I will enlighten thy darkness, I will lift up the light of my countenance upon thee. Should doubt and uncertainty attend thee, come to me for direction; all power in heaven and earth is mine, and if thou wilt ask my counsel and patiently wait for it, thou wilt certainly be directed aright. There have been many of my servants who could testify that in every emergency of their lives they have found in me their needful resource; therefore be encouraged; I am not leading thee in any new way, but in old and tried paths. Tribulations are necessary. When I trod this earth, I was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, therefore those who would reign with me must suffer with me. I will not leave thee comfortless, I will come to thee. Watch and pray, lest thou enter into temptation. I go to prepare a place for thee, and will come again and receive thee unto myself.

KNOWING GOD.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.—John xvii. 3.

DEAR READER—Art thou acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, hast thou eternal life? Then how important it is that thou shouldst know Him!

But thou mayst say, I am expecting when done with this earth—when I go to the unseen world, there to know the Lord Jesus—then to enter into life eternal; but surely so great a blessing is not attainable in this present state of being. Believe me, dear friend, this persuasion cometh not from our Heavenly Father. Jesus, our Saviour, said, “If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and *we* will come unto him, and make *our* abode with him.” (John xiv. 23.) “Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” (Rev. iii. 20.) “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” (John xiv. 16, 17.) We have here the precious promises that the Lord our God will take up His abode with us—the Lord Jesus will come in and sup with us, and we with Him, and the Holy Spirit shall be in us and dwell with us. Do not these things refer to this life? Undoubtedly they do. The Apostle exhorts believers, “Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves; know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?” (2 Cor. xiii. 5.) “If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.” (1 John iv. 12.) “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any

man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.) "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own." (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

"All things are delivered to me of my Father; and no man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." (Luke x. 22.)?

We may infer from the foregoing passages of Holy Writ, and from many more which might be quoted, that even in this life, believers in the Lord Jesus may expect the presence of their Lord to be revealed in their hearts—that He will make known to them the Father; and that He will send the Holy Spirit to abide with and to guide them into all truth, and to be with them forever—according to His promise.

If we are favored to experience these things, (and all are called upon to enjoy them,) do we not know the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent; and have we not eternal life in the sense alluded to by our Lord, (John xvii. 3.)?

Dear reader, do not put these things aside until thou leavest this world, or to a more convenient season. Now is the time. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." (Rev. iii. 20.) If thou wilt open the door, the Lord Jesus will come in and sup with thee. Open to Him, then, without delay, if thou hast not yet found thy Saviour; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "He that spared not his only begotten Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.)

The Lord is at the door. (John x. 7.) If any feel themselves not at peace with God, either because they know Him not, or they have committed sin, or in any way alienated themselves from their Father's love, the way to God is by and through the Lord Jesus Christ—the only way of restoration to that peace which the children of God know, is through the dear Saviour. He is our High Priest, our Intercessor and Advocate with the Father. He willingly pleads in our behalf. We may come boldly to the throne of grace in His name, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of

need. Delay not, therefore. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Thou, God alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside.
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed ;
In Thee the bless'd abide ;
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre and our dwelling-place !

MADAME GUYON.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. xi. 28, 29.

And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—Matt. vi. 37.

To all who believe in the Lord Jesus, these words of the dear Son of God, of Him who declared that all power in heaven and earth was given unto Him, should in times of trial encourage us to trust in Him—to look to Him for help, to pray in His name for sustaining grace and the lifting up of His countenance upon us. In seasons of distress, when we seem indeed to have come to the end of all earthly help, how comforting and assuring is a little sense of the presence of our God, as revealed in the heart! And this, dear reader, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father in Christ Jesus, is placed within thy reach. Thou mayst say, But how can I attain to it? there is nothing I desire so much! The answer is, thou must look for the Divine appearance in thine own heart; thou must retire to the centre of thy soul, and there wait patiently for Him to make Himself known. If favored thus to introvert thy thoughts, not long shalt thou wait! He that filleth all things will soon show Himself, and when He comes in, joy and gladness are with Him; sorrow, and doubt, and distressing care all fly away; we can rest in His mercy, and power, and love, knowing that “if God be for us, who then can be against us?”

Are any afflicted by the death of dear friends? To the mercy of God in Christ Jesus we must go for consolation. “He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” He knoweth our need of His sustaining arm; and if we turn to Him, with our whole heart, He will not leave us comfortless, but according to His blessed promise, He will come to us; and when He appeareth, the heart that was sad can rejoice; the wounded spirit find a healing balm, and our loved ones we confide to His redeeming love. There is no joy like that the Saviour giveth; it brings no sorrow with it.

Are any troubled at the loss of property? Are their earthly hopes

and prospects clouded? Do all things fail and go adverse to their wishes? Then look to Jesus: He was rich and became poor for our sakes; He possessed all things, and yet "had not where to lay his head;" by His power He fed thousands, yet He was "ministered unto by many." Go to Him, then, thou distressed, forsaken one, pray to Him for aid; "His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." The Lord Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) Therefore, to whom besides canst thou go, to have all thy wants supplied?

Are any of us tempted to commit sin, in thought or in deed? The Lord Jesus is still our refuge. "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin;" and He knoweth how to deliver out of temptation; and when the enemy comes into our souls, "like a flood," the Lord is able to "lift up a standard against him," and He will do it, if we are sensible of our own weakness, and look to Him; for He hath said, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." (Isaiah xlv. 22.) This is not an idle dream, but the real, earnest truth, as thou, dear reader, mayst prove for thyself; then, if tempted to wickedness of any kind, go to Jesus.

Have any fallen into sin and grieved the Holy Spirit? There is but one resource, the Lord Jesus. He is "The repairer of the breach. The restorer of paths to dwell in." (Isaiah lviii. 12.) "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" His precious blood was shed as an atonement for our sins; and, if sensible of our fall, and truly repentant, the Lord our God, "if we confess our sins, is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 John ii. 1.) Then, poor sinful soul, go to Jesus; He "came to seek and to save that which was lost;" He is thy Advocate; in His name thou mayst come boldly to the throne of grace, and plead the offering up of His precious life for thy sake; He is thy Intercessor; "give no sleep to thy eyes, nor slumber to thy eyelids" until thou findest thy Saviour. Depend upon it, if thou waitest on Him, in humility of heart and abasement of self,

with a firm intention to avoid the like sin in future, thou wilt find to thy inexpressible joy, thy sins all washed away, and thyself at peace with thy reconciled Heavenly Father; He will lift up the light of His countenance upon thee.

Do any feel poor and weak in spiritual things?—dead to their eternal interests? To Jesus they must go. “He is the resurrection and the life.” “He that believeth on me,” said He, “though he were dead, yet shall he live.” (John xi. 25.) Go to Him, then, in faith, lifeless as thou art; “His compassions fail not;” He knoweth all thy weakness; then wait patiently upon Him, looking for and expecting Him to renew thy spiritual life; and although He may for a season hide His face, do not be discouraged; thou shalt surely reap an abundant harvest, if thou faint not. “Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.” (Isaiah xl. 30, 31.)

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near ; Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isa. lv. 6, 7.

DEAR READER—If not assured of thy salvation, through the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, thou shouldst lose no time. “For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” (James iv. 14.) We see the young, the strong man, and the aged, alike called “to give an account of the deeds done in the body ;” they are cut down like the flower of the field. “For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.” (Ps. ciii. 16.) “The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.” (Rom. ii. 4.) “Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.” (Isa. xlv. 22.) If we would be saved we must look unto the Lord ; we must seek Him and He will be found of us. The Lord Jesus is the door by which we must enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It is through Him we have access to the Father. A historical belief in Jesus is not enough ; we must know Him as revealed in the heart. We have many assurances in Holy Scripture that He dwells in our hearts. He promised to send the Holy Spirit to be with us, and that we should know Him. (John xiv. 17.) If we would know Him, we must look for Him where He is to be found ; we must wait upon Him in the silence of all flesh. If we turn our thoughts intently to the Lord, He will reveal Himself to us ; then be incited, dear reader, to be earnest in this matter. The Apostle told the Athenians “That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might *feel* after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us. For in Him we live, and move, and have our being.” (Acts xvii. 27, 28.) “Truly my soul waiteth upon God ; for my expectation is from him. Trust in Him at all times, ye people : pour out your heart before Him : God is a refuge for us.” (Ps. lxi. 1 ; 5 ; 8.)

There are many precious promises in Holy Scripture to those who wait upon God. This exercise of mind is very profitable ; it draws

our thoughts away from things of a perishing nature, and fixes them upon things eternal. If we seek our Heavenly Father, He will allow us to approach His footstool. His love to poor souls was so great, that "He was in Christ reconciling the world to himself." The Prophet, speaking in the name of the Lord, declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 1.) Therefore our compassionate God, that He might relieve the souls that He had made, from that penalty, sent His only begotten Son into the world—who took flesh, and as man died—that we might live; accepting as an atonement for our sins, the precious blood of Christ, who as a Lamb without a spot was slain, that His blood should shield us, like that of the Paschal Lamb did the Israelites of old, who trusted in it. (Ex. xii.) This condescending mercy should greatly encourage us to trust in Jesus. Sinners as we are, we have the strongest evidence that it is the will of our Creator that we should all be saved. "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 31, 32.)

Then, dear reader, turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. If thou dost feel sinful, weak, and discouraged, remember that Jesus died for thee, that He is all-powerful, that "He ever liveth to make intercession for thee." Trust in Him, confess thy sins to Him, tell Him all thy needs, and in His name plead for pardon; ask for a new heart, a sanctified will, and that thy affections may be fixed on heavenly treasures. This do in sincerity of mind, and with untiring perseverance, and thou shalt surely find, to thy inexpressible joy, the way to the Kingdom of Heaven open before thee. Thou wilt be enabled, through Divine help and guidance, to walk in the narrow way, and pass through the strait gate. Jesus Himself being "the way," as well as "the door," into the sheep-fold; by Him, "if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." (John x. 2.) "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart, wait, I say, on the Lord." (Psalm xxvii. 14.)

Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—James iv. 18.

If we obey this injunction of the Apostle with honest sincerity of heart, we shall find, to our great joy, that it is more easy to approach our Heavenly Father than we could have believed; "His compassions fail not." (Lam. iii. 22.) The Lord Jesus said: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii. 14, 15, 17, 18.) He also declared: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." (John xiv. 16.) If in earnest to seek after God, let us take the easiest way to find Him. Let us believe the Lord Jesus, and look to Him and wait upon Him for aid. If we do this in earnest, He will, for the honor of His own name and promise, listen to our cry; He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. His promise is: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Thousands have found Him "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and thousands more may; yea, *all* may enjoy this blessed privilege. The most feeble one, the most ignorant one, the most sinful one need not be discouraged; He shed His most precious blood as an atonement for us all; He is indeed the Lamb of God; He did not "come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Matt. ix. 13.) Our God sees our need of a Saviour; He knows our wants; "He remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. ciii. 14.)

The encouraging language to the Church of old was: "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." (John xvi. 24.) The Lord Jesus said: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 24.) If, then, true worship must be in spirit and in truth, who can help us to perform it, but our holy High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ? "No man cometh to the Father but by me." The Apostle declares: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

If we desire to make sure of our salvation, let us go directly to

the Lord Jesus, to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, who, by His Holy Spirit, dwells in our hearts. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobrates." (2 Cor. xiii. 5.) If we turn our hearts towards God, earnestly seek after Him, and patiently wait upon Him, beseeching Him to lift up the light of His countenance upon us, for the sake of His dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall surely find Him, to our inexpressible joy, and be enabled to realize the comprehensive declaration, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.)

The righteous in all ages have daily called upon God, as Daniel the Prophet, (Dan. vi. 10); David the sweet Psalmist of Israel, (Ps. iv. 17.); and the dear Saviour Himself spent whole nights in prayer to God, (Luke vi. 12. It should also be our practice to set apart a portion of each day for the purpose of waiting upon God, and let nothing prevent us from this indispensable duty. If, dear reader, thou wishest to make rapid advances in thy heavenly journey, then be diligent and faithful in waiting upon God. If our thoughts wander, return again and again to Him. If we are patient and sincere, the power of the Lord will arise in our hearts; we shall feel the tendering influences of His Holy Spirit; we shall be able to approach the throne of grace; our mouths will be filled with prayer for forgiveness of our many sins, for the dear Saviour's sake; we can petition the Almighty for a new heart—a clean heart—for more heavenly-mindedness, and for abundant grace to walk acceptably before Him; our hearts will be filled with praises for His unspeakable mercy in allowing His poor, unworthy creature to draw nigh unto Himself; we shall thank Him for all His many favors and mercies; and we shall be able to say, Abba, Father, "The Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." (Romans viii. 16.)

Dear reader, these are everlasting truths; this is the short, comprehensive way of salvation. Give it but a fair trial, and thou wilt find what is here said falls far short of the blessed reality; For it is written, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. ii. 9, and Isa. lxiv. 4.)

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